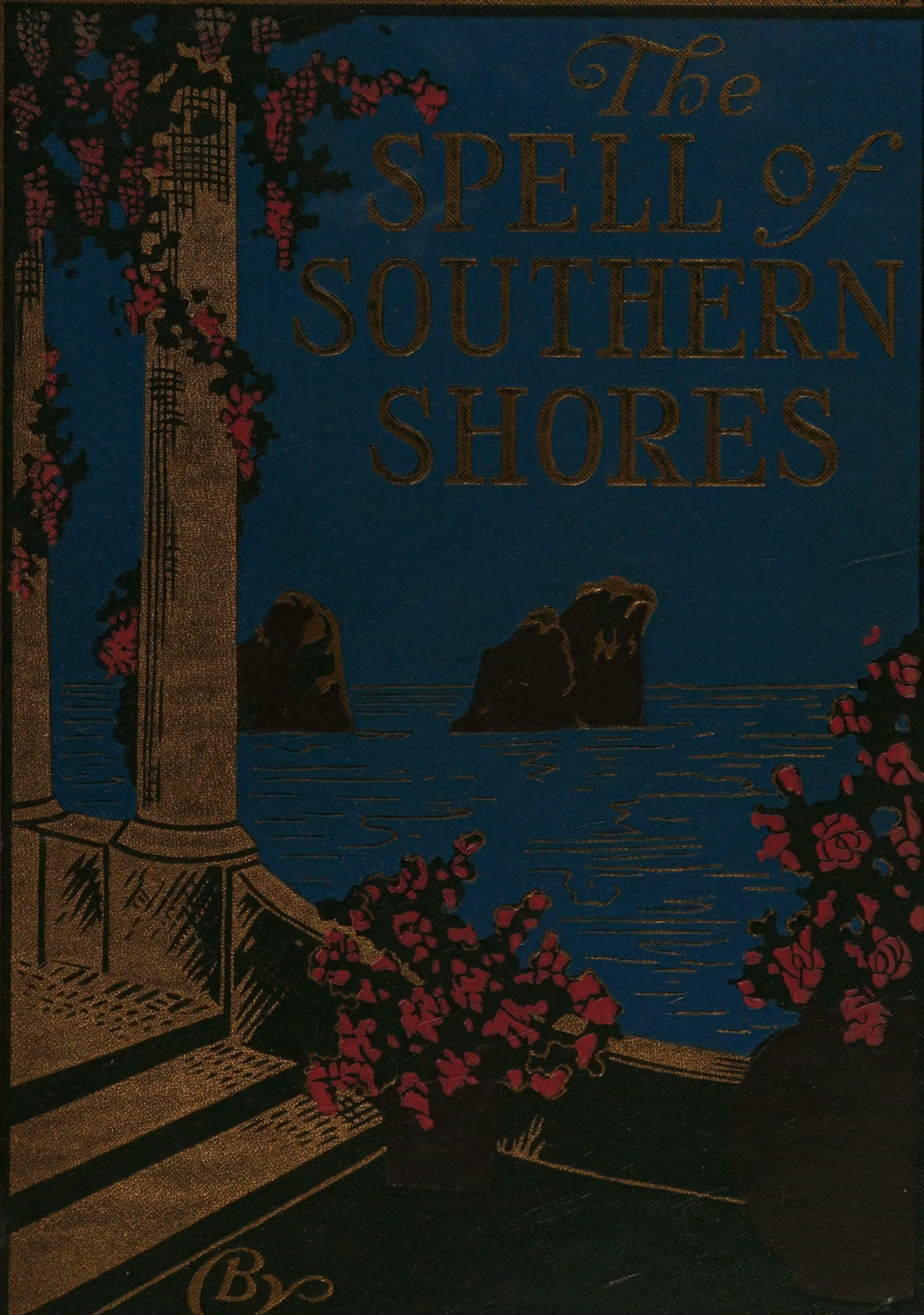
The SPELL of SOUTHERN SHORES



By Caroline Atwater Mason


The
SPELL
of
SOUTHERN SHORES


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THE SPELL OF SOUTHERN SHORES

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The Spell of Southern Shores

OR, FROM SEA TO SEA IN ITALY

BY

Caroline Atwater Mason

A Water Shrine to the Madonna
(See page 382)

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A Water Shrine to the Madonna.
(See Page 852)

The Spell of Southern Shores

OR, FROM SEA TO SEA IN ITALY

BY

Caroline Atwater Mason

Author of "The Spell of Italy," "The Spell of France," etc.

"Oh, Italy, I love thy sapphire seas,
Those breathing shells and pearly sands which gleam
Where'er thy waves wash the white shores or kiss the strand."



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FOREWORD

A FEW years ago a volume of Italian travel closed thus:

"Venice awaits us and we cannot delay over long to see it and after it that unknown east shore, which borders the Adriatic. And can we leave Italy with Sicily yet unvisited, Sicily, the key to all?"

The time seems now fully come to record the fulfilment of purposes thus expressed. This book may, therefore, be regarded as a sequel to "THE SPELL OF ITALY" containing as it does the narrative of longer and later visits to Italian shores. From the Ligurian Riviera to Ionian and Sicilian Seas and thence to the Adriatic is the course of the journey here described, with many loiterings for exploring and study along the way.

Whatever in these records of travel relates to Italy and to historic persons, or to persons now in the public eye, is fact, in so far as the author's sincerity of intention reaches, at least.

All that which concerns persons non-historic is composite of fact and fiction. Where the lines meet and mingle in the sketching of these last can matter little to the reader.

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ITALY
SCALES
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Gulf of Kyparissia

THE SPELL OF SOUTHERN SHORES

CHAPTER I

GENOA FROM THE HEIGHTS

NOWHERE is space so spacious, sky so high, sea so wide as in Genoa.

Only too wide the sea looked to Filia and me that Autumn evening when we leaned on our terrace wall, high up on the Spianata, our eyes fixed on the far blue line where the sun had just gone down. Somewhere in those shadows, which were deepening fast, a ship was sailing west and carrying farther and farther from us a person of superlative importance to us both.

"Never was such a man as your father,

Filia," I murmured. "How can we bear this separation until next May?"

"I shall take you away from Genoa at once," returned Filia; "you will be standing here waving perpetual farewells I can plainly see."

"Not quite so bad as that, my dear," I protested. "However emotional I may be, I am not sentimental."

"I will tell you how we can support existence," exclaimed Filia, after a pause, a new note of control and confidence in her voice, her moist scrap of a handkerchief clutched tight. "I have just discovered what to do. Think how much nicer father will be at afternoon tea in imagination than he is in reality! We can now picture him to ourselves balancing his cup in one hand skilfully, bending his crested head to discuss Florentine art or Slav peril, saying 'allow me to assist you,' or 'what can I bring you,' with gallant devotion. In reality of course father detests afternoon tea, says his mother brought him up not to eat between meals, and looks utterly miserable until he has a large table before him for his tea cup."

In spite of myself I was laughing now.

"And instead of discussing art and politics as English gentlemen do, in books at least, he always takes that time, Filia, to wonder why

' they can't have things over here as they do at home,' don't you know? the proper railroad cars, butter at luncheon and all those things? ''

" Oh, yes, and in particular to repine because he cannot get American newspapers. Now, of course, it is perfectly dear and patriotic of him to be that way, but it certainly does not enhance the pleasure of afternoon tea. So then, in his absence, we can imagine him the facile being of one of Mrs. Ward's novels, and there will be nothing to destroy the illusion. Try it. I believe it will work. You see, once a day his absence will be better than his presence.''

" Signorina! ''

I was saved the necessity of contesting Filia's conclusion. We turned from the parapet to receive our landlady, Signora C——. She came commissioned by Madame Fiasella and her sister, two young English women, guests in the house, to beg Filia to join them in a walk down into the town for music and ices. I had difficulty, but in the end Filia was persuaded to go and leave me the most congenial occupation open to me, that of beginning a letter to her father.

An hour later I discovered that the moon had risen and was flooding city and harbour with silver light. I returned to the terrace and

a steamer chair and found a deeper consolation than that prescribed by Filia in the thrilling beauty of what surrounded me.

Genova la Superba! Above the slopes where the tinted palaces stand rose the amphitheatre of heights crowned by ancient forts; beyond San Benigno stretched the ranges of Ligurian Alps, solemnly spectacular in the moonlight. Full fronting me seaward, below the maze of the city's steep streets, lay the harbour. The seawall frames it in with the noble tower of the Lanterna facing out upon the Mediterranean. Heights, depths, spaces, all on a scale singularly imposing, were at this moment at their crown and top of beauty.

Genoa was disclosed to me then and there. I had come to it the day before merely as to a commercial town of moderate interest, as the seaport where a hard parting must take place. No one had ever told me that it was magnificent in its situation and beautiful in itself, as magnificent as Naples in situation, and, as a city, far more beautiful. A sense of joy in the discovery of a grandeur unlooked for, a beauty unforeseen, now took possession of me. The sea seemed no longer a dividing and alien element; a path of light lay across it even to the western horizon.



GENOA FROM THE CASTELLETTO.

There were steps and voices. The young people had returned, and Filia immediately discovered me.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "you are still facing out to sea, trying to catch up with the Adriatic! I might have known you would revert if I left you alone."

"I have not reverted in the least, Filia," I replied, "I have been falling in love with Genoa. It is no wonder to me now that Columbus and Mazzini were born here. Such a place must inevitably produce noble souls."

"And it produces perfectly noble ices, too," interjected Filia. "A town is known by the caffès it keeps. I should like to stay here a week."

"Precisely my idea."

"*Numero vente Spianata di Castelletto.* What an immoderate address! I am ashamed to make my friends so much trouble."

The hour was early on the following morning; the remark was made to me by Filia, negligently attired, writing at a small table in a window niche, I being still engaged with the coffee and rolls of my tray.

"I notice that the Signore condenses it into *vente Castellett'* for colloquial use," I replied.

"What is the significance of the name I wonder, Filia? I have no idea what a Spianata can be; I could find it so much easier to call it *Spiniata,* couldn't you?"

Filia did not reply until she had referred to one member of our indispensable red body-guard, a thick, scarlet Italiano-Inglese dictionary. This book, Jäschke's small wine-coloured English-Italian handbook, and Baedeker's guides and Hare's never leave us on our travels. Succinctly then she announced,

"*Spianata,* esplanade; *Castelletto,* little castle. Now let's see if Baedeker has anything to say about us."

There was but a brief interval of fluttering leaves, for Filia has an eye like a lynx for running down the thing she seeks in printed pages.

"Here we have it," and she read: "On the west side of Piazza Manin begins the magnificent tram route laid out since 1876 on the hills back of the town. It skirts the hillside to the west in long windings, under various names, and leads to the Spianata Castelletto, commanding one of the finest views in Genoa."

"What favoured mortals we to gain entrée to a house on such a spot, Filia. I believe there is not a hotel anywhere on this height, and Genoa, I am convinced, can be really ap-

preciated only from above." Purely by accident there had fallen into our hands the address of this small, private pension frequented almost exclusively by permanent English residents of Genoa; by another happy accident, two rooms being at the moment vacant, we had been able to find entrance. Our ignorance of all which concerned our surroundings was enlightened afterwards. We learned that late in the fourteenth century the Doge of Genoa, Adorno, seeing himself unable to govern the turbulent elements of the Republic, made over the sovereignty to Charles VII, King of France, believing that as Lieutenant-of-the-king, he should retain some kind of power. In 1401, Marshal Boucicault, a new French Viceroy, began his iron rule over the Genoese by the erection on this very height of the famous citadel, the Castelletto, built for the purpose of intimidating and restraining the citizens.

This castle (called the "little" to distinguish it from the earlier one) became a species of Bastille, and during the centuries succeeding was repeatedly dismantled only to be rebuilt. Each foreign overlord of Genoa followed the example of Boucicault "by making the place his stronghold, while the townspeople used to hasten to pull down the hated walls each

time they regained their liberty." Even down to 1815 the Castelletto was preserved however in its stern ancient strength and purposes, and it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that it was finally razed to the ground, and its site parcelled out for house building.

Spianàre, the verb from which *Spianata* is taken, signifies " to smooth, to level, to raze a town." Hence our cumbrous address, Spianata di Castelletto, as so often chances in civic terminology, contains a chapter of picturesque history. An ancient map of Genoa shows the massive ramparts of the famous citadel crowning a hill, the bare slopes of which are dotted sparsely with trees. To-day both slopes and summit are crowded with painted palaces and brilliant gardens. Le Mesurier, repining, wishes that Genoa " still lay under the stern but grand shadow of the Fortress, rather than under the nightmare of domestic nineteenth century architecture."

Filia and I confess ourselves so Philistine as to prefer the present nightmare to the past, the rather since the nightmare of domestic nineteenth century architecture is remarkably creature-comfortable.

But I must return to our morning discussion

when we were still innocent of all knowledge concerning the derivation of its name in history but were much alive to the advantages of the Spianata in the present. Having laid down her Baedeker Filia leaned back in her cushioned armchair and surveyed our surroundings with approving eyes.

"I cannot deny," she remarked, "not that I would seem to profit by papa's departure for America, that this room is emphatically 'other' than the small bachelor's cubicle which I occupied until he left. In fact it is far more sumptuous than anything else in the house. For instance, look at that monogram on your linen sheets and pillow cases."

"Yes, it is also on the towels. And such towels, Filia, as you never find outside an Italian *corredò di sposa,* — heavy and large and illustrious."

"Lustrous I suppose you mean."

"No, I call towels with such a monogram and crest, such fringes and such borders, nothing less than illustrious. Also I wish you to regard the enormous proportions of the washing-stand; observe that we have two of those great pictorial bowls each with retinue complete."

"Superb; but, after all, as nothing when

compared to the carvings above your head, mother, cherubs and garlands, song and dance, symbolized in such profusion as I have never seen. Then this floor of inlaid marble, these thick crimson rugs, those colossal triple mirrors, these spacious recessed windows and the vast view from them; really we have had nothing quite so luxurious, have we, in Italy? ''

'' In a modern way certainly not. It means, I think, the one expression in this house of the real Genoa, always opulent and sumptuous. All Genoese traditions, as far as I know, which is not far to be sure, have been of material luxury and commercial ambitions, not of artistic distinction or of spiritual and intellectual achievement. You know there is an old saying, Genoa was a bank before it was a city.''

'' But remember what you said last night of Genoa as birthplace of Columbus and Mazzini.''

'' I remember, but I am afraid Columbus, with his Spanish commission and outfit, reflects little glory after all upon his native city.''

'' Mazzini at least conspired freely here, and here was buried. I am bent on visiting his grave; that is, if you are.''

I admitted a bent in this direction, but also

the necessity of doing first of all a little shopping.

"Is there no way," I asked, "of getting down into the town save by that tram of *circonvallazione a Monte?*"

Filia laughed gaily.

"Tired already of so many Corsos Magenta, Solferino and every other colour of the rainbow, aren't you? I am, too, although it is rather magnificent winding around those stuccoed palaces and looking straight down into the balconies and gardens of the rich Genoese."

"It is interesting all the way and I enjoy it immensely but it takes so much time."

"I know, and until last night I supposed it to be the only way down. But you should have seen the amusement of these English people who took me to the concerto when I was for starting to take the tram. They turned straight from our very door down into a narrow paved lane which they call here a *salita.* By that we simply tumbled down in less than five minutes into the heart of things."

"Where did you land?"

"In the Piazza Corvetto, coming by the borders of the Villetta di Negro which you must remember."

"The charming, hilly little park with the

cascades? Yes, I recall. Your father was so interested in the statue of Mazzini near the entrance."

"Yes, the Piazza Corvetto extends beyond Mazzini's statue, and on the opposite side of the Corvetto that fine park which they call the Acquasola begins. It is laid out along the old ramparts of the city, and is the great resort of all Genoa. It was there that the music was given. Mr. Kempthorn told me last evening, — "

"A moment, Filia, — which is Mr. Kempthorn? "

"The nice boy from the English bank, with freckles, don't you know? and fair hair, — he told me that in his personification of Genoa, the way he sees it in his own mind, the Piazza Corvetto is the heart, the Villetta di Negro the right lung and the Acquasola the left lung of the city. Then he has the main trunk arteries formed by the Via Assarotti leading upwards from the Corvetto and its continuation downwards, the Via Roma."

"In what part of the anatomy does this ingenious young man find our Spianata? "

"Well, it seems to be something like a chip on the right shoulder. The right arm works out beautifully as the Via Balbi, the Garibaldi

and Cairoli are really the same thoroughfare, you know. And the station, — isn't this rather clever? the great railroad station where we arrived on Monday, — is the hand, the right hand, with no end of fingers."

"The iron hand shall we say? But what stands for left arm and hand?"

"The figure rather breaks down there. You can't make any illustration go on all fours, I have frequently been told. There are *centi piede,* all at the water's edge. The head is the Castellaccio, away up above us."

Having completed my toilet I was now diligently applying myself to the map of Genoa.

"The Via Venti Settembre will answer for your centipede's left arm and Ponte Pila for left hand." I made the assertion, closed the map and slipped it into my shopping-bag. "If you are ready we will descend to the main artery, commonly known as Via Roma, and find a haberdasher."

"Good. There are fascinating shops there, in the Galleria Mazzini, and also in Piazza Defarrari. And by a tortuous way, mamma, a narrow and a winding, I shall inveigle you into *my* heart of Genoa, which is not the Piazza Corvetto."

"What then?"

"The delectable and dangerous Way of the Goldsmiths, — the Via degli Orefici. Isn't the name enticing? Father and I discovered it, but he did not think it wise to take you into the secret."

"Very well. Lead me there at once, Filia."

Upon which my daughter, exulting in her success, ran before me down a narrow *salita* paved with very clean pink bricks, leading between high walls and bits of back gardens down to the stately statued parks and squares of Genoa.

It will have been foreseen that we did not extricate ourselves from the toils of the Via degli Orefici before noon. The atmosphere of the place, redolent of the ancient guild, of art and craft of honoured lineage, — enchanted us. The silver and gold filagree, always counted the peculiar product of Genoa, we did not find irresistible, but there was charm in the whole locale which extended to the Via Luccoli through which we approached the Goldsmiths' quarter proper. We were in old Genoa, picturesque and absorbing in the display, not merely of the wares of the bazar, but of the handicraft producing these. We surprised ourselves finally, having turned from the last stall, by coming

suddenly, at the corner of Via San Luca, upon the Borsa, where was great tumult of money-changers, brokers and speculators, from which we hurried on until we found ourselves before the church of San Siro. This is one of the four oldest churches of Genoa and anciently its cathedral. The fact that Simone Boccanegra, the first Doge, was here elected and proclaimed in 1339 interested us more than did the painted vault and chapel, so full of the works of the Carlone family; indeed, one must visit San Siro rather for its associations with the past than for its present attraction.

There is much dispute over Genoa's ancient ecclesiastical history, but it is clear that Felix and Sirus were among the very earliest bishops, when Liguria was a Roman province, Felix being first and Sirus second to hold that office. They founded the episcopal line whose power rapidly became secular as well as spiritual. This ecclesiastical rule waxed mighty through generations and continued until the end of the twelfth century during which Genoa became an archbishopric. For nearly the entire course of this century the influence of the consuls or great secular lords however had been combined with the powers of the bishops, so that the Great Seal of Genoa bore on one side:

"Januensis archiepiscopatus"

and on the reverse:

"Civitas Januensis."

San Siro was the primitive seat of the ecclesiastical oligarchy, but even as early as 985 San Lorenzo was constituted the cathedral instead and the glory of this ancient church departed. It lay outside the walls and was too greatly at the mercy of Saracen attack. Nothing remains to speak of the centuries during which all functions of national moment had their setting here. Even the bones of San Siro lie now under the high altar of San Lorenzo.

We found the chapel of the Lomellini, the second on the left aisle, rather interesting in its altar piece and its Carlone marbles, and we felt constrained to hasten on from San Siro to the church of the Annunziata, the renowned monument of the Lomellini, great princes of coral fisheries.

As we walked up the Via Lomellini I called Filia's attention to a tablet on a narrow house-front. We stopped where we stood and read the inscription, which told us that in this house was born in the year 1805 Giuseppe Mazzini.

"Will you go to the Campo Santo this afternoon," asked Filia, "for the sake of visiting his tomb?"

"Yes, if this church of the Annunziata does not use all my remainder of strength. To tell the truth, Filia, I am getting tired."

"What you need is not a church but a sandwich," replied Filia promptly. We reached the Piazza dell' Annunziata and as we turned towards a *pasticceria* of most inviting aspect we met young Kempthorn, our friend of the pensione, about to enter also. He greeted us cordially and invited us to lunch with him. It was his noon recess and this his customary resort.

"Come, you are too tired to hurry up to the Castelletto in time for luncheon, and certainly you are too tired to do more sightseeing."

We were glad to have someone decide for us what to do, and a very gay, although rather absurd, little repast followed, with large variety of Genoese products in marrons and fruits glacés, cakes and sandwiches, all extravagantly good.

"Oh, yes, the Genoese do themselves well," Kempthorn responded to our praise of the good things offered. "That has been their habit time out of mind. They eat and drink and

dress well, amuse themselves and house themselves luxuriously, but they have never quite lived down the reproach of that old proverb ' Genoa has a sea without fish, mountains without wood, men without conscience and — women without honour.' "

The young man paused an instant before the last clause, then reluctantly added to it.

" To tell the truth," he said, " that last thrust is said to be quite as appropriate as any of it."

" I remember that Dante had his opinion of the Genoese, — ' men at variance with every virtue, full of every vice,' " I remarked.

" Dante was a pretty hard old hitter, wasn't he? " commented Kempthorn, adding: " These terrible people do make you so comfortable though that you are contented to remain with them, unless you stand guard over the old notions of austerity you start out with."

" To me Genoa seems extremely fascinating," said Filia, " and I cannot understand why we hear so little about it from tourists. No one ever mentions it except in connection with sailing to or from home."

" I am sure that is because American tourists almost always stay in one of those hotels near the harbour which are certainly not inspir-

ing, and never explore the city beyond Via Balbi and the shops."

"Don't you think also it is because Genoa has very little to interest one in history or art or architecture?" asked Filia.

"Do you absolutely know that to be true?" asked Kempthorn quizzically.

"No," laughed Filia. "I know nothing whatever about it, but it seemed a nice, obvious thing to say. And certainly we do not hear the allusions to Genoa's past that we do to that of Florence or Siena or Venice."

"I wish I could discover books on Genoa which are worth while," I interjected, "because I am beginning to realize that it has a history worth studying."

"I have Bent's 'Genoa,' a capital book, up at the house, and one or two others which I wish you would use while you are here. A lot of this history is a deadly bore, all the Pisan and Venetian wars, you know, and the endless fights of the great families."

"'Oh, skip their dear uncle! the Bellman exclaimed, as he angrily tinkled his bell' would be my motto," quoth Filia.

"Mine, too," echoed Kempthorn. "Macaulay tells, you know, of a prisoner of war back in the twelve hundreds who was given by the

Pisans the alternative of reading through a history of their naval wars with Genoa or going to the galleys. He tried the history, but soon decided on the galleys.''

"Is this the book you are offering us?" cried Filia.

"No, Bent really isn't bad, in small doses, but the best thing is Le Mesurier's lectures, a book you can get through in a few hours. It tells all one cares to know, and the man, whoever he was, has a sense of humour and a capacity for being bored himself. If you are going up to the house before I return, ask the Signora for those two books. She knows where I keep them."

"*Grázie tante!* Perhaps we would better go now, at once, to the Campo Santo, mother, and then back to the pensione for good."

"Don't tell me that you think of going to the Campo Santo!" exclaimed Kempthorn impulsively, then apologized for his interference. We had left the *pasticceria* and were standing in the sunny piazza now.

"Why not the Campo Santo, please?" inquired Filia. "Mazzini is buried there."

"Oh, I don't know. Maupassant can tell you," returned Kempthorn. "I know you won't like it. Excuse me. My hour is up."



THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA, GENOA, INTERIOR.

With this he was off, and I, only too willing to put off the expedition, persuaded Filia to compromise by investigating the Annunziata, just opposite us, and thereafter returning to the Castelletto.

"Mr. Kempthorn's books will be a boon. Truly, Filia," I remarked, as we crossed to the church, "I am ashamed to stay in Genoa another day knowing so little about it."

"I do think it is pretty bad not to be in touch with the Dorias at least. But I assure you I am not anxious to take a course in all the great Genoa families. Those miles of Galeazzo Alessi palaces on the Via Balbi that we saw when father was here discouraged me."

We found the Annunziata ugly and unimpressive without, within very gilded and gorgeous.

"Sumptuous and soulless," was Filia's verdict.

"Perhaps it epitomizes Genoa," I reflected. "At least we can decide here how much we care for native Genoese art, for it has had full swing in these great frescoes, coloured marbles and sculptures."

"The Carloni have done their worst, I should say," was Filia's response.

A few hours later we read the following interesting bits of historical comment from Bent:

" There lies a small island not far from the coast of Africa, the name of which is Tabarca, which, in the palmy days of Mediterranean commerce, was a great rendezvous for ships on their passage to and from the East. Here the Pisans had a strong fort and large coral fisheries along the coast. In both of these they were succeeded by the Genoese, who made great use of coral in their commerce. . . . In the sixteenth century Tabarca was sold to the Lomellini family, who retained the lordship of it for two centuries, and made much money out of the coral fisheries, of which wealth a substantial memorial stands to-day in Genoa, in the shape of the church of the Annunziata, on which the Lomellini lavished all that is glorious in marbles, in gold and in frescoes, making it a perfect paradise of florid art, which is aptly summed up in the simile of Sismondi who likens it to an illuminated snuff-box."

Over against this unflattering dictum let me place the comment of an eminent Genoese, Alizeri:

" Whenever I cross the threshold of the Annunziata, even I, a citizen of Genoa, experience



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CAMPO SANTO, STAGLIENO.

a feeling of surprise which renders me speechless before the genius which erected it."

The next day, when, in spite of young Mr. Kempthorn's unexplained protests, — perhaps all the more because of them, — we went out to the Campo Santo of Staglieno, we reflected that very probably this Genoese citizen might have stood speechless before its marvels also. We did. Money, marble and corrupted art seemed here run wild. Guy de Maupassant in *La Vie Errante,* which later fell into my hands, characterizes it as " the most bizarre, the most surprising, the most *macabre* and perhaps the most comic museum of funeral sculpture in the world."

" Mr. Kempthorn was right, Filia," I said sadly, when we had walked slowly through one arcaded court after another, had ascended the marble stairs, flight after flight, and reached the rotunda, " We ought not to have come. It is shocking to one's sense of the eternal fitness of things to laugh at the memorials of affliction."

For answer Filia led me to an arched recess and pointed to the marble figure of a Genoese lady in crinoline, many fringed flounces and a cashmere shawl, standing by a console table. On this was balanced a large medallion pre-

senting the head of a gentleman with flowing side whiskers. The widow supported the frame of this portrait with one hand, with the other she gracefully applied a lace-bordered pocket-handkerchief to her eyes. Beside her stood the figure of a little girl, whose costume displayed elaborate garniture of buttons and braid, pantalettes and neat ankle-tie slippers.

"Forgive yourself, dear, for laughing," Filia murmured.

"Oh, what a debasement of art!" I exclaimed in spite of myself. "Miles on miles of creations like this, destitute of dignity or grace, destitute even of pathos. Is it to this that Italian art has declined! Let us go hence."

"Not until we have seen Mazzini's tomb," Filia reminded me.

Apart from the monstrosities of the arcades we found the grave of Italy's greatest idealist and lingered over the fine epitaph framed by Carducci to the man who loved much and sacrificed all. Since then, despite the smug grotesqueness of the Campo Santo, I have thought of it tenderly by reason of Mazzini's own description of his visit there to his mother's grave.

"The only thing really touching to me," he

wrote to England, " was in the churchyard — it was late — and the place was quite empty, but a keeper had, it seems, recognized me, and coming out of the gate some poor people, a priest among them, were drawn up in a line, bowing and almost touching the earth. Not a smile, no attempt at absurd applause, they felt my sadness and contrived to show they were sharing it."

That evening, escorted by Mr. Kempthorn and another young Englishman, Madame Fiasella and her sister, all from the pensione, we made the ascent, by cable-tram, of the Castellaccio, the fortified cliff which towers above the city. We climbed to the old Fort and lingered long, spellbound by the beauty of the prospect over the moonlit Mediterranean, the silent city, the encircling Alps.

" I love Genoa! " Filia exclaimed as outcome of a long, enthusiastic silence.

" Ah, now you please me," returned Madame Fiasella. " I have lived here since I was fifteen and now I am thirty. No city can ever be like Genoa to me."

We all were silent for a moment, reflecting on the few events known to us which had filled those years with gladness and sorrow. Madame Fiasella and her sister, Junia Story, were

daughters of an Anglican clergyman for many years resident in Genoa. His death occurred in England, but years previously Mary, the elder daughter, had married Fiasella, a young physician, a Waldensian, who had come to Genoa from his native Val Pellice to study. They had lived happily here until he, too, had died, two years earlier. Madame Fiasella with her little daughter and her sister then elected to remain in Genoa in the pensione where Dr. Story had made his residence for many years. They were poor, industrious, distinguished, and not in the least oppressed by the necessity of giving lessons in English, French and music. For the sisters Filia and I had conceived a strong admiration, I preferring the elder as more animated and magnetic, Filia enamoured with the fair, statuesque beauty Junia.

"You are both more Italian than you are English," commented Kempthorn presently, in a discontented tone.

"Rather hard on the British contingent, too, I call it," added his friend, a not vividly interesting satellite of Kempthorn. "Miss Story has about as much interest in her compatriots as — "

"There, there, my dear fellow, — have the sense to hide your wounds," admonished

Kempthorn. " We are awfully tired of those old scores. Miss Filia, is it true that despite my solemn warning you have been to the Campo Santo to-day? "

Filia confessed our misdemeanour with becoming humility, but plainly her attention was centred upon Junia Story, who sat a little apart on the low wall of the old outworks so lost in contemplation of the moving silver flood stretching to the horizon that she took no note of what was said.

" You understand my protest now, perhaps? "

Seeing that Filia was too absorbed to make adequate reply I entered civilly upon the discussion of the demerits of the Campo Santo, but while I listened to Mr. Kempthorn's clever and humourous strictures I caught Filia's exclamation under breath, —

" Have you ever seen her so beautiful! " and Madame Fiasella's low reply,

" Yes, she is always like that when she can be a bit alone you know with the sea."

Naturally I gazed in turn at Junia Story who had risen now and was strolling slowly along the rampart, her head lifted, her hands clasped behind her, her tall figure possessing almost mystical grace and beauty in the moon-

light. I think she felt suddenly that our eyes were upon her, for she turned hasty steps back, and remarked casually, when she reached us, that she was awfully cold and she should think it time to go down to the caffè.

"Thank Heaven you have broken the spell, Junia!" cried Filia. The girls had that morning I think sworn eternal friendship and begun the use of each other's first names.

"What spell, my dear?" asked Junia innocently, taking Filia's arm and leading her with gay dancing steps down the grassy slope to the hotel. Only scraps of Filia's protest reached me; — "these mysterious flights of yours . . . you yourself are not here . . . it is time to come back."

As we surrounded a daintily laid table a few moments later the talk was all of a reunion of our little company at Rapallo or Santa Margherita, between which villages we two planned to divide a fortnight as soon as we could persuade ourselves to leave Genoa. Junia insisted that Rapallo was the more charming, in fact an entrancing spot, whereupon Kempthorn remarked with peculiar impressiveness that the harbour of Santa Margherita was much the finer, being in fact large enough for the great warships of the Italian navy.

Surprised at this, I made conversation regarding the Ligurian coastline with the young gentlemen, permitting Junia to carry off as well as she might the perturbation which Kempthorn's apparently harmless remark had appeared to me to create.

CHAPTER II

GENOA FROM THE BOOKS

THE story of Genoa proper dates from the eleventh century. It was then that the city developed into a powerful commercial Republic gaining control of the entire Riviera from Nice to Spezia, and then that she took a strong hand in the First Crusade. Her first fleet sailed for the Levant in 1097. The money for this enterprise, — for a Holy War is an expensive thing, — was raised by a loan to the government called a *compera;* collectively these loans were known as the *Compere di San Giorgio.* Here had its origin the Bank of St. George, which continued with only minor changes until the French Revolution. This institution has been named a most singular political phenomenon because it formed a state within a state, a republic within a republic. " When the state was convulsed by continual revolution the Bank of St. George always kept an equal course, never deviated from its paths of justice, grew

in riches and credit — in short was the heart of the Ligurian Republic."

Another great result of Genoa's part in the Crusades was the beginning of her eastern commerce, a powerful factor in her increasing commercial wealth and influence, which in time led to her contest for supremacy in the Levant with Venice.

In 1120 Genoa and Pisa, rival maritime powers, declared war upon each other as a result of quarrels in Syria as well as in Italy. This state of war lasted a matter of two centuries and closed with the complete collapse of Pisa at the famous Battle of Meloria. It is worth noting that the great chains stretched across the mouth of the Arno at the port of Pisa were in 1290 broken and captured by Conrad Doria in a final small scrimmage and were hung in triumph at various gates and church portals in Genoa until 1860 when they were given back as token of the end of all strife upon the Unification of Italy. These chains are hanging now on the North Wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa.

"In 1860 when Italy became one nation," says a recent writer, "Genoa resolved to restore the chain to Pisa, and accordingly a deputation headed by the Mayor solemnly

handed the relics over to the Gonfaloniere, and with much ceremony they were hung up in the celebrated Campo Santo with a magniloquent inscription concluding with the words: 'La Generosa Genova, in the year 1860, first year of Italian Independence, of her own free will, gave back these chains to Pisa as a perpetual sign of fraternal affection, of concord and of indissoluble union.' "

About the year 1100 the Doria family made their appearance in the affairs of Genoa. They constitute one of the Great Four, those patrician families most prominently concerned with the social and political life of the Republic; the Spinola are a yet older stock than that of the Dorias; the Fieschi and the Grimaldi appear somewhat later.

The perpetual warfare between these families, although professedly in the interests of Emperor and Pope, really sprang from private ambition and jealousy. Their distinction is indicated by the fact that from the fifteenth century they were the only citizens privileged to share with the Republic itself the right to build palaces in courses of black and white marble, as in the walls of San Lorenzo, the Spinola Palace in the Piazza Fontane Marose, San Matteo and elsewhere.



THE DORIA PALACE, GENOA.

Aristocratic government by bishops or by consuls was succeeded in 1190 by that of Podestas or rule by foreign princes, called in to administer affairs with the supposed impartiality of outsiders. Popes, Dukes, Marquises, Kings and Emperors served Genoa in this period, gradually undermining her liberties, but this age is best known as that of the long drawn naval war with Venice. This conflict originated during the Fourth Crusade, when Venice interfered with Genoese trade in Constantinople, a tender point with both these states.

The Genoese gained a glorious victory over Venice at Curzola among the Dalmatian islands in 1298. It was won by Admiral Lamba Doria. Petrarch tells the following tale: "The Admiral's son, a gallant young soldier, fell at the outset of the battle. The father bending to see if life were extinct, found it was the end. He made not a word of lament, but folding the body of his son to his breast he exclaimed, 'If thou hadst died in the bosom of thy country thou couldst not have had a more splendid burial than this.' Clad in armour as he was, his body still warm, Lamba Doria cast his son from the ship's turret into the waves!"

Another appealing incident is the capture as prisoner of war by the Genoese of the Venetian

Admiral, the blind old Andrea Dandolo, of that famous house which gave four Doges to Venice. Carried captive on a Genoese ship away from Adriatic shores, Dandolo could not endure humiliation so terrible; he brought it to an end by dashing his head against the mast until death released him.

But a century later came the dramatic beginning of the end. The Genoese, in alliance with the Paduan fleet, won a battle at Pola and on August 16th, 1379, took Chioggia. The Venetians were reduced to despair. "An embassy was sent to the conquerors with a blank sheet of paper, praying them to prescribe what terms they pleased and leave to Venice only her independence. The Prince of Padua was inclined to listen to these proposals, but the Genoese, who after the victory at Pola had shouted, 'To Venice, to Venice and long live St. George!' determined to annihilate their rival. Peter Doria, their commander-in-chief, returned this answer to the suppliants: 'On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the Signor of Padua, nor from our Commune of Genoa, until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours that are upon the porch of your evangelist St. Mark. When we have bridled them we shall keep you

quiet. And this is the pleasure of us and of our Commune.' ''

Four centuries later Byron wrote, —

> "Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
> Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
> But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
> *Are they not bridled?*"

When this was written Venice had come under the tyranny of Austria.

But the Venetians in the end atoned for their defeat. In 1380 was fought the second Battle of Chioggia in which Genoa's prestige as a naval power was brought to an everlasting end, as that of Pisa had been at Meloria. Venice ruled supreme upon the sea.

Whether the office of Doge was borrowed from Venice by the Genoese is immaterial, but it is certain that it existed in Venice from the year 700, while Genoa's first Doge was elected in 1339. The people had become tired of Podestas; they desired a fellow citizen as their head. Simone Boccanegra was chosen, a man of the people; his limit of service was not defined, but later this term was confined to two years.

The line of Doges, though often interrupted, continued until the year 1805, when it was re-

placed by the more modern office of Mayor. But the Doges through these centuries were rarely possessed of power or even great influence. They were in the end very gorgeous figure-heads, shut up like prisoners in the Palazzo Ducale and restricted in every way. Genoa's Doges never captivate the imagination in the degree that the Venetian Doges do, and still they were tricked out with sceptre, crown and mantle for their brief years of exaltation. In reality the control of civic affairs in Genoa lay always in dispute among its great families, particularly the Dorias and the Fieschi.

At the close of the fifteenth century Columbus, loyal native of Genoa, proposed to the Republic to equip an expedition which he should lead across the Atlantic in search of a new world. Sceptical, timid or parsimonious, the request was denied by the authorities. Magnanimous indeed in view of this is the letter of Columbus written to the Banc di San Giorgio from Seville, when setting sail on his last voyage.

" Although my body is here, my heart is always with you," wrote the generous Genoese; " God has been more bountiful to me than to any one since David's time. The success of my enterprise is already clear and would be still



STATUE OF COLUMBUS, GENOA.

more clear if the Government did not cover it with a veil. I sail again for the Indies in the name of the most Holy Trinity, and I return at once, but as I know I am but mortal I charge my son Don Diego to pay you yearly and for ever the tenth part of all my revenue in order to lighten the toll on wine and corn. If this tenth part is large you are welcome to it, if small believe in my good will. May the most Holy Trinity guard your noble persons and increase the lustre of your distinguished office.''

The Doges having become mere figure-heads and the foreign protectors treacherous and tyrannous, affairs in Genoa grew ever more confused. At a time of great political distress and humiliation, in the year 1528, when the Republic was bandied about as a prize between the powers of France and Spain, Andrea Doria, the Admiral of Charles V of Spain, made a daring stroke, turned out the French garrison and ushered in a new epoch, nobler or ignobler according to different interpretations.

At least there was temporary peace and security after he took the helm. This resulted in the splendid Renaissance of Architecture, and the building of those numberless palaces which made Genoa unique among all Italian cities. Le Mesurier calls the fourth and last epoch a

period of gradual decay. "It opened with Andrea Doria's splendid initiative in 1528; it closed when the glories of the ancient Republic were extinguished in the contagion of the French Revolution and the excesses which it produced. Even the Bank of St. George, the very stronghold of Genoa's life and integrity fell then never to rise again."

CHAPTER III

DORIAS AND THE LIGURIAN SHORE

"I AM rather glad, Madame Fiasella, that it is you and not Junia who guides us," remarked Filia. We were walking down the Via Roma in the bright October morning, on our way to the Piazza San Matteo.

"And why?"

"Because Junia is such a 'reg'lar, royal queen' that I feel like her tire-woman, don't you see, when I walk in the street beside her. You are quite as good looking, but being of average size you do not so completely overshadow me."

"Your American humour is delightful always. Poor Junia, she used to cry because she was so big, but she has rather grown up to herself now, and I don't think her bad looking, although quite without style."

"Style, Signora!" cried Filia indignantly. "Is the Venus of Milo stylish? Is Juno chic? But, tell me, is this then the famous Doria church, so small and weather-stained?"

We had entered the silent Piazza where grass grew between the stones of the pavement; sombre marble palaces with massive carving, their walls laid in courses of black and white surrounded us. Facing us a church of small dimensions but heavy construction showed a façade relieved by the black and white bands, the latter bearing many Gothic inscriptions. The narrow door, small high windows and heavily grated wheel window over the sharply gabled portal, combined to give the effect of a mausoleum rather than a sanctuary.

"Yes, this is San Matteo, and this Piazza really Genoa's *cor cordium,*" replied Madame. "All these palaces belonged to the Dorias; most of them were the gift of the Republic to some Dorian Admiral upon a great naval victory. That one was given to Lamba Doria after the great triumph at Curzola, when the Venetian fleet was routed; that yonder was bought by Pagano Doria with the gifts of the Senate on his victory over Venice at Sapienza. But the most interesting is the one in the corner yonder."

We crossed and read the inscription deep graven on a marble slab over the door: *Senat. Cons. Andreas de Oria patriae liberatori munus publicum.*

"How beautiful this portal is!" exclaimed Filia, studying the fine early Renaissance carvings with keen satisfaction. Then added, "this palazzo is really convincing. It makes me at last realize old Andrea."

"His actual residence was in the Piazza del Principe, now the property of the Pamphili-Doria family of Rome. That is, I think, the most interesting of Genoese palaces, although the old frescoes are sadly faded. Titian's portrait of Andrea in his old age, with his cat, is there and also the famous Tintoretto in the private apartments."

"It surprises one to think of Titian and Tintoretto painting in Genoa, but I know Rubens and Van Dyck did so. What is the subject of the Tintoretto?"

"The marriage of the Count of Narbonne to a maiden of Genoa, — the foundation of the line of the Dorias; a pretty and romantic story. Do you know it?"

I had read the legend in my favourite Bent, but as Filia had not we gladly listened, pacing slowly before the little church where Andrea Doria lies buried.

"Once upon a time, no matter for dates in a tale like this, although I absolutely believe it," began Madame, "Arduin, Viscount of Nar-

bonne, bound to the Holy Land on one of the Crusades, fell ill at Genoa while waiting for his ship. He was lodged in the house of a gentlewoman of the family Della Volta, a widow. She, with her charming daughter Oria, nursed him back to health. Arduin departed for the East and fulfilled his vow, but having fallen deeply in love with his beautiful nurse he returned rather quickly to Genoa and they were married. He gave up his estate and title in Provence and became a Genoese citizen of credit and renown, and a landholder of importance. But, strange to say, his four sons were called D'Oria, ' sons of Oria,' now usually written in one word, and from them has come this great and powerful Genoese line."

" Very nice," commented Filia. " I have myself been studying into the Dorias a little, have learned for instance that they dominated Genoa pretty steadily for six centuries. A sturdy clan to spring from such a pretty love match, *non è vero?* But please shed light, not much, but a little, on these inscriptions," saying which Filia halted us directly before the church.

" How old is San Matteo, Madame? " I interposed. " That seems the first point."

" It was founded by the Dorias in 1125, and

this very façade with its black and white marbles dates from 1278. All the inscriptions, eight in number, in Gothic characters except one, are carved on the white bands as you see; all celebrate Dorian victors and victories."

"Which is the earliest?"

"This, commemorating Meloria, the fourth from the top. It can be translated in this wise: *In the name of the Holy Trinity — in the year of our Lord 1284, on the sixth day of August — the high and mighty Lord Oberto Doria, at that time Captain and Admiral of the Commune and of the Genoese people, triumphed in the Pisan waters over the Pisans, taking from them thirty three galleys,* and so on and on."

"What is the tenor of this short one of the year 1290?" I asked.

"It mentions the capture of the Port of Pisa by Conrad, or Corrado, Doria."

"Was that the time when the chains of the Arno were broken and brought here?" asked Filia. "I love that giving back of them in 1860."

"Yes, that was great, and Genoa has been greater ever since she gave up war. That inscription below, celebrating Lamba Doria's victory over Venice at Curzola speaks of 'this angel taken in Venetian waters;' that phrase

has puzzled many antiquarians. It probably refers to that central figure on the sarcophagus built into the wall below the window."

Filia and I drew near and stood on our tiptoes to examine the old bas-relief.

"Lamba Doria brought the sarcophagus back from Curzola as a trophy. Pagano Doria's Venetian victory, 1352, the second from the top, begins 'In honour of God and the blessed Mary.' They are all as proud and pious as possible, and it is really amusing to contrast them with those other characteristic Genoese inscriptions, the Stones of Infamy."

"Oh, I have heard of those," said Filia eagerly. "Are they near here? I should like to see them."

"Yes, very near, let into the wall of the Palazzo Ducale, once the home of the Doges, you know, but uninteresting in its present restored state."

Later that day we found time to thread our way down the narrow lane beside the Palace and see the wall where, in the fierce seventeenth century, traitors' heads were hung, and where deeds of infamy were recorded. In suggestive contrast, as Madame noted, to the vainglorious Dorian inscriptions, were such as this:

"To Gian Paolo Balbi, vilest of men, and

soaked in iniquity. . . . This stone is erected in the year 1650 to the eternal ignominy of his execrable memory."

Rafaelle della Torre is accorded a " monument of eternal shame, raised by order of the Senate in the year 1672: let him be hated."

Having now sufficiently studied the stained and storied façade of San Matteo we went within and hastily examined Andrea's tomb and sword, and the fragments of the two statues of himself and his adopted son in the deserted cloister. The colossal figure, representing Doria as an ancient Roman emperor, was placed by the " grateful Republic " before the Palazzo Ducale originally in honour of " the Father and Liberator of his Country " in " undying memory of his benefits." Both statues were cast down and broken by the vandalism which the French Revolution let loose in Genoa.

" And now," declared Filia, as we left the church, " we have come to the crux of the matter: was Andrea Doria really such a very great patriot, hero, deliverer and defender, or was he like most of his line and day, ambitious, mercenary, time-serving? Just what was it he achieved anyway? "

" I believe," replied Madame Fiasella thoughtfully, " that he had that duality of na-

ture which no one appears to have recognized clearly as possible until Stevenson. There can be no doubt that up to 1528 Andrea was the familiar patrician soldier-of-fortune of his day, as devout in his worship of the Virgin as he was implacable to his private enemies and approachable to the foreign public oppressors of Genoa — a typical *condottiere.* But with that great *coup* of 1528, by which he transferred his allegiance from France to Spain, turned out the French garrison and made his great speech on the restoration of liberties here in the Piazza di San Matteo, he really seems to have turned statesman and patriot. Many of his biographers dwell on the fact that he merely transferred Genoa from a French master to a Spanish; no doubt a taint of cruelty and selfishness ran through his life to the end; still, to the Genoese, he remains the Saviour of his country."

"I concluded myself, from my reading, that Andrea must have had elements of greatness," I responded. "A Genoese nobleman who could intimidate Francis I of France and Charles V of Spain, play them off one against the other, and win out between them a partial peace and independence for Genoa must have been a genius. It is vastly picturesque history, and my

interest is peculiarly stirred when I find that Francis I was for months imprisoned in the monastery of Cervara, right here on the heights of Portofino after the battle of Pavia; and also by Andrea's great victory at Capri, when he won the fame of being the greatest admiral of his day. It was then that he brought both Francis and Charles to his feet. His freeing of Genoa from France followed."

"What about his youth?" queried Filia; "wasn't he ever young and romantic like the other Italians?"

"One obscure bit of his younger days interests me immensely," replied Madame. "In 1492, a date which I suppose you can readily retain, when Roderigo Borgia became Pope, Andrea — he was then only twenty-four — left the Vatican, where he had served in the Papal Guardia, and went into service with the Duke of Urbino. He fell violently in love with the Duchess, and at the siege of Sinigaglia rescued her from the clutches of Cesare Borgia in a most knightly and romantic style."

"Anything about Urbino and its dukes fascinates me," broke in Filia; "no scandal about Elizabetta Gonzaga, I hope!"

"No, that is not involved, and rather curiously there seems never to have been any stain

on Andrea's private morals, although one of his biographers quaintly remarks that he was fond of the fair sex but never allowed women to interfere with his duties! ''

'' Did he ever marry? '' Filia asked.

'' Not until he was sixty years old, when he married an elderly domestic body by the name of Peretta. The astonishing thing about Andrea altogether is that he began to play his great part only when he was sixty and over. He had thirty years of autocratic rule over Genoa, for he lived to be ninety-four, a really fine, patriarchal figure, although I must say his portrait in his old age always seems to me a piece of mischief by Titian. It really is a picture of two old cats.''

Madame now left us, having a lesson to give, and Filia hastened on to the Galleria to meet Junia by appointment for luncheon.

Filia having announced that she should visit no more Genoese churches I took this time for a solitary hour at the Cathedral of San Lorenzo. This is, I think, the best of the twelfth century churches of Genoa, by reason of the west front with its black and white marble layers and the twisted pillars and the sculptures of its portal. The fabulous, sinister beasts which support the canopied saints belong to the early period of



DETAIL OF THE PORTAL OF SAN LORENZO, GENOA.

mythological-heraldic biology. The lower lions are modern, menagerie specimens. The interior is disappointing, having been over-restored. Like most Romanesque churches it is, to me, lacking in expression and elevation. I did not attempt to see the Sacro Catina in the Treasury. None of the legends belonging to it appeal to me as convincing or interesting.

Returning to the pensione I forthwith plunged into the story of Andrea Doria as given by Bent and others. It is a romance of vivid interest, but there is no place here for further rehearsal of it. But, before leaving the Dorias, let me give in condensed sentences one episode which illustrates Andrea's magnificence, and well typifies Genoa's luxury in her great days.

Andrea used to be called the royal innkeeper from his frequent entertainment of royalty. Charles V, the great Emperor, was twice his guest. The second time he was received in the gorgeous palace, then just completed, of Fassuolo, now Palazzo Doria. A pupil of Michel Angelo, Montorsoli, had been its architect, and the beauty of palace and gardens was such that the Emperor is described as so astounded at their sumptuousness that Andrea was flattered to the point of offering the palace as a gift to

his Imperial master. Whether an unpleasant surprise or not to Andrea, his proffered gift was accepted by the Emperor, who graciously stipulated, however, that the Dorias were to live in it as his tenants for ever.

A banquet was served in an arbour overlooking the sea, the arbour being in reality one of Doria's galleys, so anchored and disguised as to appear a part of the garden. As the galley glided smoothly over the water of the harbour, attendants, dressed to represent sea-gods, served the rarest of food and wine on dishes of massive gold and silver. As each course was removed the dishes were cast carelessly, as trifles, into the sea, probably a very effective touch but when the purpose of impressing the Imperial guest with old Andrea's fabulous wealth had been served, the silver and gold plate, skilfully caught in nets prepared for the purpose, was "fished up again for future use."

It was two o'clock of a superb October day when Filia and I were affectionately tucked into a carriage at the door of the pensione on the Castelletto and bidden good-bye and *a riverderci* by the entire household, the Signore and his kind little wife, the servants,

and the collective body of our fellow pensionnaires.

Our luggage was neatly stowed fore and aft, an enticing basket for afternoon tea cosily awaited our attention later, and thus with a fresh breeze blowing from the sea in our faces, we started out on our eighteen-mile drive to Rapello. It was quite understood that during our fortnight on the Riviera Mr. Kempthorn was to bring Madame Fiasella and her sister to visit us, a fact which alleviated the pangs of parting for the younger contingent who had now become amazingly intimate.

From the time that we left the pavement of Genoa behind our road was hard and smooth as a floor and wholly free from dust. The last painted villas of Genoa scarcely faded from view before those of Sturla and Quarto appeared.

We stopped the carriage by that spot on the rocky shore marked as that from which Garibaldi and his Thousand sailed for Sicily, May sixth, 1860.

"A short rock-rib that cleaves the placid sea;
Behind, the leafy laurel thicket . . .
Thence, Italy, thy faithful sought thee out, —
. . . . . .
The Thousand, destined to avenge thy wrong."

Our hearts were stirred within us; I am sure no lover of Italy can pass the place unmoved by the memories of that magnificent adventure.

After Quinto was passed we soon found ourselves surrounded by the exotic gardens and pretentious hotels of Nervi. We wondered if Nervi was interesting, but had no time to decide, for our coachman, having to return that night to Genoa, was bent upon reaching Rapallo betimes. The bold, rocky promontory of Portofino rose before us to the south in splendid outline as we dashed around the rocky curve where the road leading on from Nervi hangs above the sea. Mountains rose sheer, and forests of cypress, ilex and stone pine clustered richly at our left, while at our right lay ever the sapphire radiance of the Mediterranean.

The entire *cornice* from Genoa to Rapallo, and later beyond, even to Sestri Levante, we discovered to be beautiful in highest degree. This shore is strangely little visited by Americans who, hurrying, according to their temperamental tendency, from Genoa to Pisa *en route* to Florence and Rome, anathematize with good reason the mephitic tunnels, eighty strong, through which they push their impetuous course, and declare that nothing more than fleeting glimpses of sea or shore is visible on

the whole journey. The good angel who guards certain of us travellers from making all the blunders which are possible to our kind had guided Filia and me away from the horrors of that tunneled railroad journey to the glories of the open road.

Was this scenery equal to that of our beloved Amalfi drive? we asked each other as we sped onward, but soon the question changed its form and we asked, was the Amalfi drive equal to this? Our final decision was that while the shore of the Salernian Gulf exceeds this in stern ruggedness and awe-inspiring grandeur, the exuberant richness of vegetation of this Ligurian shore imparts a softer and a not less compelling charm. The lower slopes of the Apennines are clothed by an inexhaustible riot of laurel, acacia, palm, olive, orange, lemon, fig, bamboo, palm, oleander and vine, while at frequent intervals the spears of silver green agave flash from the tops of ivied orchard walls or rise above some crumbling wayside shrine.

At Recco we left the shore, sheering off landward. Just at this point, the sun sinking towards setting but veiled, as was the whole sky, in light clouds, produced an extraordinary effect: sea and sky seemed to blend into one, and all were suffused with an intense but soft

bluish radiance, through which long rays of sunlight pierced like sword blades, not golden but steely blue. The whole scene was a symphony in azure save that where these long blue spears struck the surface of the sea it was as if molten gold had been poured out. The splendours of sky and sea, however, were quickly left behind, for we were plunging next into the mountain pass by which the carriage road here crosses the neck of the promontory of Portofino. At once the solemn recesses of deep chestnut forests shut us in to an impenetrable shadow and silence which seemed to work upon us a spell not less potent than the sea spell of colour, light and motion.

Our last look back at the Gulf of Genoa was granted us at Ruta, before we entered a long tunnel from which we emerged with a thrilling view of what lies on the other side of Portofino's rugged wall. Again the sea lay below, the charming Gulf of Tigulio with Santa Margherita framing its crescent; deep toned cliffs falling perpendicularly to the water's edge were crowned by umbrella pines, with their strong masculine emphasis, while landward they were clothed with the feminine silver-grey of olives.

Gordon Home says of the view from this



THE SHORE NEAR SANTA MARGHERITA.

point that it " must be counted among the most superb in Europe. . . . This bay of Tigulio in many ways sums up the beauties of the whole of both the Rivieras. . . . One feels that only by passing many years on its shores can the surpassing loveliness be fully appreciated."

One note of discord alone was to be felt in the exquisite scene below us, but this note appeared to arouse added enthusiasm in Filia. In the waters of Santa Margherita's bay lay three leaden, graceless objects — Italian battleships at anchor.

" Poor little Junia," Filia murmured under her breath. I forbore to question, the rather that we quickly lost sight of Santa Margherita, our road bearing off to the left and passing charming villas in luxuriant gardens, outposts of Rapallo. I was keenly interested in the women whom we now saw seated at their cottage doors making lace with bobbins on hard round pillows, their hands fairly flying, but pausing long enough for them to wish us a courteous *Buona sera.* Another turn and our mountain road became a densely shaded avenue; an ancient and massive bridge appeared, the work of Roman legions in forgotten centuries, then trim villas behind their laurels and

acacias, a quaint arcaded street and a public garden bordered on two sides by hotels, on the third by a small river and on the fourth by the Mediterranean. We were in Rapallo.

It was only six o'clock when we alighted from our carriage at the "Hotel Savoia et Dépendance Rosa Bianca," and every moment of the four-hour journey had been a delight. Now was fresh satisfaction in settling into large airy chambers from whose balconies we looked not only directly on the sea but eastward, above the scattered houses, far into the rocky fissures of the Ligurian Apennines, whose ultimate ranges lifted snow-capped heads. The strange symphony in azure which we had enjoyed at Ruta had given place now in the west to a gorgeous crimson and gold sunset. The whole coastline from Portofino to Porto Venere was illuminated with its glow, while the sky was flushed to the zenith with rose pink. We watched the colours fade and vanish; the Mediterranean turned grey and its small waves murmured louder below our windows, while the mountains looked down aloof, chill and stern.

"Rapallo is charming," I declared; "so Italian, so picturesque, really mediæval in its effect."

"It seems to me," Filia responded, "that



Mediterranean. We were in Rapallo.

It was only six o'clock when we alighted from our carriage at the "Hotel Savoia et Dépendance Villa Elisa," and every moment of the half-hour journey had been a delight. There was fresh satisfaction in settling into large, cool chambers from whose balconies we looked out

Rapallo

had given place now in the west to a gorgeous crimson and gold sunset. The whole coastline from Portofino to Porto Venere was illuminated with its glow, while the sky was flecked in the south with rose pink. We watched, enchanted, for a while, and then the Mediterranean lapped itself to sleep, and the mountains sank down aloof, still and stern.

"Rapallo is charming," I declared; "so Italian, so picturesque, really unspoiled in its perfection."

"It seems to me," Fifine responded, "that



everything we have known and loved of southern shores is here; — the sea, the mountains, and all the palms and pines, cypresses and orange groves one dreams of."

CHAPTER IV

A NAVAL ENCOUNTER

ON the third day after we had taken up our abode in Rapallo Filia and I, just in from a walk to the ruins of the Monastery di Valle Christi, sat in our balcony taking tea, when our idle survey of the small bay below us suddenly received a quickening interest. Out beyond the Punta di Pagana lay one of the three men-of-war which we had observed in Santa Margherita's bay on our approach from Genoa. A small boat had left the ship's side and was now, we observed, being rowed by a half dozen marines in fine form straight across the harbour to the landing in front of our hotel; next we saw an officer in civilian dress, who had been seated in the stern, spring to the landing, cross the small Piazza and apparently enter the hotel.

While Filia and I were commenting on the person and bearing of this interesting individual a boy brought me a card with no small air of ceremony and *empressement*. The card bore

the name Paolo Montaldo, with that of his ship, the *Diomede,* R. M. I.; above, a small coronet. Handing it to Filia I remarked that I believed this was the name of an Italian naval officer whom I had heard mentioned by Madame Fiasella or her sister. To my surprise Filia's manner indicated a degree of excitement, as she replied in the affirmative and urged me to go down at once and receive my visitor. I insisted that she accompany me since I should have a very serious time of it in case the gentleman did not speak English; accordingly we found ourselves in short order in the salon of the Savoia receiving the very gallant *saluti* of the first Italian marquis thus far encountered by us. Presentation of a note of introduction from Madame Fiasella put us all without delay on friendly footing; Filia indeed seemed already furnished with a complete biography — life, works and antecedents, of the Marchese di Montaldo.

I waited with patience to learn his errand, for that an errand of some sort, not disconnected with the Story sisters, had brought him I had from the first had no doubt. I recalled Junia's dreamy brooding over the sea that night on the Castellaccio and the implications of Kempthorn concerning her interest in Italian warships. I

had felt an involuntary antagonism at the time rising in my own mind to what I judged the banal attractions of the typical Italian officer, — padded shoulders, brass buttons, flashing eyes and exaggerated flattery.

I had deprecated silently the notion that so lovely a creature as Junia Story should have become involved in flirtation, serious or otherwise, with a man of this stamp.

And now the man himself was before me, and it was I who was found promptly yielding to the influence of his personality. No brass buttons were in evidence, nor cheap flattery, killing glances nor any other weapon of the panoply of war for which I had looked. The Marchese was young, not far I thought from thirty, distinguished in face and person rather than handsome, his manner marked by gravity, reserve, dignity, farthest removed from the assurance and aplomb of the lady-killer. He was deferential, and courteous in a quiet, unconscious way; his English was good, his French better, but in all his manner, bearing and speech I felt an indefinable but convincing sense of manhood and purpose. No doubt he was a personage to be taken seriously.

"I have long been familiar with your face, Signorina," he remarked gravely to Filia;

"Aztalos had shown me the photograph you gave him. I did not forget it. I think our friend had no possession so dearly prized."

Our Greek friend, Constantine Aztalos, had died in a military hospital during the Balkan War. That he was a friend of Montaldo brought us into instant sympathy.

Filia's head was bent and I knew her eyes were dim; at the same moment I was aware that a shade of deprecation faintly rising in my own mind, was conveyed to the swift intelligence of the Marchese.

"It is the American signorina only of all the world who can be the friend of a man whom she will not accept as lover, is it not so, Signora? It is a discovery which we Italians are slow to make, that such a relation can exist. We owe you much."

As she listened, Filia raised her head; her tone was steady when she spoke.

"Yes, we were true friends, and I hoped for Signor Aztalos to remain my friend for ever."

"To my own mind," I commented more lightly, "the only real friendship, sure to last, between men and women of differing nationalities and customs, is that which leaves out all thought of love or marriage."

"Ah, Signora, that is a word *molto difficile!*" was the Marchese's quick exclamation; then, as if he had betrayed more of his mind than was fit, he went on to ask me if Filia and I would honour him and his brother officers on the *Diomede* by taking dinner with them on the following evening.

Filia's face showed instant response to the invitation, but I reminded her that we were expecting our friends from Genoa on the morrow. Upon this a curiously deepened ardour showed on the face of our visitor.

"*Si, si, si, Signora,*" he urged, falling into Italian unconsciously; "Signor Kempthorn, Madame and her sister have consented already to be our guests, provided such arrangement is agreeable to you and to your daughter."

This statement made the situation perfectly clear and altogether satisfactory. Not long after, with graceful Latin homage, the Marchese departed and we watched his swift return to the *Diomede* as we strolled between the flowery borders of the Giardino Pubblico.

"Is it that the Marchese is in love with Junia?" I asked.

"I do not know. It may be we can tell tomorrow night," was Filia's conservative reply.

Filia says I have a besetting weakness for an incipient love affair. This may be or may not be, but I certainly went so far on the following morning as to send a note by the special messenger from the *Diomede* (who arrived betimes bringing me beautiful roses from the Marchese), inviting that illustrious nobleman to join our excursion to Portofino which was set for three o'clock. Preternaturally prompt was the affirmative response; as a sequel the Marchese accompanied Filia and me to the village station in the afternoon where we met our friends and thence started immediately, six in company, to walk to Santa Margherita.

Passing the old Roman bridge, known inaccurately as Hannibal's, we soon left Rapallo behind and reached the Kursaal Hotel, magnificently situated on a promontory, its casino built directly over the water. There had been a storm at sea earlier in the week and the waves were breaking in foam and thunder on the rocky shore. We lingered here and left reluctantly, but were soon beguiled by Van Dyck's dim Crucifixion in the crumbling parish church of San Michele di Pagana and the enchanting cypresses, arches and quaint old houses of the little fishing village. Next was Villa Spinola, advance guard of a series of embowered coun-

try houses ushering in Santa Margherita. Just where we crossed the line between it and Rapallo none of us were sure, but in ten minutes more we found ourselves, for the first time, in Santa Margherita, seen hitherto only from the carriage road above. Hotels, pensiones, casinos and caffès of the foreign contingent, together with tall pastel-coloured houses and colonnaded shops of the Italian residents formed a charming frame for the bay with its fringe of picturesque, lateen-rigged fishing-boats.

A lively comparison of the merits of Rapallo and Santa Margherita was entered into as we hastened on to the Piazza to catch the diligence for Portofino, but I held firmly to Rapallo as being far the more interesting if not more beautiful. Santa Margherita has no claim to antiquity, to historical interest, to picturesqueness of architecture. It is a bright, new and livable bathing station and winter resort, charmingly situated; nothing more.

Rapallo in itself is a typical Italian town of the Middle Ages, its civic life wrapped up in the life of Genoa throughout its stormy history. It still retains its sombre old Castello washed by the sea waves, certain massive gates and houses to tell of its ancient power. In the following short weeks both Rapallo and Santa Margherita

proved themselves to us rich in walks of marvellous beauty; in this respect they surpass most other towns of the Riviera di Levante.

And such a season for walking this month of October, and such a day as this, thrilling with the wine of life, a wild freshness in the keen, vivid air, in the breath of pine forest mingling with the wind off the sea! I watched Montaldo as he walked beside Junia, and felt in these two the essence of the scene and hour, its deep, impassioned beauty, beneath a perfection of restraint and dignity. For in the first moment of our meeting at the station I had seen how it was with these two, had seen it in Junia's swift change of colour when she perceived Montaldo's presence, in his grave controlled glance shot through with a still flame of worship. Not for a moment were these two withdrawn from the others, in fact Junia persistently held Filia's hand in hers, as we walked, but so much the more plainly might be felt the set of the current of the whole being of each toward the other. And both were beautiful, noble, compelling. Why then was there a quality of pathos interposed in every glance and word which passed between them, something which awoke a mysterious pain in us who looked with sympathy upon them?

For a moment, being alone with Madame Fiasella, I ventured to ask a question. Her face was full of tenderness as she replied:

"Yes, they love each other; they seem born to make each other happy but they cannot marry."

I had no chance to ask her further, for, in the next moment we were climbing into the ancient and primitive public vehicle which plies four times daily between Santa Margherita and Portofino.

It was a short drive but a memorable one; Moltke's dictum that this stretch of road affords the finest drive in the world was quoted and received popular acceptance among us. The same features with which we had become familiar on our drive from Genoa to Rapallo were present, but as we were now nearer the sea all were seen from a different angle, and gained thereby in grandeur. Or so we thought at the moment. The stupendous background of the Apennines rising range on range did not stand out clearly to-day, but was suffused in a violet haze which contributed the charm of mystery to their rugged outlines. The nearer heights, crowned by castle, chapel or convent and clothed in olive orchards, linked our human interests to those far, inaccessible heights. Ever



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on the left as we proceeded broke the long line of translucent waves; the infinite reach of the sea balanced in the landscape the infinite elevation of the mountain ranges, and over all was the infinitude of Italy's passionately splendid sky.

We longed to stop and explore the Convent of Cervara which hung almost directly above the road but inaccessible to us. We recalled the visit to this ancient house of Francis I, a wounded prisoner of Spain, after the battle of Pavia and of many another royal guest, driven for shelter to Portofino's harbour, who had here found hospitable lodgment. But of all these pilgrims my thoughts dwelt longest on Pope Gregory XI on that semi-heroic, semi-enforced voyage in 1377 from Avignon when he carried the Papacy bodily back to Rome at the instance and urgency of Catherine of Siena, after its Babylonish captivity of seventy years. Here, in the Convent of Cervara, he slept, here he celebrated mass, from hence he started with new courage on his thorny way to Rome.

Another bend of the road brought us around the foot of a fine castle and then to the tiny bathing beach of Paraggi, where an unpretending pensione appealed to me strongly. In fact

during this drive Filia and I fixed upon half a dozen spots on this entrancing shore, in each of which it seemed absolutely necessary to stay a week.

Portofino itself came suddenly now, and our road ended abruptly against the perpendicular crag which *is* the peninsula. We scrambled down, and began, without a moment's hesitation, to explore what is surely the quaintest fishing village under the sky, built around a deep but tiny harbour and hugging hard the impregnable rock which rises sheer from the bit of shingle.

Time was short, and Mr. Kempthorn proposed that we should at once scale the cliff by the footpath and get the view from the extremity of the headland.

A stiff climb brought us out before the ancient church of San Giorgio, and here we all stood silent to overlook on the other side of the promontory a breathless and glorious scene. The storm of which I have spoken as occurring early in the week was foaming out its final fury in the tremendous breakers which at this exposed point hurled themselves at the foot of the cliff hundreds of feet below us.

The blood in our veins was stirred by the spectacle of majesty and power. On the Porto-

fino side the little harbour lay serene in the October sun, with small, laughing waves of turquoise hue, but here, where no cape interposed a protecting arm, the great defiance of the sea raged unchecked.

I had never realized this mood of the Mediterranean, which had behaved like a docile and well-trained lake in my presence hitherto; I found myself overawed, fascinated. Unable to tear myself away I bade the young people depart on their eager scramble around the extreme and dizzying verge of the promontory while I stood my ground. Down, down at the water's edge far to the right but screened from view was perched, I knew, a second famous convent, San Fruttuoso. I had cherished the wish to go there, but how? An old fisherman who leaned on the wall beside me, silently sharing my emotion in watching the surf, spoke to me in his courteous Italian fashion. It may last, this sea, for weeks at this time of year. San Fruttuoso? Oh, impossible for boats now, and the Signora would find the bridle path from Camogli or from Portofino too rough and difficult. Reluctantly I abandoned the hope of visiting the lonely but illustrious monastery in its strange isolation. It was founded in 409, when St. Honorat was building his hermitage on the

Isles of the Lérins off Cannes, and its reputation for sanctity has been as great as that of St. Honorat itself. Most of all I desired sight of the tombs of the Dorias, laid, as I had read, in their significant black and white marbles. San Matteo, old Andrea's famous church in Genoa, was founded by Martino Doria, abbot of San Fruttuoso in the thirteenth century and half a dozen of the old Doria admirals found burial here between 1275 and 1305.

Reaching our appointed meeting place in the village, I had sight of two of the Italian battleships now so familiar to our eyes as they steamed back from target practice to their anchorage in the Bay of Santa Margherita. To the group of young people under my wing I knew that these towering structures, grim, grey, formidable, were supremely interesting and important. To me now, as always, they were malign. For a moment I involuntarily contrasted their mission of disaster, death and doom with the mission of the old convents I had seen or brooded over just now; the modern structures effective for death and desolation; the ancient for healing and consolation. With a sigh the question struck across my mind — are we truly advancing with the process of the suns? Was the old monastic adventure a

greater error than some we moderns are making?

The sun was sinking when the others joined me, and we were glad to find two carriages with fresh horses to take us all the way back to Rapallo. So, in the soft light and lengthening shadows, we retraced the way of wonder and beauty we had come. Parting at the Savoia from our friend the Marchese, who was obliged to return at once to the *Diomede,* we retreated to our rooms to make ready for the evening's event, to " go where glory waits us," as Filia put it.

Glory was not wanting, I was forced to admit, when at eight o'clock that evening at the head of the steep ship's ladder I beheld the Marchese in lieutenant's full dress uniform, hand extended to receive us, face and gesture instinct with ardour and devotion.

With a sigh I reflected that if to me, at my age and with my aversion to war, the man in his uniform was thus imposing, how irresistible must be the effect upon these young and romantic girls under my care. A glance at Junia's face as the Lieutenant led her across the deck to the hatchway almost took my breath, she was so beautiful in that moment, so queenly, but withal so pathetic. A sudden movement of

those around me, as other officers approached for introduction, brought me for an instant close beside these two. Against my will I heard Montaldo murmur,

"*Per questa sera non ricordiamo . . . ah, carissima! immaginiamo che noi siamo felice . . .*" I heard no more, but a well of sympathy for these lovers was opened in that moment in my heart.

Having made the conventional round of the ship we were ushered into the salone, low and long, the ceiling heavily crossed by its riveted steel girders, its many ports open to sky and sea. The walls were garnished with frames holding endless ranks of pewter and silver flagons and thin stemmed glasses of all sizes and shapes. Down the centre of the room ran a table brilliantly lighted and gorgeously arrayed with sumptuous damask, flowers, polished silver and crystal. Ranged along the wall a half dozen uniformed butlers stood at attention. The ship's captain took his place at one end of the table, at the other Montaldo, the host of the evening, I at his right, Junia at his left. That she was minded to obey his admonition to gladness appeared in the radiance of her lips and eyes, but not in words. I think Montaldo scarcely spoke to her during the long drawn

dinner but despite themselves, at rare intervals, their eyes met; then for an instant the words on his lips would be silenced and something stern and strong would transform his face to that of a man manifestly in close grapple with destiny. Meanwhile he devoted himself gallantly to me, and with such success as to convince me, in spite of my better judgment, that I was highly important in his eyes.

But the sense of personality was lost by me in the dazzling, even bewildering gaiety of the hour, which waxed ever higher as the banquet approached its climax. The picture composed by these Italian officers in their splendid uniforms, with their brilliant, mobile faces; the flower-like, delicately-gowned girls bending towards each other around the jewelled brightness of the table, framed in by the bleak walls and low ceiling of inexorable steel, was suggestive in high degree. The ripple of youthful raillery, laughing flattery, softness, fresh charm, of innocent delight, beating up against the resistance of some stern divisive barrier, laid upon the lives of the two dominant figures, produced a kindred impression.

Suddenly I was startled from my abstraction by silence. The captain at the foot of the table

was on his feet; I heard the words, "*Un brindisi!* La Patria! Marchese di Montaldo."

Our eyes were fixed then upon the Marchese, who rose quietly, and quietly spoke of the devotion which her sons owed to Italy; how it was but the logic of life that the part should suffer for the whole; that even the sacrifice of her sons was but an incident, so the unity, so dearly bought, was preserved.

We all stood and clinked our glasses, and with a strange little shock I observed anew the sword at each man's side and felt that even in our day war remains a reality.

There were other toasts, light, witty, conventional. Afterwards we hastened up to the deck and stood below the great sinister guns in their turrets to watch the glory of the star-strewn sky. The men smoked; servants brought coffee in silver-mounted cups; we were merry still but with a difference. It was as if the solemnity of the sky fell upon us and the spell of Italia upon her sons had become a palpable thing with those quiet words of Montaldo. Even this battle-ship, grim, uncouth, barbaric, was for the moment transfigured to my thought by the consecration of its masters to their country's service.

"Signora, is it that you and the charming

Signorina Filia will leave the Riviera, as I hear, for Rome in a short time?" Montaldo with these words offered me his arm for a turn on the deck.

"Yes, Signor Marchese, but we cannot go as soon as we had planned. It is decided to-day that we must spend a week at the Kursaal and then another at Santa Margherita."

"Ah, that is good! You find Liguria then pleasing?"

I laughed at the understatement.

"Yes, in high degree, and we are convinced that we cannot be satisfied with the fortnight we had allotted to it. However, I am rather in haste to move on towards Rome because we wish to make arrangements for the winter, and I have to stop *en route* at Viterbo for a week or more."

"Viterbo?" questioned Montaldo, greatly surprised.

"Yes," I replied; "I know it is not precisely a tourists' city, but I am doing some literary work which involves personal knowledge of Viterbo. In fact, Marchese, I am making a rather serious study of mediæval Viterbo."

"There is none then in English! No doubt there should be. I only wonder that it has not been done before. And you can really be very

well lodged in Viterbo. The host of the Grand Hotel is a personal friend of ours, a very scholarly man. You are surprised. I believe in America scholars do not keep hotels."

"Seldom, I think."

"But with us that is not unusual. A man must live, and, naturally, a country like Italy produces multitudes of learned men who cannot live on their learning alone. I should be glad to recommend you to the personal attention of Signor Giordano but that is nothing, after all. I think the Signora is perhaps not informed that my own family live near Viterbo. Our villa is on the slope of Monte Cimino, a few miles beyond the city gates. The history of Viterbo, Etruscan in particular, is my father's passion; he is indeed worthy the name archeologist, and, naturally not engaging in trade, he has given his life to study. Could I have the honour, dear Signora, of sending letters to Viterbo, introducing you to my family, to my parents and sisters?" The Marchese's cordiality was very winning. I welcomed the suggestion, expressing my surprise, however, that his family were not, as I supposed, residents of Rome.

"Oh, we are Romans," he replied, with a short laugh; "Viterbo is our country residence; we have an old palazzo in Rome, like

all the rest; ours is in the Aracoeli region; rather handsome, but extremely inconvenient. It was built by Cardinal Montaldo in the sixteenth century, has a family chapel, you know, instead of bathrooms, all that sort of thing. Still, we have usually succeeded in renting an *appartamento* to Americans or English year by year. We cannot afford to live in it ourselves. Life in Viterbo is vastly less expensive. There is nothing on earth, you know, Signora, as poor as the average Italian who has the ill luck to be ' of rank ' as they call it. We have our family mansion in Rome and our family villa in the country; our family carriage; our family title; an old family servant or two, and for the rest — our family debts,'' and a trace of bitterness touched smile and gesture.

At that moment an orderly approached the Marchese with the announcement that it was time for the boats to start for shore. We found the others already descending the ladder. Aided by Montaldo I reached my place, the sailors pulled out from the vast shadow of the ship's side and in silence we glided across the sheltered bay towards the lights of Rapallo.

CHAPTER V

TOWARD ROME

"YOU find it perplexing that I sit quietly here and allow my daughter to climb Portofino Kulm with our friend, Mr. Kempthorn?"

"Yes. It is American, English, perhaps. It is not European. *Ma!* — this Signor Kempthorn is of certified morals. It is no doubt well considered. But I believe him to be enamoured of Signorina Filia." The Marchese spoke diffidently. We were seated together on a shaded terrace of the Continental Hotel, overlooking the Bay of Santa Margherita. He had come for a farewell call, his fleet being ordered to African waters, and had found me here alone, Filia having departed under Mr. Kempthorn's escort for Portofino earlier in the afternoon.

"Oh, no, Marchese, you mistake; there is absolutely no affair of the heart between those two. They are comrades, nothing more. Where trust is bestowed it is usually justified."

Montaldo bowed, but was plainly puzzled. "And where there is distrust that also is justified," he said slowly, reflectively, then added,

"I find it a most beautiful thing, Signora, this trust which you Anglo-Saxons place in your young men and women. Only in society astoundingly perfected could it be. In this you surpass us Latins as in other ways."

"I think in that particular we do surpass you, but not in most. But there are tremendous differences in point of view."

"And I suppose the Signora condemns marriages between Italians and Anglo-Saxons, *non è vero?*"

"I do not condemn, Marchese, but I deplore such marriages. Still, there may be fortunate ones. I have not known them."

"Your conviction is that of my own family. They would be outraged were I to bring them a bride not Italian. In that you would hold them justified?"

"I must say yes, unless the bride were —"

I broke off. The Marchese smiled slightly, and bent his head in recognition of my unspoken thought.

"But even were it the woman I love, — you know her, Signora, — you feel with us, — she

is Protestant, my family Catholic. There is a gulf between."

"Perhaps; perhaps not a hopeless one. Are you yourself Catholic?"

"Officially, yes. Essentially my religion is the state, as it was with the Roman citizen of old. Nevertheless to break with the church of my parents would embitter them and divide us hopelessly."

"You are not perhaps reckoning sufficiently on the personality of Signorina Story. I believe it might even effect the impossible."

Montaldo shook his head.

"One impossible, yes, perhaps — the racial, but add the religious; then add the economic, and you have an *impasse.*"

"The economic! But surely a man with youth and health can admit no insurmountable economic barrier between him and the girl he loves."

"An American would not, you think? Many Italians bend before just this barrier. I have told you already, Signora, that the Montaldi are poor. Also I have two sisters; each must be provided with a suitable dot, else they must remain for life unmarried, — to an Italian woman a catastrophe."

"You, then, are to remain unmarried?"

"Oh, no — not according to the family program. I am to marry an heiress. I am thus, as so many another Italian noble has done, to build up the wasting fortunes of my family and bring back the faded lustre to our name. This was long since settled in the family counsels. My wife has been chosen; she is a good parti, and not averse; her parents are, I am told, eager for the arrangement."

"Is she attractive, lovable?"

"I do not know, Signora; I have been at pains never to meet her." Montaldo's voice was dead and dull as he spoke.

"Of course you will not marry this woman!" I broke out. "What if you cannot build up by a loveless marriage the fortunes of your house! build it up another way, by a marriage of love with all that means of nobleness and blessing."

"*Va bene!* But on what marry a girl without a dot, Signora? On my beggarly lieutenant's pay, which does not provide my personal necessities?"

"You will have promotion presently with increase of pay. Wait for that."

"It may be long in coming. When it comes it is an income to die on, not to live on — for a family, I mean, with a certain position to maintain." With an abrupt gesture Montaldo

rose. "I beg your pardon, my time is up," he exclaimed. "You will receive the note of introduction to my family in the morning, after we have sailed. To me, to them, it would be a great honour should you present it. *Addio,* Signora." He saluted and was gone.

The October weather remaining fine, and each day revealing new glories of this Tigullian shore, Filia and I were fain to tear ourselves away by slow stages. The first stage of the process as planned was to be by carriage to Sestri Levante, where we would lunch, driving on to Spezia for the night.

Like all our plans this was flexible, and we flexed it during the first ten miles. The temptation to superlatives is strong, and having described the drive along the Riviera di Levante from Genoa to Portofino, Santa Margherita and Rapallo as most beautiful, I can only say that this succeeding division, from Rapallo to Chiavari is not less prodigal in all delights of colour and line. It has indeed been described as the "most perfect drive along the whole of the Rivieras." Filia and I were quite ready to agree with this description when we stopped our *cocchiere* at the little church of Madonna delle Grazie just before the descent into Chiavari. We slipped into the quiet sanctuary for

a few moments of shade and silence, then, leaning over the sea wall, drank in the marvellous beauty of the coast-line from Rapallo on our right to Sestri Levante, whose peninsula bounded our view southward.

"Why should we hurry on?" cried Filia. "Why should we tear ourselves from this best to plunge into an unknown second-best? What are cities when one can have splendour like this?"

"At least we can live in splendour a little longer," I replied.

"Let us halt where we are for the night, and so have one more long day on this shore."

We found a perfectly possible hotel at Chiavari, and much of interest to explore in the antique arcades and quaint streets of the lively little town; while all day we were under a sea spell, woven by the shallow waves which rippled in living light over the stones where the river meets the sea. Late in the afternoon we crossed this river, the Lavagna or Entella, by the ancient Ponte della Maddalena, highest of the three bridges, and made our way up through olive orchards to San Salvatore. The fine, turreted campanile of the church we had come to visit, rising from a wilderness of green, beckoned us on. When we emerged breathless from

the narrow, stony path upon the small grass-grown Piazza of the almost deserted hamlet we realized at a glance that here was a pale reflection of Genoa's ancient greatness.

Before us stood, closed and silent, the Church of San Salvatore, its façade laid in bands of the significant black and white marble, a fine rose window and a frescoed tympanum augmenting the effect of decaying richness. Opposite the church, dating like it from the thirteenth century, rose a palace, dilapidated, degraded to the uses of a tenement dwelling, but like the church, bearing the infallible mark of patrician greatness.

"It is even more than I looked for. We are in the inner shrine of the Fieschi here," I remarked, "as we were in that of the Dorias in the Piazza of San Matteo in Genoa. This, I assure you, is well worth a visit, Filia. Never mind the decay and loneliness, — great issues were born here."

"It is strangely impressive," responded Filia, stepping nearer the church to study the frescoed figures in the tympanum. She pointed presently to a mitred ecclesiastic prominent among the saints and cardinals, surrounding the crucifixion. "I fancy that person is a Fieschi."

"Yes, Sinibaldo Fieschi himself, it must be; he founded the church; also he became Pope Innocent IV. Filia, there is a chapter of Italian history just here opened which is more interesting than anything I know; and it is positively vital, please note, to any knowledge of mediæval Sicily. Is it not strange that in this remote, forgotten Ligurian village, up here among the peaceful olive orchards, we absolutely have to summon up the shade of Frederick II?"

"Frederick II, my adorable Sicilian whom I have to meet in Palermo in February? I know a very great deal about him already, mother, and I expect to know a great deal more before I can decently visit Sicily, but I really don't know how to connect him with this forlorn little Piazza. To me he is the only Emperor ever known who had charm."

A very black-a-vised young priest, in a rusty soutane, who had been hovering with keys in hand in the distance, now hovered nearer, and to set his mind at rest we followed him into the basilica, the interior of which was not more interesting than we had expected. This over, we found place in the little Piazza on a stone seat, under some trees, where we could rest and could reflect upon the strange duel between Sinibaldo

Fieschi and the great Sicilian Emperor. The story may here be briefly given.

The Fieschi family originated in Lavagna, the ship-building town which adjoins Chiavari, and they were known originally as Counts of Lavagna.

Two popes, seventy-two cardinals and not less than three hundred bishops are numbered in the records of this powerful family which by marriage was allied with kings. The Fieschi Palace in Genoa was luxuriously fitted for its princely possessors and for the royal guests which it so often received.

It is common in the mortal struggle between Frederick II and the Papacy to discover the eternal warfare between the pagan world and the Christian Church. Frederick was, no doubt, pagan in his esthetic tastes and sympathies, a lukewarm champion of the Crusades, being more absorbed in the construction of *sirventes* and sonnets than in the recovery of Holy Sepulchre. The different popes with whom Frederick came into conflict were, it is also true, officially the Vicars of Christ on earth. However, at bottom the struggle between these two was not for religion but for supremacy. On the death, in 1241, of Gregory IX, with whom Frederick had been at strife for fourteen years, the

Emperor issued a circular letter to the Sovereigns of Europe, informing them of the event thus:

"The Pope Gregory IX is taken away from this world, and has escaped the vengeance of the Emperor, of whom he was the implacable enemy."

Not until June, 1243, was the Papal throne permanently filled. The conclave, meeting at Anagni, after a stormy session announced the election as Pope of Cardinal Sinibaldo dei Fieschi of the Genoese house of Lavagna, who would reign under the name Innocent IV. Sinibaldo had long been a personal friend of the Emperor but when the election was announced to him his sardonic response was:

"In the Cardinal I have lost my best friend; in the Pope I shall find my worst enemy. No Pope can be a Ghibelline."

In June, 1244, the hostility between these two reached the danger point for the new Pope. He fled on horseback by night to the coast at Civita Vecchia, where a Genoese fleet of twenty-three well-armed galleys had long been awaiting his anticipated departure from Rome. Twelve cardinals followed him to northern Italy. After seven days of storm and danger Sinibaldo reached his beloved Genoa, where he was re-

ceived by a brilliant procession of his fellow-citizens. They decked his carriage with cloth of gold and strewed rich tapestries and flowers before him. The priests chanted,

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

The Pope's followers answered, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler."

Not safe in Genoa, which was too easily reached by the Fowler, Frederick, Sinibaldo by secret ways crossed the Alps, and before Christmas had established court and curia at Lyons. Here he remained as long as his arch-enemy lived, and from here he sent forth his thunderbolts.

"Throughout the contest Pope Innocent blended with the inflexible haughtiness of the Churchman the inexorable, passionate hatred of a Guelfic Burgher towards a rival Ghibelline, the hereditary foe of a Sinibaldi of Genoa. . . . He asserted his claims with a kind of ostentatious intrepidity, 'We are no mere man, we have the place of God upon earth!' but there was a personal arrogance in his demeanour, and an implacability which revolted even the most awe-struck worshippers of the Papal power."

A third June — 1245 — saw an imposing

gathering of cardinals, Patriarchs, ambassadors, bishops and archbishops, at Lyons, called by Sinibaldo dei Fieschi to depose Frederick of Hohenstaufen, grandson of the great Barbarossa. One voice was raised for Frederick: "I appeal from this Pope, the declared enemy of my Lord, to a future, more gentle, more Christian Pope," cried the Emperor's advocate, Thaddeus of Suessa, but he was overborne and the solemn decree was pronounced:

"The sentence of God must precede our sentence: we declare Frederick excommunicated of God and deposed from all the dignity of Empire and from the kingdom of Naples. We add our own sentence to that of God."

The proclamation further absolved all the Emperor's subjects from their allegiance and oaths; all who should in any degree aid him were also declared excommunicate. The Princes of Germany were ordered to proceed at once to the election of a new Emperor. The Pope could dispose of the kingdom of Naples as he saw fit.

Facing unflinchingly the panic-stricken Council, who beat their breasts and groaned aloud at this awful pronouncement, the Pope declared,

"I have done my part, God must do the rest."

In profound silence he and the cardinals

turned down their blazing torches to the ground till they burned out as the words came from the lips of the terrible Genoese,

"So be the glory and the fortune of the Emperor extinguished upon earth."

Well might Frederick's adversaries exult in this scene as prophetic, for despite fierce fighting against the armies of Innocent, the Emperor's downfall followed hard upon that day of doom. Calamities fell thick and fast about him. His most trusted friend, De Vineâ, is said to have attempted to compass his death; his gallant son Enzio, captured by his enemies, was doomed to perpetual imprisonment; Frederick died at Fiorentino in 1250, pursued to the grave, and far beyond the grave, by the hatred and malediction of Innocent.

With Frederick fell the Holy Roman Empire, established by Charlemagne in the year of grace 800.

When the Pope heard of the death of the Hohenstaufen Emperor he raised his voice in a song of triumph and hastened back to Italy *via* Genoa. In his native city, as on his flight from Rome, honours were heaped richly upon the head of the illustrious scion of the house of the Fieschi. Outside the walls he was met by the chief magistrates and hailed as a conqueror.



STATUE OF CONRADIN BY THORWALDSEN.

His entrance is indeed suggestive in magnificence of the triumphant entries of ancient Rome.

The Imperial house, on the other hand, suffered blow on blow. Frederick had left two sons, Conrad and Henry. The latter died in 1253, the former in 1254. There was then left to continue his dynasty and name Conrad's son Conradin, an infant, the one legitimate heir to the Imperial throne of Barbarossa. Conradin was protected by Frederick's illegitimate son, Manfred, that tragic and romantic figure whose name casts a tinge of pity and romance upon every page on which it appears. Before the year 1254 had quite run out the Pope himself died in torments of remorse and terror, surrounded by his relatives upon whom he had heaped riches and dignities. Many were the signs and visions connected with his death. The burden of them all is given in the words ascribed to the ghost of Robert Grostête: "Woe to thee, Sinibaldo, thou miserable Pope who hast despised, thou shalt be despised in thy turn."

When we went to Naples we chanced in the Cathedral upon the tomb of Sinibaldo who died in that city. Its long Latin inscription contains the following lines:

" He trampled under foot that serpent Frederick, the enemy
of Christ.
Genoa is proud of her noble son."

The morning brought rain and wind, a blotted out coastline, and a consequent change of plan. We hastened through Sestri Levante, omitted to stop at Spezia, — a visit to Shelley's house at Lerici being impracticable, — and chose to stop for the night at Viareggio. Viareggio is monotonous and dull, not a place to visit for marked natural beauty or for historical interest, but as a seashore resort it is enormously popular among Italians. Here we met, as we had hoped, a friend of earlier Italian days, an Italianated English woman, to whom Viareggio is a happy haven.

On the following morning, the storm being over, guided by this friend, we walked through the Pineta, and knew ourselves near the very spot beyond the tall pines where the body of Shelley was washed ashore July 22, 1822, a fortnight after the foundering of his ill-fated boat. There, on those pale sands, the mortal tabernacle of that Promethean spirit was burned, according to the law of Tuscany, and there, amazed to perceive that the heart of the man he loved remained unconsumed, Trelawney stretched out his arm and snatched from the

flames that *Cor Cordium* which is now enshrined in Rome, in the Protestant Cemetery.

As we walked back towards the harbour we stopped to look at the monument to Shelley in the Piazza Principe Amedeo, and read with emotion the inscription:

"1894 to P. B. Shelley, heart of hearts, in 1822 drowned in this sea, consumed by fire on this shore."

From the end of the long mole we stood to watch the fleet of picturesque fishing boats with their gorgeous coloured sails, many of these bearing devices, such as the cross and monogram I H S, on a great white disk. Landward we had here in view the long chain of the Apuan Alps scarred and white with marble (for we were here hard by Carrara), and Viareggio with its tower and bridge and red roofs; seaward, from the Gulf of Spezia to Leghorn lay the unbroken coastline, bounded by the deep-toned sea whose waves dashed in sound and foam around us.

Late that afternoon, the Mediterranean and its shores left behind and lost to sight, Filia and I found ourselves with a curious thrill as of recognition of something seen only in a dream, entering upon a new region of enchantment. We were in Etruria that half known

world of gloom and mystery: we were entering the borders of the Ciminian Forest, the trackless wood whose unknown terrors struck dread to the heart of the ancient Romans.

In the fifth century B. C., after a great rout of the Etruscans, messengers were despatched to the Consul Fabius by the Senate, charging him not to enter the wood. No Roman before him had ever dared to penetrate it, and when it was known that he had done so all Rome was terror-struck. And here we, unawed, modern American women, sitting at ease in our railway carriage, were gliding heedlessly through the shadow of these mighty oaks and chestnuts, afraid of nothing, not even of malaria. Awe fell upon us, however, in some degree as we penetrated further into the shadow of the great trees, for now the sun had set and among their hoary trunks, their blanched and weirdly twisted branches, there dwelt, we found, even in this modern day, something strangely formidable. We were skirting the base of the Mons-Ciminius, the ancient barrier between Etruria and Latium; now the forest was safely passed, the walls of an ancient city, crenellated and set with many towers, had taken its place; moss-grown roofs and tall towers showed above; there was an ancient, sculptured city gate.

Just outside this gate, the Porta Fiorentina, we stopped, for here stands the station of Viterbo.

An elderly *facchino,* with an indulgent smile, took us at once under his protection. American women are not seen often in Viterbo but plainly they were welcome. It was dark all of a sudden; we were anxious and fluttered. We asked for the Grand Hotel, and received a reassuring nod as the *facchino* shouldered our luggage. "It is only a step, he says, just inside the gate," explained Filia. "We do not need a *carozze.* We are to follow him."

We followed, and immediately found ourselves in an open, irregular square, surrounding a beautiful fountain; on our right was an old fortress, La Rocca, the Papal insignia showing on its carved stone scutcheon; on the left lights streamed cheerfully from the windows of the Grand Hotel of Viterbo. An elderly *maitre d'hotel,* tall, slender, with a stiff grace suggestive of a dancing-master, received us at the door, greeting us in excellent English.

We entered a very large and lofty pillared hall; on the stone floor at regular intervals were small islands of crimson velvet carpet on each of which stood a small table covered with spotless linen. Between these tables were groups of ferns and palms; at one end of the

hall were writing desks and tables of newspapers; at the other a tall stove which gave a ruddy glow and a very acceptable heat. The October evening was dark and chill but here warmth, light and welcome encompassed us. From a large desk in a distant corner a gentleman rose and came to meet us with dignified cordiality. It was Signor Giordano; he expected us, having received some days since a note regarding our coming from the young Marchese di Montaldo.

CHAPTER VI

THE POPES OF VITERBO

THE stately cordiality of Signor Giordano was in keeping with his house. We were given a lofty chamber rather sumptuously furnished in the old Italian style. When we returned to it from dinner we found the coverings of each bed held aloft by a large gondola-shaped wooden frame furnished with curved hoops. From these hung a *caldanino* full of hot coals. The chambermaid was at hand to remove the *prete,* as she called the structure, and to wish us a gentle good night. We were tired with the long day, and I always look back to that immaculate bed with its pervasive, caressing warmth as the acme of sense satisfaction.

At the close of our first day Filia and I agreed that not to know Viterbo would be a distinct loss, and a loss which those who visit Rome need not incur, the journey thence being direct, attractive, and in length but two hours and a half. The town is picturesque and fasci-

nating, its narrow streets full of mediæval memorials, its battlemented walls and gates singularly perfect. Everywhere are beautiful old fountains; carved stone balconies and staircases massive and ancient; Gothic windows; vaulted passages; sculptured coats-of-arms. It could never occur to me to call it the "Italian Nuremberg," but it has to some people. Unlike Nuremberg Viterbo is gloomy, being built of a dark tufaceous stone, and many of its palaces having grown black with age. It may be the ancient terror of the Ciminian Wood; it may be the ruin and dreariness which are associated in many minds with Etruscan cities; it may be a somewhat dubious suggestion of bandits in the region roundabout, but Viterbo has never been a popular point for American travellers. Also it has only within recent years been connected by railroad with Rome.

Altogether it was a surprise to find Signor Giordano and his *maitre d'hotel* speaking perfectly good English, and knowing what English and Americans like. Nothing could exceed the kindness of our host, while his scholarly knowledge of Viterbo and its surroundings renders a stay at his *albergo* peculiarly worth while. The excursions in various directions are delightful, notably those to Villa Lante and Caprarola, but

to the student of Italian history it is mediæval Viterbo which leads all other phases in interest.

Signor Giordano acknowledged that while the neighbourhood, — "the great Etruscan plain, fruitful mother of cities renowned before Rome was," — is rich in antiquities, Viterbo itself has little beyond a few sarcophagi and blocks of masonry to show its Etruscan origin.

For more imposing memorials of the Etruscan period it is necessary to visit Castel d' Asso, Norchia, Bieda and Ferento, excursions too difficult to tempt others than antiquarians or students. Of the stormy period, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century A. D., when Viterbo was capital of the Patrimony of Peter, and for longer or shorter terms the residence city of the Popes, there is much remaining of higher significance.

Before we study these stories of Viterbo a hasty review of the city's story up to the middle of the thirteenth century is in order.

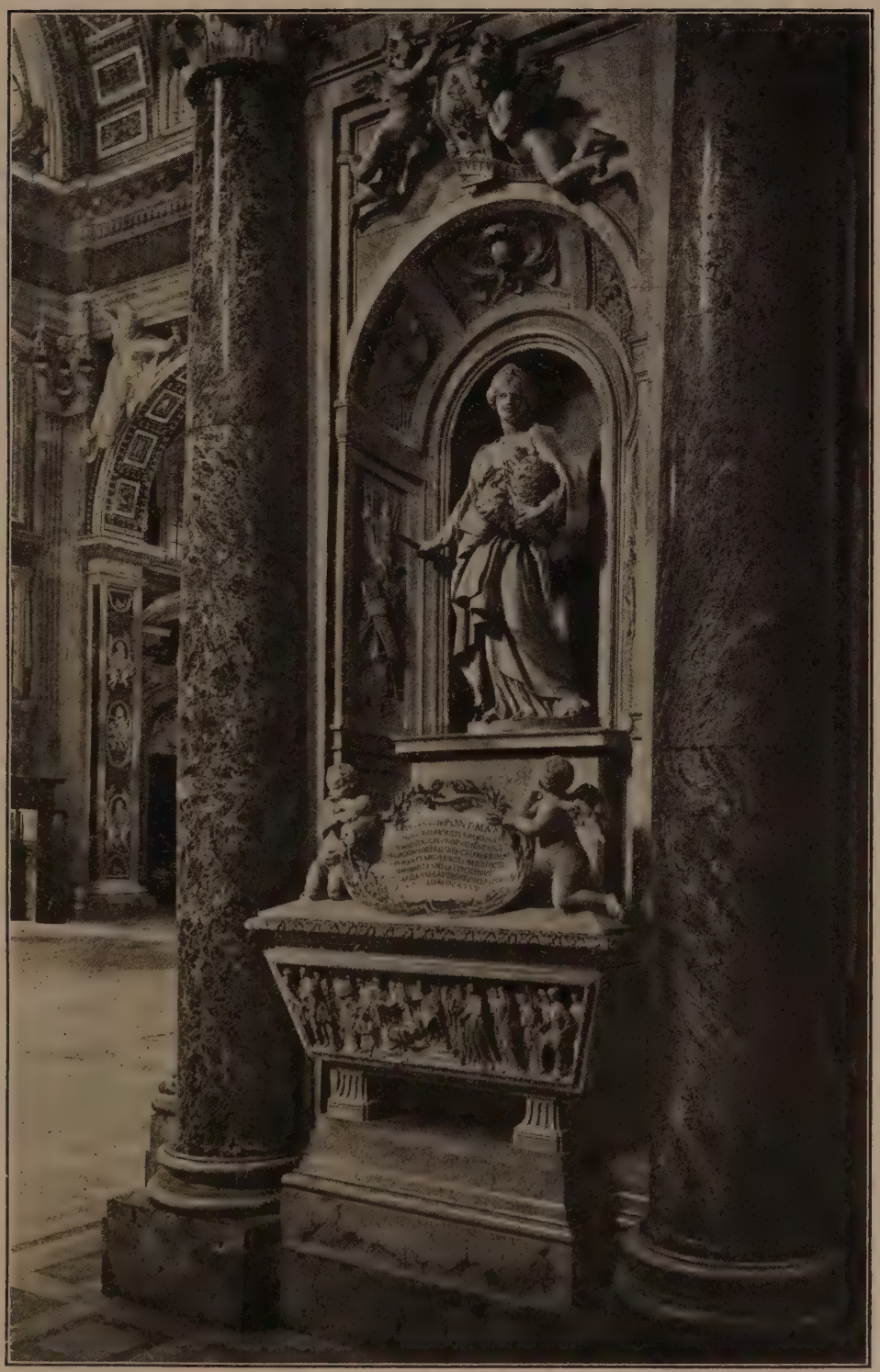
In the eighth century A. D. Viterbo, (known as a citadel of the Lombard invaders, who had enclosed it with walls, portions of which still stand,) came into notice as an appanage of Toscanella.

About 800 A. D. Charlemagne, who left great treasure in the Vatican, and acquired several

Tuscan towns for the Pope, included Viterbo in his donation. In 1075, the city having grown in size and importance, we hear of Hildebrand, the great Gregory VII, assembling here fifty thousand men, for a projected crusade to the Holy Land. This army, encamped in the Ciminian Forest above the city, was disbanded later for Gregory's crusade fell through. But there is a singular contrast in the picture of the ancient army of Fabius daring unknown terrors and being first to penetrate these awe-inspiring recesses, and Gregory's crusaders finding shelter and lodging fifteen centuries later in this same wood.

The name of Hildebrand is inseparably linked with the name of *la gran' donna d'Italia,* Matilda, Countess of Tuscany. The friend of many popes and prelates, the "warrior maid of Holy Church," immortalized by Dante as the mystic, virginal figure walking beside the waters of Lethe, Matilda held nearly the half of Italy under her sway throughout her life.

When in 1077 Gregory set out on that memorable journey, which had Augsburg as its objective but which ended at Canossa, Matilda's northern stronghold, word was brought the aged pontiff that a detachment of Tuscan cavalry would ride as far south as Viterbo to meet



MEMORIAL TO COUNTESS MATILDA, ST. PETER'S, ROME.

him and form his bodyguard, while Matilda herself, with her special band of armed warriors, would join the company at Lucca. Fearful of the designs of the German King of Italy Henry IV, uncrowned Emperor, Matilda soon persuaded Gregory to abandon his purpose of proceeding to Germany and take refuge instead with her at Canossa. The pilgrimage of Henry thither during that terrible winter, and his humiliation by Gregory, form one of the most dramatic and familiar scenes of mediæval history. Gregory remained Matilda's guest until Easter and during those months the great donation to the Church of all her estates was made to him privately by the Countess. Dying, as has been said, " between the sword and the crucifix," Matilda was found to have legally confirmed this astounding bequest, " one of the most fatal known to history," for the repose of her soul and that of her parents, " my Lord Pope Gregory accepting it."

Many years passed before the Popes were able to claim any part of the lands thus bestowed, and, boundaries of these being in no wise indicated, the bequest remained rather an argument for increase of the Patrimony of Peter than an actual possession. Viterbo, however, the gift of Charlemagne, confirmed by

Matilda, of easy access from Rome, became at this time distinctly a Papal city. Eugenius III, elected 1146, was first Pope to make it his residence; after him it became a favourite refuge for the Popes of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Less than ten years after the election of Pope Eugenius, an Englishman, Nicholas Breakspeare, son of a poor priest of St. Alban's, came to the Papal throne. Breakspeare had visited Rome on business for his convent during the reign of Eugenius. He was a man of fine presence, and won his way at once to the favour of the Pope, who made him Cardinal of Albano. Following the death of Eugenius the English cardinal ascended the throne as Adrian IV, December 5, 1154.

The city of Rome was in a tumult of democratic agitation led by the great Arnold of Brescia. The English Pope at once showed his powerful personality; he laid Rome under an interdict until it should surrender Arnold. This terrible enactment, by which all religious ceremonies and privileges ceased, had been almost unknown heretofore and it wrought its work of bringing the haughty city to its knees before Adrian. On Holy Thursday Adrian removed the interdict, Arnold having been ban-

ished; but already a foe more formidable than the great reformer was at the door. Frederick of Hohenstaufen, called Barbarossa (Redbeard), greatest of German emperors, flushed with youth and victory, was advancing through Tuscany to Rome to receive coronation, as had his predecessors from Charlemagne down, at the hands of the Roman bishop. Whether he came as friend or foe being uncertain, Adrian fled to Viterbo for safety and to make terms. It is usually related in the guidebooks that it was in front of the Duomo in Viterbo that the memorable meeting between Adrian and Barbarossa took place, but this appears inaccurate, the encounter having occurred south of the city. The German army was encamped near Sutri and it was from Nepi, six miles distant and where he had pitched his camp, that Pope Adrian rode to the royal tent on June 9, 1155. [1] "In order to avoid the humiliation of holding the papal stirrup, the proud young monarch did not come to meet the Pope. The popes had long claimed this service and many princes had rendered it. . . . It is amusing to notice the panic terror which the omission of this ceremony caused among the cardinals; they turned their horses and fled back to Civita Castellana and left their

[1] Gregorovius.

Pope in the lurch. Only now did the young hero come to meet him. Frederick cast himself at Adrian's feet, but the offended Pope refused him the kiss of peace. A stirrup became the subject of long and serious negotiations between the two highest dignitaries of Christendom. The following day the mighty Emperor went to Nepi, whither Adrian had withdrawn, and performed the part of groom to the Vicar of Christ, walked at the distance of a stone's throw beside the palfrey of the former beggar of St. Alban's and vigorously adjusted his stirrup,'' it is added by the ancient annalist '' with an ironical smile.''

Nine days later Barbarossa received his crown, sceptre and sword of empire at St. Peter's at the hands of the Pope. Arnold of Brescia was executed to cement the bonds between the two potentates, but they remained hostile at heart to each other. Much of Adrian's remaining life was spent in Viterbo, but he died at Anagni, 1159. Not long before his death John of Salisbury heard the Pope sigh, '' O that I had never left my native land, England. Is there elsewhere in the world a man so miserable as the pope? . . . Truly it is with justice that he is called Servant of the Servants; he is enslaved by the rapacity of the servile

souls of the Romans, and does he fail to satisfy them, he is forced to leave his throne and Rome as a fugitive."

So much for the great Pope Adrian, the only Englishman who ever sat in the chair of Peter.

A schism in the Church followed; there were two popes, and not until twenty years after the death of Adrian was Alexander III recognized as sole head of the Church. In this period Viterbo became the rival of Rome, being the basis of all the operations of Barbarossa against the capital. Frederick espoused the cause of Paschalis, the anti-pope, against Alexander, and as Viterbo was made his abode, the city might, at this time, be described as both Guelf and Ghibelline. In 1166 the Emperor opened a campaign in Italy, the purpose of which was to drive the Pope, Alexander III, from Rome, to install Paschalis, his own creature, in his place, and to rule supreme in Italy and Rome as head of Church and State. In the bloody battles of 1167 thousands of prisoners were sent to Viterbo; Alexander found shelter in the Colosseum; St. Peter's was surrounded with entrenchments; catapults were placed on its roof. Chief among the invading forces were the militia of Viterbo; for eight days the great Cathedral of Christendom was held against

them, but the Viterbese conquered and carried away the bronze doors as a trophy of their victory. This was on Saturday, July 29. On the following day, before the blood had been quite removed from the altars and the reeking pavement, the Te Deum resounded through the dome of St. Peter's. Frederick I had sent at once to Viterbo for his Pope, Paschalis, whom he now installed, and by whom his wife Beatrix was solemnly crowned as Empress. Alexander had made good his escape from Rome and was biding his time in Benevento.

But the triumph of the Pope of Viterbo was short lived, for pestilence struck Barbarossa's army as it lay before Rome. Seized with dismay as he saw the flower of his conquering host falling around him, the Emperor on August 6, 1167, struck his tents and started with what was left of his army on his march back to Lombardy. He left Paschalis, his puppet pope, at Viterbo. Rome was forsaken by Pope, anti-pope and Emperor. On the death of Paschalis another anti-pope, Calixtus III took his place in Viterbo. In 1178 Alexander III returned in triumph to the Lateran Palace, having consummated the Peace of Venice of immortal fame. The Pope was henceforth the independent ruler of Rome and the Patrimony. Calixtus threw

himself at Alexander's feet and was forgiven; the schism in the papacy was at an end, but the hot-blooded city of Viterbo remained to be dealt with. After much strife it was reconciled to Rome and Alexander, who never felt himself safe in his own city, was glad to escape during the last year of his life to Viterbo.

Twenty years pass in which five popes of little distinction have their day and cease to be, and in which Viterbo becomes prosperous and strong. But with the close of the twelfth century there came to the chair of Peter one of the greatest of popes, Innocent III, under whom the papal power reached its highest point. In the third year of his pontificate war broke out between the Romans and the Viterbese. In the end, in January, 1200, Viterbo was overpowered and made subject to the Roman Senate and people; she was even brought to the humiliation of restoring the bronze doors of St. Peter's. Innocent was her master, but he made her head of his Patrimony and established her prosperity.

Barbarossa had died in 1189. Henry VI, who followed his father, died ten years later, leaving as his only heir to the Imperial throne Frederick, a child of less than two years. To the vacant throne succeeded then Otho who

made haste from Augsburg through the Tyrol on his way to Rome for coronation as became an emperor. It was in the year 1209, and the month of September, that Innocent met Otho at Viterbo. The Imperial crown was placed upon the head of Otho and " almost from that moment the Emperor and the Pope were implacable enemies." Three years later Otho was repudiated, and Innocent himself, as one empowered to make and unmake monarchs, summoned from Sicily the grandson of Barbarossa, henceforth to be known as Frederick II, then in the nineteenth year of his age.

Viterbo had now become a large and wealthy commercial town with a population of sixty thousand, able to put eighteen thousand armed men into the field, but, although for four centuries it flourished greatly, it was perpetually at strife with Rome. " Viterbo was the Veii of the Middle Ages to the Romans; they hated the town with a hatred bordering on frenzy." War between the two cities might be described as perpetual. In 1232, Gregory IX being then pontiff, the citizens of Viterbo placed themselves under the protection of the Emperor, Frederick II, who in 1240 established his base of operations there, as his grandfather Barbarossa had before him; Frederick demanded

of the Commune a body-guard of knights mounted and equipped, proceeded to build for himself a palace, and from here in the years which followed waged war upon the Pope. In 1243 there came to the papal throne as Innocent IV the Genoese Sinibaldo Fieschi, encountered in the previous chapter. By this time the Viterbese were tired of their imperial master, the Guelf cry " The Church! The Church! " was raised, and with impetuous swiftness an alliance was made with the republic of Rome, Viterbo's arch-enemy. Innocent then came to the defence of the city against Frederick who promptly laid it under siege, being so enraged at the revolt that he declared if he had one foot in Paradise he would turn back to avenge himself on the treacherous Viterbese.

" The siege of Viterbo," says Gregorovius, " forms a memorable episode in the history of Rome in the Middle Ages. A little Tuscan commune, defended by a mail-clad cardinal, covered itself with military glory. The attack was repulsed. . . . Frederick, himself involved in danger, was forced to raise the siege. The fall of Viterbo, a humiliation for the Emperor, diminished his prestige and ' painfully touched his heart-strings ' according to his own confession. His fortune changed before the walls of

Viterbo." From that day forward there was mortal enmity between him and Sinibaldo Fieschi, enmity which six months later led to the flight of the Pope to Genoa and France.

"I have never heard," wrote old Matthew Paris, "of such a bitter hatred as that between Innocent IV and Frederick." In 1251, the Pope was back in Italy, for Frederick was dead. His coffin was carried by sea first to Messina, thence to Palermo. There it lies to-day in its porphyry chest in the Cathedral. Conrad, Frederick's son, inherited the Imperial crown, and to Manfred, Prince of Taranto, was given later the rule over Sicily and the Italian provinces as representative of Conradin, son of Conrad. But Innocent had sworn the ruin of the race of Frederick II, and this purpose pursued by him to the end of his life, was carried on by his immediate successors.

In 1268, his father dead, his uncle Manfred slain at the battle of Benevento, the boy Conradin, not yet sixteen, crossed the Alps and advanced into Italy to claim Sicily, his rightful inheritance. Over the papal court, now fixed in Viterbo, ruled a vigorous enemy of the Hohenstaufens, Clement IV. "He instantly cited the presumptuous boy, who had dared to claim a kingdom granted away by the See of Rome (to

Charles of Anjou) to answer before his liege lord at Viterbo. There in the Cathedral of Viterbo, in May, and on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, he proclaimed his excommunication, and warned his supporters to beware of ' the young serpent which had sprung up from the blood of the old.' "

Undismayed, the gallant boy, last of the Hohenstaufens, marched on towards Rome at the head of an adoring army. In April Clement had entertained in his palace at Viterbo Charles of Anjou, the usurper previously challenged by Innocent IV, to supplant the " viper's brood," as he called the descendants of Frederick. In July, from the walls of Viterbo, Clement watched Conradin, grandson and heir of Frederick, on his war horse at the head of his troops as they marched across the plain. Clement had gathered a strong garrison for defence but Conradin passed below the walls without attack. The Cardinals in terror gathered about the Pope. " Fear not," he said; " they will be scattered like smoke." Then, pointing to the youthful leader and his friends, he added, " Behold the victims for the sacrifice."

Hailed with rapture by Rome, young Conradin made his entry across the bridge of S. Angelo on July 24, and found himself for a

moment at the summit of worldly power. He was led to the Capitol and acclaimed as future Emperor. But the triumph was of brief duration. In August he fought against the forces of Charles of Anjou the fatal battle of Tagliacozzo and was made prisoner.

On October 29, in the city of Naples, Conradin perished on the scaffold. As he knelt with uplifted hands, awaiting the blow of the executioner, the boy exclaimed, "O my mother! how deep will be thy sorrow at the news of this day!" Scarcely is there a more gallant or a more pathetic figure in history than that of Conradin. One month later Clement lay dying in Viterbo, and beside his deathbed, darkening his last hour with terror unspeakable, there seemed to stand the uncrowned, innocent boy-emperor, to whose judicial murder he had consented.

It is a little singular that Viterbo should have been for centuries *par excellence* the papal city, when Rome became impossible. The popes controlled many other cities, as Spoleto, Perugia, Benevento, Tusculum, Anagni, and these were, from time to time, favoured as residence by one or another. Anagni was closely identified with the great Roman families of the Conti and Gaetani from which sprang powerful popes, such

as Innocent III and Boniface VIII. These popes had their own palace there, but it is now completely ruined. Perugia, magnificent in situation, was a papal stronghold and claims to have originated the conclave. Benevento was the papal city of refuge.

Perhaps some of these cities were too near Rome for safety, — poor old Boniface found this true of Anagni, — others may have been too remote; certain it is that Viterbo stood alone in its permanency as papal residence and scene of conclave; perhaps in part because it was so indubitably a part of each of the great Donations, whether of Constantine, Pepin, Charlemagne or Matilda.

CHAPTER VII

PALACE AND VILLA

OUR first afternoon was to be given to an excursion to Villa Lante, the weather being fine. The morning was devoted to Viterbo itself. Through the long narrow Corso, by the Piazza del Plebiscito and the Via di San Lorenzo, we made our way first of all to the Duomo. We found a species of cathedral close, stony and grim, just within the enclosure of the city's west wall, which abuts on a high cliff; close against this wall rose the Cathedral, to the right of it the Papal Palace. On this plateau from which the land drops abruptly to the plain, stood once, in the dim ages before our era, the Etruscan city, Surrina, known later to the Romans as "the old town," — *vetus urbs,* whence Viterbo.

But Filia and I were not antiquarian enough to hunt for remnants of Etruscan masonry in sewers and bridges. We hastened to an embrasure of the wall and overlooked the verdant landscape, the rich fields of Etruria, seeing in

our mind's eye the brilliant cavalcade of young Conradin's army as it swept around the base of Viterbo's walls, the boy emperor on his prancing war horse riding to his doom beneath the very eyes of Clement, his implacable foe.

The cathedral is dull, much restored, and contains little of interest; two tombs of Pope John XXI, who ruled one brief year in Viterbo, 1276-1277, were the only papal memorabilia to be discovered. Alexander IV was buried here 1261, but his tomb cannot be identified. The Gothic campanile is good, but does not hold the attention long. We hastened to ascend the broad stone stair, plainly restored, and enter the Papal Palace, Viterbo's Vatican. We were shown through certain lofty, dismantled halls, thoroughly empty but giving fine views from their windows over the plain. But we turned eagerly to the great Hall of Conclave, roofless and ruinous, but of magnificent proportions. Here, facing down upon the Piazza, is the beautiful Gothic loggia from which all the popes elected in Viterbo blessed the people. This great hall is upheld by a single stout pillar which projects through the floor and becomes the basis of a fountain, now dry, crumbling and broken.

"How strange, and how full of interest, this place is," remarked Filia, looking out from the ruined walls over the panorama of the whole city. "How different from that dreary cathedral. I wish you would tell me when it was built and something about it."

"I wish I could find out more about it," I replied, "for it is the very centre of the history of the popes of the thirteenth century. Where Eugenius and Adrian and all those early popes lived in Viterbo no one seems to know.

"Alexander IV died in Viterbo in 1261, and Urban IV was crowned in Viterbo that same year, in the cathedral no doubt, but we do not hear of the Papal Palace until the time of Clement IV, Conradin's enemy."

"How long was Clement Pope?" asked Filia.

"Only three years, 1265 to 1268."

"Oh, I remember that he died a month later than Conradin. Was he crowned Pope here in Viterbo?"

"No, in Perugia; but he came to Viterbo in 1266, and then it must be that he began the building of this palace. And think, Filia, it was where we are standing now, in this loggia that Clement stood, so it is said at least, when

he cited Conradin to defend himself before his tribunal."

"Why should the Pope have hated that gallant young fellow so bitterly?"

"He wished to exterminate the German power in Italy, — bring to an end the Holy Roman Empire, which united the Teutonic Emperors to the papacy. He alludes to poor Conradin as a poisonous basilisk risen from the stock of the dragon, filling Tuscany with his pestilential breath."

"How delicate and rare!" cried Filia. "I am glad Conradin's ghost had the good sense to haunt old Clement's death-bed. I suppose that occurred in this very building. I wish I knew where, not for Clement's sake, but because I would like to come as near as possible to the wraith even of that 'peerless boy who perished in his pride.'"

"I don't believe it would be of any use to ask our guide; she does not look to me as if she has ever encountered even a ghost of Conradin. What interests me most, Filia, is that this Hall of Conclave was first used by the Cardinals to elect a successor to Clement, and that it took two years to do it. It was then that the event of the 'roofless palace' happened, or is said to have happened."

"I remember something about a roof falling," commented Filia vaguely.

"The falling roof was another story. It killed Pope John XXI, don't you remember? He came a few years later. But Charles of Anjou, the usurper of the Hohenstaufen claims in Italy, the man who destroyed Manfred and Conradin, seems, after the death of Clement IV, to have become a kind of business manager of the papacy. He lived at that time in Viterbo, perhaps in that imperial palace begun by Frederick II somewhere in the eastern part of the city, and he got so out of patience with the long deliberations of the cardinals that he had the hall partially unroofed to make them as uncomfortable as possible."

"Did it bring about the desired end?" asked Filia.

"Gregorovius says Charles made no impression on the cardinals, but the sacrilegious murder in the church of San Silvestro (now the Gesù) of Prince Henry of Cornwall by Guido di Montforte, a nobleman in Charles's train, seems to have shocked them into action. Dante describes Guido as having 'cleft asunder in the bosom of God' the heart of the prince, because he was partaking of the sacrament when he was attacked."

"What terrible times and terrible people they seem to have been. Please tell what else you know about this palace."

"I don't know very much, but there were four conclaves held here in ten years, and two others held elsewhere so that in that length of time six popes followed Clement, for the most part tools of Charles of Anjou. None of them was of much distinction, except Gregory X. It was under him that the law of papal conclaves was established very much as it is now. Only, the duty of watching the conclave was entrusted to the secular authorities of the town in which the election took place, which explains why the people of Viterbo were always rushing in and interfering when the cardinals did not proceed in a manner to suit them. Well, we must go, but this place is worth another visit. It is not like St. Peter's portico, but from no other spot beside has the election of as many popes been announced."

Not many popes appear, however, to have found burial in Viterbo. On our return to the hotel we inquired concerning this fact of Signor Giordano, and were told that close at hand, in the Church of San Francesco, were two papal tombs besides other monuments of interest. The church was closed, but he immedi-

ately procured the key and led us across a square to the thirteenth century church. Here, in the left transept, we found the tomb of Clement IV, d. 1268, ally of Charles of Anjou, unrelenting foe of the son and grandson of Frederick II. In the right transept was the tomb of Adrian V, d. 1276. Both of these tombs are superb examples of cosmato work and have been finely preserved. As we stood studying the Latin inscription over the head of Adrian V Filia exclaimed suddenly,

"Why, this Pope was from Genoa and a nephew of Innocent IV!"

"*Certamente!*" commented Signor Giordano. "He was also of the house of Lavagna, Ottobuoni Fieschi. Little is told of him since he lived but thirty-nine days after he became Pope. He was cardinal-deacon, as you see by the lower inscription, not having even been ordained priest. The Signora is so good a Dante scholar, surely she remembers the famous

"'*Scias quod ego fui successor Petri?*'

There are no more beautiful lines in the Commedia."

I confessed with some chagrin that I did not

know that a nephew of old Sinibaldo was ever Pope, or that he was mentioned by Dante.

"It is in Canto XIX of the 'Purgatorio,'" and Signor Giordano repeated in flowing Italian the lines which I can never again forget. In English they are thus rendered by Longfellow:

"*Scias quod ego fui successor Petri,*
(Know that I was the successor of Peter.)
Between Siestri and Chiavari descends
A river beautiful, and of its name
The title of my blood its summit makes.
A month and little more essayed I how
Weighs the great cloak on him from mire who keeps it.
Tardy, ah woe is me! was my conversion;
But when the Roman Shepherd I was made,
Then I discovered life to be a lie."

We turned somewhat pensively from Adrian's tomb; as we approached the high altar we discovered a Gothic monument which, although destitute of the cosmato work which illuminates the papal monuments, impressed both Filia and me as far finer by reason of its delicate and beautiful sculpture.

"Not a Pope?" I asked the Signore.

"No, a cardinal, but known better simply as Fra Marco," he answered.

"How exquisite the face," I murmured, "full of spiritual strength and purity."

"He is a Viterbo hero," returned Giordano, "a truly great man. When the Avignon Pope, Urban V, came for his short visit to Rome and stayed at Viterbo in 1367, Fra Marco put down with a firm hand the riots which sprang up between our Viterbo populace and the Frenchmen. He won undying fame."

"His monument is finer than that of any Viterban."

"Fra Marco was a finer man than they," replied our host.

Filia, at least, was quite ready that afternoon to turn from all memories of popes and their tombs to the sunlit outer world. In a comfortable little carriage, driven by an obliging *cocchiere* ordered by our host, we proceeded by the Porta Fiorentina into the campagna to the pilgrimage-church of Santa Maria della Quercia. In the square before the church a few scattered wagons and booths told of the autumn fair, just over, first founded in 1240 by Frederick II when he made himself the first citizen of Viterbo. The church which was built in the fifteenth century and displays beautiful Renaissance features, its campanile by Bramanti, the lunettes over the doors by Andrea della Robbia, is known as the church of the Madonna of the Oak on account of a miraculous Madonna

which grew on an oak-tree on the spot, to honour which the church was built.

We were not greatly impressed by the interior despite Sangallo's coffered vaulting, but the cloisters are charming, as also the famous fountain with its inscription, " He who drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but he who drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." These are all the work of Vignola (1507-1573), whose work abounds in Viterbo and its vicinage: fountains seem to have been his delight, a lovely one is in the Piazza della Rocca, under the Grand Hotel windows. The Castle of Caprarola is Vignola's masterpiece. He succeeded Michel Angelo in 1564, as architect of St. Peter's, and left a strong impression on the development of architecture in the century following.

From the church of the Oak-tree Madonna we drove on a mile or so further to Bagnaia, a dismal and dirty village. Our *cocchiere* deposited us at the gates of Villa Lante, which rises south of the town.

This villa, celebrated by Mrs. Wharton as the plu-perfect ideal of all Italian villas, was laid out by Vignola under four Cardinals. It was begun by Cardinal Riario and finished by Cardinal Gambara in 1588. Cardinal Montalto,

nephew of Sixtus V, purchased the estate later and bequeathed it to the Holy See; when and by what processes it became the property of the Dukes of Lante I have been unable to trace. This family must have been on the spot, however, for centuries, to judge by the ancient castle rising above the roofs of Bagnaia, once their residence, now deserted by them for the glories of Villa Lante.

We were admitted by the porter, after the ceremony of showing our visiting cards, and allowed to walk up to the level of the houses and gardens, where a footman took us in charge and courteously conducted us to a point of vantage beside the famous central fountain. Here, standing in a labyrinth of flower-beds and marble-bordered pools, we looked around us. On our right was the Renaissance dwelling-house of the ducal family, on our left a pavilion of similar architecture and proportions, designed for purposes of entertainment. Between these rose an exquisite grassy slope, crossed and bordered by marvellous box hedges. Marble staircases led to a terrace above this slope where another fountain made music softly under the shade of large sycamores. White marble balustrades framed in this terrace. From it rose other terraces in succession. These also

were reached by staircases on either side of the stream which, starting in a reservoir at the summit of the hill occupied by the villa, flows down in flashing cascades to form the great basin where we stood. Magnificent forests of ilex, the tallest I have ever seen, bounded the scene with their profound shade.

We did not exclaim for the sense of beauty brought silence, but we followed our attendant presently up to the first great terrace where, between the fountains and the marble railings with their graceful urns, under the sycamores is the favourite rallying point of the family life, we were told. The sun lay over the grassy slopes of the sylvan court, and from every direction came that flash and ripple of running water. Below us was the formal garden, with its fountains, flowers, its arabesques of clipped hedge, its statues, and beyond its outer wall the wide campagna. Satisfied that we were to be trusted, the footman having pointed out the way to the various points of interest, withdrew. Filia and I were left to wander at will. At the summit we came out into a bosquet or grove in which stood a pavilion built on classic lines with a court of Doric columns. Enclosed within this structure is the great reservoir which supplies water for the whole system of fountains.

This water system is the prime factor of Villa Lante as of every other Italian villa of importance: indeed no smallest garden here is counted complete without its trickle of living water into some mossy pool.

The spring of water "throbs through the whole organism of the garden like its inmost vital principle."

Villa Lante possesses in high perfection the main features of the typical Italian villa. The word *villa* is used by us inaccurately as meaning a house; in the Italian sense, which is the correct one, — the word being Italian, — it includes a dwelling and also gardens, terraces, groves and running water, forming the ensemble. The Italian architect is as much the designer of the surroundings as of the house, which is but one and that perhaps seldom the main feature: the effort is not to build a showy house with some flower beds and lawns about it, but to produce an effect of harmony between a human abode and the landscape which surrounds it. This, I think, is the reason that we so often feel the house in these Italian villas subordinate to the groves and gardens. The problem has been clearly defined as that of taking a piece of land and making it habitable; "the idea being that not only was the house to



FOUNTAIN AND PATH, VILLA LANTE, VITERBO.

be lived in but that one wished to be at home while out of doors; so the garden was designed as one apartment, terraces and groves as others where one might find a place suitable to the hour of the day and the feeling of the moment."

We lingered among the fountains with their sculptured genii, sometimes grotesque, sometimes beautiful, always picturesque; we walked between the tall and massive hedges and the brilliant parterres of flowers, we made our way far into the solemn recesses of the ilex forest which surrounds and ennobles Villa Lante. I think it is truly pronounced the perfect type of an Italian villa, and I should characterize the distinction of this type as above all temperamental. Every hour of the day, as has been said, every feeling of the moment is subtly and surely foreseen and met. Here you may pray; you may worship; you may make love or you may make lace; you may be idle, light-hearted or passionate, tragic or humourous; you may think not at all or profoundly. Your mood is met, is soothed or exalted or indulged by the art, linked with nature, which here infallibly but silently interprets the mysteries of temperament.

CHAPTER VIII

AN ITALIAN FAMILY

Viterbo, Grand Hotel, October 24.

WHEN we returned last evening from Villa Lante we found a snow drift of visiting cards all bearing little crests and titles and ending with Montaldo. There seemed to be Montaldi of every age, sex and condition; after Filia had carefully classified them the family resolved itself into father, mother and two daughters, these last named Adelina and Giulia. The Marchesa had furthermore left a note inviting us to *colazione* at their villa to-day, and proposing to send their carriage for us. "Rollo accordingly did so."

It has been a curious and most interesting experience. The old Marchese is essentially the gentleman of the old school; he is rather yellow and parchment-like of visage, with a large white moustache and brilliant dark eyes. He is learned, dignified and possesses delightful manners but he is also rather imperious. His wife is much younger, so young that I can-

not comprehend how she can be the mother of our friend the Lieutenant. But the rapture of her smile when his name is mentioned is convincing. I find the Marchesa most lovely not only in person but in herself, for she has a gentleness quite indescribable tinged with pathos, why, it is not mine to know. She could not be severe or oppressive in any way, of that I am convinced, even to an unwelcome daughter-in-law, but I can understand now perfectly the strong compulsion upon our friend the young Marchese not to wound a heart so gentle. Also she is not only a true Catholic but she is dévote.

The situation is certainly difficult from our point of view, which is that of our interesting young lovers.

Adelina, the older daughter, is born and equipped for marriage. No doubt her dot will be called for in due time. She is very pretty in the soft, large-eyed, Italian way; feminine, yielding, seductive, apparently very conventional, but not altogether easily read, by me at least. Filia raves over her looks. Giulia is quite another person. She is not pretty, although the family distinction gives its charm to her features; in speech and manner she is abrupt, almost boyish. She has more individuality than the pretty sister.

The family carriage came to the hotel for us at once, a venerable vehicle, with venerable horses and a venerable coachman in livery. Filia was enormously struck, I thought, by the Montaldo crest, which was sufficiently in evidence, and gloried with all her young American ardour at the idea of seeing " high life " on this intimate fashion. The drive to the villa was perfectly charming, being to the west of Viterbo and the country far prettier than that seen on our way to Bagnaia. We climbed the lower slopes of Mons Ciminius and soon gained a magnificent view of Montefiascone rising high, and of commanding aspect, on the horizon line; close beneath us lay Viterbo, grey and austere. An accompaniment of this drive was the ever present running water, — small rivulets gushing forth along the roadside or rippling and gurgling unseen under fringes of maidenhair in every hollow. I have known it nowhere else on this fashion except in the Pyrenees.

We passed a most romantic old mill, built on the bank of a brook whose crystal, shining water was dashed in diamonds up into the sun by the great brown revolving wheel. Near this mill we left the main road and began a slow ascent between smooth meadows by what we judged was a private road. Soon we turned

into an avenue of plane trees, stately and formal, at the end of which appeared a faded, square white house with green persiennes. A stretch of lava pavement and tubs of laurel gave a severe character to the entrance which was not softened by the dim court into which we were ushered. At the head of a marble stair, rising from this court to the *piano nobile,* the Marchesa and her older daughter stood to receive us. Their manner of unaffected cordiality and simplicity brightened everything instantly and prepared us to be pleased with all we saw.

The house was in the Italian style with which we are now familiar; the paved floors with commonplace rugs at rare intervals, the enormously high frescoed ceilings, the great windows enveloped with heavy embroidered hangings. These, like the stiff and gilded furniture, were a little faded and shabby. Busts and tall vases stood on pedestals here and there. Nowhere was what we would count a luxurious or even a home-like aspect, but in the library of Marchese di Montaldo we discovered undoubted charm. The oak furniture here was massive and much of it really mediæval; great cases, rich in ancient manuscripts, vellum-bound folios, collections of coins and Etruscan imple-

ments gave tone to the walls otherwise so uncompromising in their bare loftiness; a cheerful fire of logs burned in the vast sculptured chimney.

I recall little of the various courses which were served us at luncheon by the same venerable man who had conveyed us to the villa, but there were curiously many wines, a different variety with each course. After the *dolce* we returned to the library and were invited to go out on a balcony, where coffee and chartreuse were served; the Signorina Adelina smoked a cigarette as did her father, and we all enjoyed the fair prospect with its wide sweep over the Etrurian plain and the Ciminian wood.

Filia was soon chattering away in Italian with the signorine as if they were all schoolgirls, while I enjoyed bringing a lovely light into the Marchesa's eyes by speaking of my sincere admiration of her son, and describing his hospitality to us on the *Diomede*. Her husband listened to our conversation gravely; I perceived that his interest was keen in all that we said concerning his son and I fancied that I detected a tinge of uneasiness in his glance when it rested upon Filia. This amused me immensely, and I was careful to make no allusion to the Story sisters of whose existence we

are convinced the Montaldo family are ignorant. But I have an intuition that the old Marchese scents an undeclared interruption to the family policy, and ruminates over poor, innocent Filia as the possible cause. However, he was entirely gracious and finding that we were especially interested in papal Viterbo, as we came away he asked if we had visited the chateau of Donna Olympia Pamfili, the famous *Papessa* of the seventeenth century, at San Martino. So a Viterbo *Popess* is to be added to the list!

Finding that we had not even heard of it, he invited us to drive there with them to-morrow. Filia and the daughters Montaldi are also planning an excursion to the Farnese palace at Caprarola. This is difficult to accomplish, the palace being open only one day in the week since it fell into American hands. Strange that two of the most beautiful of Italian Renaissance palaces, both masterpieces of Vignola, both aforetime possessions of the Holy See, are in American hands, for the Duchessa di Lante is American as is the present mistress of Caprarola.

Suddenly, in our conversation on the balcony, the thought struck me: What if the Marchese should shift his base, conceiving the idea that

another family of the old Viterbo noblesse might recoup its fallen fortunes by an American alliance? To the Italian mind, I have discovered, Americans who travel in reasonably good style must be rich. I contrived to make very clear the fact that no repair of wasted fortunes might be looked for in our direction. Probably this will not help the Marchese to sleep well to-night.

Filia is greatly diverted over the notion that he may fancy innocent her as likely to give trouble to the house of Montaldo. All the while there lay hidden in her handbag Junia's last confidential letter.

Viterbo, October 26.

Marchese di Montaldo and Signorina Giulia called for us early this afternoon and we went out with them to San Martino. We drove west from Viterbo, past the old mill which we noticed yesterday, and soon began a long ascent which brought us up at length before the most extraordinary place we have yet seen. In a situation of marked isolation on this declivity of the Ciminian Mount, there rose before us a miniature fortified town, more precisely an *arx*. Massive walls, high and grim, enclosed a parallelogram not exceeding a quarter of a mile in

length. Before us a city gate gave access to the enclosure; over the gate an inscription bore the name Innocent X, Pontifex Maximus 1644-1665 and the Pamfili-Doria coat of arms.

Driving under this portal the carriage rattled up a steep, stony pavement upon which gaunt, desolate house-fronts looked down, right and left. These houses were built into the walls of the citadel for the retainers of the feudal lord; frowning upon us from the rising ground directly opposite the gate stood an ancient church and a gloomy chateau connected by an enclosed gallery. Still higher, through a vaulted passage and a second fortified gate, the upper wall of the *arx* came into view.

We left the carriage and mounted the steep approach to the church which we entered; the chateau to our regret was closed for repairs.

" Prince Doria has conceived a *penchant* for this place and is constantly at work upon it," explained the Marchese; " however, there is not much to see of real importance, — Donna Olympia's bed, her portrait — but you will see her bust in Palazzo Doria in Rome."

" Oh, Signor Marchese, explain, if you will be so good, something about this Donna Olym-

pia, and why you call her the *Papessa,*" begged Filia. "I do not understand it at all."

"But you have seen the portrait of Innocent X in Palazzo Doria?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, that most wonderful Velasquez," she replied. "We saw it long ago, when we were in Rome."

"Good. Innocent was of the Pamfili family of Rome. He had a brother who came once upon a time to Viterbo for a wife, — Donna Olympia of our Maidalchini family, who were very rich and important. Innocent was then a young abbé, with aspirations. He became Pope in 1644. What made him Pope? His sister-in-law's money. Also, he talked little, dissembled much, and did nothing at all, so the popular saying ran. Pasquin put it 'Olympia he loves more than Olympus.' In time, her husband being now dead, Olympia was able to devote her great abilities solely to the Pope, the Vatican and the papal finances. The keys of St. Peter, men said, hung from her girdle. Under her guiding hands Innocent founded the house of Pamfili, constructed the Pamfili palace and *pamfilized* the financial affairs of both Church and State."

"And this was Donna Olympia's Viterban residence, this strange citadel?"

"Yes. She was occasionally turned out of the Vatican when the Cardinal-nephew found her tyranny too strong and she needed a place to flee to. A mighty woman, the Papessa!"

"Why are the Pamfili-Doria arms over the gate?" I asked. "The connection is not clear to me."

"Donna Olympia had a son, Camillo Pamfili, who had, while young, been made Cardinal, but who wanted later, quite naturally, to marry. Innocent released him from all his orders, he resigned his hat and married Princess Rosano, whose money, combined with the Pamfili possessions, founded the enormously wealthy house of Pamfili-Doria."

"What about the Villa Pamfili-Doria in Rome?" Filia asked. "It is a heavenly place, that I know."

"It was laid out under direction of Innocent who gave it outright to Donna Olympia. It is common to call the lady ungrateful, because when the Holy Father died she declined to give him Christian burial, not being able to afford it."

"How indecent!" cried Filia.

"Yes, but, you see, Donna Olympia probably reasoned that she had done her part financially in buying him his Cardinal's hat and

his tiara. They must have cost her enormously."

"A sordid set of people altogether," I commented.

The Marchese bowed gravely, but made no reply.

Viterbo, October 27.

Filia has returned full of enthusiasm from Caprarola. In company of the Marchesa di Montaldo and her daughters she left by train for Ronciglione this morning. From there they went by diligence, an hour's journey, to the little town of Caprarola above which the chateau is situated. Begging off, because of much writing to do, and so very much in Viterbo to study, I spent a studious, if solitary, day very satisfactorily. Filia, however, declares she can never cease to mourn over my failure to see Caprarola. Even Baedeker cannot restrain his delight over this, — "one of the most magnificent of Renaissance chateaux," and Hare says: "Every line is noble and every architectural idea stupendous."

It was a Farnese day for us both, for while Filia had been revelling in the glories of Caprarola, where the pride of the family reaches a climax of magnificence, I had visited the gloomy, decaying house of the Farnese here in



"POPE PAUL III" — BY TITIAN.

Viterbo where they first came into notice. Only the sculptured Farnese lilies spoke of past splendours here, but the house was said to be the birthplace of Alessandro, the famous Cardinal Farnese, owner of Caprarola, afterwards Pope Paul III. He was known during the time of Alexander VI (Roderigo Borgia) as the Cardinal della Gonella — Cardinal of the Petticoat, it being commonly believed that he owed the purple to the influence over the Pope of his sister, the beautiful Giulia Farnese.

During this expedition Filia seems to have entered into something like intimacy with the Montaldi, both mother and daughters. She says they plainly are obliged to economize uncomfortably, and that while they are fond of the villa here they long always for life in Rome. They have told her much of their Roman house, the old Cardinal's palace of which the young Marchese spoke when we were at Rapallo. The ground floor and the *piano nobile* have been occupied for years by a rich Jewish banker with an invalid wife; the apartment above they rent furnished, not being able to afford to live in it themselves. Still above are several small rooms and suites which are usually occupied by detached persons, clerks, teachers and the like.

I asked Filia where the Montaldi stay themselves when they are in Rome. "Giulia says," was the answer, "that they live in an attic and eat what old Beppi, the coachman, can forage for them."

"An attic?" I exclaimed.

"She simply means one of those small apartments on the top floor of their palazzo; Romans, you know, always prefer the highest étage because of the view, and I do not suppose it is really at all poverty stricken, but it does seem rather hard lines when you own a whole palace, family chapel and all, to have to live in four rooms up under the roof."

Filia finds that our friends have some distant connection with the famous family of that Cardinal Montalto who once owned Villa Lante, and who was prominent in papal affairs in the sixteenth century.

More and more I realize the strength of their Roman Catholic sympathies; more and more does Filia grieve over the affair between the young Marchese and Junia. How can it end other than unhappily? Filia says that Junia's letters are simply heartbreaking. She quite believes that it is her duty never to see Montaldo again. Filia fears that she will pine away and die.

Rome, November 2.

We arrived here yesterday and are intoxicated anew with the "wine of Rome." No city on earth, I think, can ever rival this in the potency of its charm for me. Filia and I can hardly contain our joy in the prospect of three solid months here to do as we please. We are *en pension* on Via Sistina, but a sudden impulse has overtaken us. Instead of going to the Forum or St. Peter's, or anything else which might have been expected, we are house-hunting. We have made the bold decision to have a home of our own here in Rome.

Rome, November 5.

Turn, my wheel, turn! A most extraordinary turn this. The very first apartment recommended to us at Sebasti's was that of our Viterbo friends near the Aracoeli Piazza. They had never hinted to us that it was unoccupied, indeed I doubt if they knew it then. Also when we were in Viterbo we had no thought of taking an apartment. The agent at Sebasti's told us that the Marchese had been greatly disappointed by the failure of an English family who had taken the refusal of it but have been hindered from coming to Rome. On this account there is danger, it being now so late in

the season, of the apartment standing empty and the Montaldi would accordingly rent it for a short term and at a very reasonable figure. The matter had been left wholly in Sebasti's hands, to act according to his discretion.

Filia and I kept our own counsel, as to our acquaintance with the Montaldi, but it was with no small excitement that we drove to the Aracoeli region with the agent. The house stands on a gloomy, narrow lane just off the Piazza, is blackened by centuries, smoke and dust, and externally is as repellent as most old Roman palaces, these being commonly in what we should style slums. However, there are many signs of comfort and elegance about the entrance to the *piano nobile,* and the marble staircase is a joy, with the Montaldo crest carved above all the doors.

The third floor apartment is thoroughly Italian and has a certain delightful distinction. There are a reception-room and library combined, a dining-room and kitchen and two bedrooms. We do not need so many rooms, and the rooms are not particularly comfortable, and are mostly of enormous size, but there is about them an irresistible attraction, an atmosphere which makes us in fond folly feel that here we could even *know Rome.* No matter for the

steps of unreasoning by which we have convinced ourselves that it is wise to decide on this as our residence for the coming three months! We have decided, and as Filia once said, when she was three years old, "no other decidement can be made." We took possession this very afternoon, and Carolina, wife of the concierge, prepared our evening meal, which is just over. She is now clearing away; Filia is writing to Adelina di Montaldo to tell her that we are their new American tenants, and I am trying to imagine myself a Roman matron!

To-morrow we shall really begin our life here in earnest. Filia is in communication with Signor Professor Amedeo, her Italian tutor; I shall subscribe at Piale's and Wilson's, and with plenty of books forthcoming we both propose to devote some hours of every day to study of the history of Sicily where we expect to find ourselves in mid-February. Woe to him, I am told, or to her, who lands on those shores unversed in their story! What is lost then cannot be regained.

Rome, November 7.

An unexpected answer to Filia's letter! The Marchesa and her daughters appeared at our door at noon to-day, excited and delighted;

eager also to do many things for our comfort in the new abode. They took us by an unguessed spiral staircase opening from the rear of the apartment down to the small private chapel, whose existence one would never discern from the front of the house. We entered by a tiny gallery and looked down into dim depths below lighted only from the altar. Later we descended to the floor and examined the ancient sculptured tablets and tombs and the very beautiful altarpiece by a pupil of Giulio Romano. I watched the Marchesa as she quietly made her devotions; the unconsciousness, simplicity, sincerity of her religiousness make it deeply appealing. She gave me a key to the chapel, which we are at liberty to use any time we care to visit it.

"Signor Ambrosius makes little use, you see, of the place;" she smiled, as she said this, "but he is a charming gentleman. I am so sorry that his wife is *invalide*. She sees no one. But I am wishing for you to meet Signor Ambrosius, he is our very good friend."

This meeting came about quite spontaneously this afternoon. We had the Montaldi family in for tea and while we were around the tea-table Signor Ambrosius was ushered in. He wished a moment with the Marchesa on a business

matter; also professed to desire acquaintance with his new neighbours. I have seldom met a man comparable to this elderly Jewish banker in personal charm and grace of manner. He is about the age, I think, of Marchese di Montaldo *père,* perhaps even more highly accomplished.

Rome, November 8.

Filia and Adelina Montaldo ran off quite early on a shopping and shampooing expedition; the Marchesa had much to do with preparing their small apartment up-stairs for their occupancy next month as they return to Viterbo to-morrow. Giulia, a great favourite with me, seemed glad to be my companion in a visit to the Appartamenti Borgia in the Vatican. The morning being very fine we walked to Trastevere and talked of many things. Giulia seems to crave a confidante and to have elected me to the position. Evidently she is in revolt against the whole social system of which she is part, and was glad of some one to whom she could pour out the ferment of her young soul.

"I hate the way we Italian girls are set up in the marriage market with a ticket on each of us giving the amount of our dot, and are married off to any one of our own class who condescends to pick us up. Adelina is different.

She will always be obedient to papa. She will marry whom he orders: as for me, I wish not to marry. I am not one to be beloved or to love easily, and without love I find marriage disgusting. I wish to be of use in the world in another way, to be a nurse, and go where I can serve a need. Look how strong I am!" and she held out her firm, muscular little hands, and her candid eyes flashed their sincerity into mine: "I have it in me to work, and there is work needing to be done by educated girls for Italy. Marriage is not the only thing. Paolo understands me — nobody else, not even *la mammina*. Poor Paolo! If you should meet the girl he has to marry!"

"Your brother whom we have met? Is he betrothed?" I tried to speak casually.

"Yes, he is our only brother. Is he not adorable? He and I are most intimate, — and mamma. Adelina is father's favourite. No, signora, Paolo is not quite betrothed, but he must be soon; father is in *una granda fretta* that he holds off and holds off. The marriage is quite necessary, I suppose, but oh, to have for *cognata* this bourgeoise Teresa Manni! Her father has the great department shops here and in Milan, and she displays the — what do you say? — dry goods for him on her person. They

want a title, you see, and the Montaldi want money — oh, very badly!"

"It sounds a little difficult — to an American, you know."

"I am sure," and Giulia shook her head mournfully. "And now Paolo's ship is ordered Heaven only knows where; there are secret orders for there is talk of war, and *la mammina* grieves and wants to spend all her time in prayers, but my father insists we must have at least a short season in Rome, else — how shall we marry?" Giulia asked the question with an inimitable movement of hands and eyebrows.

We spent an hour in those apartments of the Vatican which the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI, caused to be so magnificently decorated, upon his election to the papacy in 1492, for his private and personal use. Was ever face more crafty, more sensuous in its masque of sanctimony than that of Roderigo Borgia as painted here by Pinturicchio? Of exquisite loveliness is the artist's Visitation. I was sure that in the virginal figure seen with distaff in hand beyond the arch on the right of this picture I could discern the same model who served for the Madonna in the medallion above the door, — Giulia Farnese.

Sabatini says of Giulia Farnese: "She was

the daughter of a patrician family, still comparatively obscure, but destined through this very girl to rise to conspicuous eminence. For her surpassing beauty this Giulia Farnese has been surnamed La Bella — and as Giulia La Bella was she known in her day — and she has been immortalized by Pinturicchio and Guglielmo della Porta. She sat to the former as a model for his Madonna in the Borgia Tower of the Vatican, and to the latter for the statue of Truth which adorns the tomb of her brother Alessandro Farnese, who became Pope Paul III. In Adriana Orsini's house, where his daughter Lucrezia was being educated, Cardinal Roderigo, at the mature age of some six-and-fifty years, made the acquaintance and became enamoured of this beautiful, golden-headed Giulia, some forty years his junior. To the fact that she presently became his mistress — somewhere about the same time that she became Orso Orsini's wife — is due the sudden rise of the House of Farnese. This began with her handsome, dissolute brother Alessandro's elevation to the purple by her lover, and grew to vast proportions during his subsequent and eminently scandalous occupation of the Papal Throne as Paul III."

Having read this, my little friend and I, on



THE "MADONNA" — BY PINTURICCHIO, BORGIA TOWER, ROME.

leaving the Vatican, were minded to run into St. Peter's and look at the marble Giulia on her brother's tomb.

"It is strange, the witchery of that woman, even in marble," said my young Italian friend as we crossed the great, sunlit Piazza; "you know the story of the Spanish student?"

As I did not know it Giulia Montaldo rehearsed it. In the seventeenth century a Spanish art student, who had come to Rome to study, fell madly in love with this statue. He spent day after day beside it and finally, by hiding somewhere in the basilica, escaped the vigilance of the sacristans and remained all night. In the morning he was found stone dead on the pavement at the foot of the tomb, having dashed himself to pieces in a frenzy of abnormal excitement.

"And then, you know," wisely remarked Giulia, "everybody said that was quite too much. Afterwards they sent for Bernini and he put a hideous brass chemise on the statue which always worries me because there is no string or strap to hold it on."

We stood now at the right of Peter's Chair and studied the splendid tomb of Paul III, built in the time of Michel Angelo, and counted the finest in the basilica. Paolo III . . . Farnesio.

Pont Opt Max, is the inscription of the sarcophagus. Below it, much in the manner of Michel Angelo's Day and Night on the Medici tomb in San Lorenzo in Florence, recline two female figures.

"This figure on the left is Giulia, the Pope's sister, plainly," I commented. "I see no resemblance, however, to the demure innocence of Pinturicchio's Madonna. Here she is a Venus. What does she represent here, *Cara?*"

"Justice," replied Giulia, smiling; "in her hand you see the *fasces.* The person on the right is Prudence; that is a portrait statue of the mother of Paul III, Donna Giovanna, who figured in the Viterbo days before the family grew so great."

"What a travesty to call that statue, Justice," I exclaimed, as we came away. "The whole group is repulsive to me, and I quite agree with you about the plated metal draperies. Still, I respect Bernini's good intentions."

"Yes, the person is bad enough now; she always makes me sorry that my name is Giulia. Fancy her being a Viterbo girl!"

Rome, December 2.

A month has passed in which I have been too busy to write in my diary. We have both

studied hard over Sicily and worked hard at the ever more impossible task of learning Rome.

To-day something personal and particular has happened which gives Filia and me much to think of. A letter has come from Madame Fiasella in Genoa telling us that Junia is, as we have feared, in a very disquieting condition of health. Madame is about to go for her holidays to her husband's relatives in Piedmont; she supposes us to be still *en pension,* and asks if it is possible for Junia to join us, hoping that such a change may be of benefit and may cheer her spirits, depression being evidently at the bottom of her drooping health.

Filia has written for Junia to come at once and remain until Christmas; we both long to help the poor child if help there is for her, but whether we have done right in letting her come to this house we are not sure. That she is likely to meet here the family of the man she loves she does not dream, Filia having written her nothing concerning our acquaintance with the Montaldi, beyond allusion to them as kind and attentive to us in Viterbo. We both have felt that fresh knowledge of the situation would only add fuel to the flames of Junia's suffering, consequently Filia's silence. Even now we

think it better to say nothing until Junia is here. For my own part there seems to me a possibility of good coming out of this strange and unlooked-for coincidence. Who can tell?

The Montaldi will arrive in Rome on the thirteenth to remain until Carnival. I believe I am glad that the old Marchese is to stay behind in Viterbo. I fancy his pride rebels against being banished to that humble upper apartment in the palace of his ancestors.

Rome, December 7.

Junia is here. She arrived last night. At first, the exhilaration of meeting us, brightening eyes and cheeks, I did not observe the great change now only too plain. She is thin, and her skin usually colourless, her movements languid and yet restless; altogether she gives me I dare not say to Filia how painful a sense of exhaustion. I can tell from her eyes that she sleeps little and cries much. We know that she hears nothing from Montaldo, and that the whereabouts of the *Diomede* is unknown to her.

Her effort to be merry and interested in what we do is pathetic, and sometimes, when I meet the mute appeal in her great childlike eyes, the tears come to my own. But we must put a stop to all this. She must keep on assum-

ing the virtue of good spirits though she has it not, until it comes without assuming. Meanwhile we shall feed her on cream and eggs at all hours and keep her out in the sunshine of Rome. She is a perfect darling, — her patience and gentleness go to my heart.

Rome, December 8.

This morning, Filia being busy with her tutor, I took Junia down to the family chapel. It is part of the apathy upon her that the child has asked not a question concerning the house; whether she knows that it is called Palazzo Montaldo or not I do not know, but apparently if she has heard the name it signifies nothing but a chance occurrence to her mind.

This morning it was too dark in the chapel to read the inscriptions on the walls to dead-and-gone Montaldi. I was glad, and yet I feel that we must very soon, in good time before the family arrive, explain everything. The whole situation seems to me false and strained and open to misinterpretation. Filia begs me, however, to put off explanations until Junia seems stronger, if only a little.

When I was ready to leave the chapel with which Junia was peculiarly impressed, she whispered that if I did not object she would

like to stay on for a little. Well I knew that she wished to pray and for whom; the great trouble at her heart made her eyes startling just then. I bade her not stay long, as we must have a long walk together and so left. It was nearly an hour before I heard her come in, and, before I could join her, she had gone to her room and closed the door. In another half hour she appeared ready to walk, and unwontedly steady and serene; looking, as Filia says, precisely like the Juno of the Therme.

Just at candlelight this afternoon, to my great surprise, the Marchesa came in with only a lace scarf thrown over her head.

"But," I exclaimed, "you are not in town!"

"Oh, no, not at all!" she laughed merrily. "I am in Viterbo. But really, we are not, as you know, moving to Rome until the thirteenth. I was obliged to run down to oversee some changes in the little kitchen. I go back in the morning."

Junia came in presently with Filia and was presented to the Marchesa. I observed that a smile of recognition passed between them and that Junia flushed deeply, although neither spoke of a previous meeting. When she left, a few minutes later, the Marchesa took Junia's

hand, clasped it affectionately, and said a few words to her rapidly in Italian. "You must play more and pray less, my lovely child, for a time," was what she said.

To-night, from Filia, I learned of a very strange little thing which happened after I left the chapel this morning. This is as Junia described it. She was kneeling in the choir alone, absorbed in her own thoughts, her eyes closed, her head bent on the *prie-dieu* when a step approached. She hardly lifted her head, and was herself unperceived by a woman who passed by and approaching the altar knelt also in prayer. Junia said the presence of this woman neither surprised nor disturbed her, but after a little time she became conscious of a peculiar sense of spiritual consolation.

When at length she herself rose to leave the chapel the other became aware of her presence, rose, also, turned, and they met. Junia told Filia that she knew they both had tears in their eyes, but said that she was startled by the almost unearthly resignation and peace upon this stranger's face. Involuntarily she stretched out her hand to her; then the woman took her by both hands and looked into her eyes.

"You weep," she said gently, "and yet you pray."

"I weep because I pray for one I may never see again," Junia answered.

"And I also," said the older woman, and then kissed Junia on the forehead. With no other word she turned back to the altar. Junia came away.

"Oh, Filia!" I cried, "what did you say when Junia told you this?"

"I said, 'dearest, do you know that you and she were praying for the same person?' and she replied that she did not know it until she met the Marchesa at twilight. Now she understands." Filia says it is best to leave Junia quite to herself until she has faced the situation. She may decide to return at once to Genoa. We hope not.

Rome, December 15.

The Montaldi arrived two days ago with enormous luggage; old Beppi, with the family carriage, is upon the scene. They have no other servant, but Carolina waits upon them devotedly.

Yesterday I had a call from Signor Ambrosius, who begged me to go down with him to the ground floor of the house. Here he led me into a vaulted corridor, from which on one side is the main entrance to the chapel: opposite

great doors opened into a vast *salone* into which he ushered me. I had had no idea of the existence of this room. It is quite palatial in proportions, valuable tapestries cover the walls, elaborate crystal chandeliers hang from a really splendid ceiling, which is quite suggestive of a Veronese.

"I have planned a surprise for the Marchesa and her daughters," Signor Ambrosius now explained: "this room is never entered by my family and being unheated has been wholly useless in winter. I have now installed heating apparatus below, the temperature you perceive is modified."

I had perceived at once how much warmer the room was than our own, which are heated only by fireplaces.

"You will feel as I do," continued Ambrosius, "that it is not fitting for ladies of the rank of our friends to have no room for the reception or entertainment of guests during the season. This room is of no use to me except as a place where I can hang my collection of tapestries. Ecco! From to-morrow it pertains, as is fit, to the Famiglia Montaldi."

I highly applauded the generous and gracious plan, but as I came away I thought a little sadly of the poor helpless woman in some un-

known chamber above who could have no part in it. Carolina has told us that the Signora's mind is quite gone, and that her husband is devotion itself to her.

Rome, December 20.

Filia and I had a whole swarm of small anxieties as to how Junia would adjust herself in the inevitable association with the Montaldi family. While they are wholly unconscious as regards her, counting her simply an English friend of Filia's, she realizes fully all that may be involved for her in this situation and yet she is not inclined to run away from it.

To our surprise, there is absolutely no difficulty, no embarrassment; moreover, Junia has become almost herself again. The intercourse with her lover's nearest of kin seems to act as a powerful stimulus upon her; she is radiantly beautiful, and joyous. Between her and the Marchesa there is an almost mysterious attraction; I love to see them together. One day the Marchesa asked,

"Have you too, *cara* Junia, met my son,—my Paolo? The Signora and Signorina Filia know him quite well."

"Yes, I know him, also." Junia gave this answer simply, gravely.

The Marchesa asked no further question.

I am uneasy at the situation, which in the event may seem to place us, and even Junia herself, in a false light! I have told Junia that I wish some explanation to be made by her or by me.

"What!" she cried, with spirit, "am I to tell his mother that the Marchese loves me, when he has not himself told her? Or shall I simply say that I love him?"

I brooded over the dilemma for awhile, and in the end Junia consented to leave the matter in my hands provided I say nothing of the relation between herself and Montaldo until she leaves for Genoa three days hence.

Rome, Christmas Eve.

Junia left us this morning. She says we are sending her back perfectly restored in health, and I believe it, but take small credit to myself.

Last evening was positively melodramatic. Signor Ambrosius insisted on giving a small party for the Montaldi with dancing in the great salone. How it came about I do not know, but at the last moment the old Marchese himself appeared upon the scene. I know that telegrams had been flying to Viterbo all the day

before from his wife. He was most impressive as the *grand Seigneur* of the festivity, doing the honours of the house in truly lordly style, although the pathos of his part was obvious if one stopped to think. He must have had a struggle with his pride before he left Viterbo, but once with his foot upon the mosaics of his native palace he rose magnificently to the occasion.

Early in the evening I stood by his side when he first saw Junia Story. Her height and queenly carriage and beautiful fair hair caught his eye at once. More than ever before she resembled the Juno.

"Who is she?" he asked me. "*La bella donna colà?*"

"A friend of my daughter, Miss Story from Genoa. Shall I introduce you."

The introduction followed. Presently I saw the Marchese walking down the corridor, Junia on his arm. Later I met Junia herself in the anteroom; her eyes were shining, her cheeks carmine.

"You have actually danced with the old Marchese?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and — I have told him, myself. It was after all the only honourable thing — you see? The others like me now, I think; I could not

have their liking made use of. I told him that I knew he had wishes contrary to ours."

"What did he say?"

"Only this: 'It will be hard to fight against so fair and so formidable an antagonist, Signorina.' He was more gracious after than before, being Italian, you see! But I think he means to fight."

"You are a gallant girl, Junia. You will have the Marchesa with you."

"I think. But I shall never enter the Montaldo family until I am welcomed by its head. He knows that."

CHAPTER IX

TRINACRIA

"DO you suppose the Cardinal's feet were ever warm?"

"How should they have been? And yet perhaps there were *scaldini* in the fifteenth century. You can get one foot warm at a time on a scaldino."

"Yes, but wouldn't it be a sensational experience to have both warm at once?"

"Enervating luxury I should call that," but, as she spoke, Filia having stripped off her gloves, was preparing a hot-water bottle for my less enervated foot, and casting suspicious glances in the direction of my recently dismantled tea tray.

"I know you missed me at tea. Did Carolina have it hot? and did she remember the cream?"

"Yes, Filia, the tea was perfect, rather better I should say than usual."

"All the same, I know it was hideously

lonely for you. I shall never leave you alone over tea again."

"Possibly you will reconsider that extravagant vow later. But, I confess, it is not hilarious weather."

It was February first; without was snow and sleet; within a bitter chill seemed to radiate from the stone pavement of the Cardinal's *camera;* the handful of coals in the tiny grate, surrounded by an enormous facade of white marble, winked at us mockingly.

"Are you wet? Has the sacred ibis suffered?" I asked, looking anxiously at Filia's new plumed hat and successful visiting costume. She had just come in from a luncheon.

"Not wet in the least. The Castagni brought me in their automobile. And they are coming to take us both to the concert at the Excelsior this evening, so you will have no smallest excuse for staying at home."

I nodded responsively, but for some reason Filia was not convinced as to my ardour.

"I know, I simply know," she cried, bending to tuck a steamer rug around me, deck-steward fashion, "that in your perfidious little heart you wish at this minute that the princely Castagni were the Silas Winthrops and that instead of being in a Roman Cardinal's Pa-

lazzo, with marble griffins over the doors and cherubs on the distant ceiling, you were in a blinking Massachusetts ingle, *sensa* griffins or cherubs."

"I do, Filia! I cannot deny the soft impeachment. I would give all my incomes from Dreamland for the chance to put my feet on an American register and have a carpet on my bedroom floor."

"Strictly speaking, that cannot be called the proper spirit. I am Rome-mad enough myself to prefer freezing my young blood here to being never so comfortable anywhere else."

"Also, my dear, you do picnic in the Campagna and get more exercise; you run around from morning till night and get your blood into circulation. It is not expected that old ladies will run races in the Campagna or keep in perpetual motion as do the young and fair."

"*Poverella!* Talk of the young and fair,—let this hyacinthine youth pipe to you!"

As she spoke, Filia placed on my knee a charming print which she drew from an envelope just laid on the table. It represented a nude Greek-Sicilian boy piping on a shepherd's pipe under drooping almond boughs.

"How delightful!" I cried. "Where did this come from? Whom does it represent?"



"DAPHNIS" — BY BARON VON GLOEDEN.

"A gift from Filiaina to her Mamma! Listen to his song: 'Courting Amaryllis with song I go, while my goats feed on the hill . . . that Daphnis am I whom the girl with meeting eyebrows spied yesterday . . . whose singing is sweeter than the honeycomb.'"

"Filia, how you do mix things!"

"Never mind. Listen to the song of Daphnis! Don't you hear him calling, ca-a-lling you to Sicily? Come, at once, don't delay, the almond-trees are in blossom, — that is what he sings."

"I wish it were possible to go at once, but, of course, it is not."

"How about this week Thursday?"

Filia's eyes were shining, as I could see by the light of the eight candles which, according to our Roman ritual for four o'clock, she was now lighting and arranging on the centre table. The table, however, being six feet in diameter and draped in inky velvet, seemed entirely to absorb the candle light, leaving the vast chamber darker than before. Filia's figure and face reflecting the soft illumination made a charming Rembrandt vignette against the gloom. Her expression was mysteriously roguish.

"Of course, we can't leave Rome this week!" I exclaimed. "We have this *apparta-*

mento on our hands until the middle of February. Besides, you are having such fine times with the Montaldi, — why should we cut it short? ''

'' Because you are cold, love. Also I have chanced upon a very important bit of gossip by way of Adelina this very day. The Murrays are wild over our *appartamento;* being English they do not in the least mind being cold. They would take it on the spot if they could get it, and would stay until Easter, perhaps later. What do you say now? ''

'' That that puts a new face on the matter. Of course we must not stand in the way of such a chance for the Montaldi. Filia, strictly under our breath — do you fancy that our friends would be as well pleased to have other tenants, on account of Junia? ''

'' No, there is nothing in that. They are all *innamorati* of the darling, and I am convinced that even the Marchesa has no suspicion of the relation between her and her adored Paolo. The old gentleman is too much the Machiavelli to stir his whole family to take up arms against him, so he evidently keeps his own counsel.''

'' That has been my impression, too.''

'' Oh, it surely must be so. Why, only yesterday the Marchesa said to me, ' Ah, *Cara*

mia, if only it could have been you or your charming friend Junia who could come into our family! You are not foreigners, you are heart of our hearts.' This was said just after Teresa Manni had left us, and I knew perfectly what her little sigh and all signified. That girl is really more than can be borne."

"Just one other thing is possible, — the Murrays may have been quietly influenced by some agent of the old Marchese. He is afraid, no doubt, of further visits from Junia if we were to remain."

"What an imagination! You have been studying the history of the Jesuits, I judge."

"Still, the Marchese is a fighter."

"I'll fight him! I'll fight him!" cried Filia, clenching and brandishing her fists with theatrical defiance. "Shall I suffer two young hearts to be broken? Never! Hither my trusty blade," and she threw herself into the attitude of a fencer and made mock lunges with uplifted arm at an invisible antagonist. Suddenly resuming her ordinary manner she said quietly,

"All is well. Junia has had a letter from the Lieutenant. I heard from her to-day. He is perfectly safe, and his manly naval heart is true to Poll. Also he glories in her grit in de-

claring herself to his stern parent; — proud as Lucifer of her plainly. A good place to close volume one, *non è vero?* ''

'' Very good indeed. But about our starting all of a sudden for Sicily? ''

'' *Aspetto un momento!* ''

Filia had already rung for coals, and our rosy Carolina now appeared with smiling *Buona sera Signora's* and built up a fire of quite generous proportions, brushed the hearth tidily, removed the tea-tray, placed a lamp ready to hand for the hour succeeding '' early candle light.'' Then, with an entirely fresh series of *buona seras,* their enthusiasm in no smallest degree abated, she vanished.

'' Ecco! '' exclaimed Filia, who was now cuddled in the recesses of a vast armchair covered in shabby red damask, drawn to face mine before the fire. '' The time has come, the walrus said, to talk of many things. This is what I have to declare; ever since Christmas we have been in training for Sicily. We know almost too much for our own good. You may not have reached that degree of perfection, but I believe that I should know Frederick II from Hiero I if I met them on the street in Palermo.''

'' Filia! Hiero was never in Palermo.''

'' Certainly not. But the Sicilian Vespers

were. I have them thoroughly straightened out, I approve of them; they expiated the death of Conradin, the nicest boy in history."

"Do you know Enceladus from Empedocles?"

"Not yet, I am waiting to decide which is which, when I am on the spot."

"Oh, how ridiculous you are! You don't even know what spot."

"Private advices say that the almond blossoms are now in perfection in Sicily. *Dahin, dahin o mein Geliebte, lasset uns ziehen!*"

"But even with almond blossoms Sicily may be cold. Does your tutor positively affirm that this year Sicily is to be warm in February? I have become, I admit, utterly incredulous about these sunny southern lands. They may be warm on all other occasions, but the moment I arrive they turn cold. Even roses which bloom in January do not keep one warm, however charming they sound on hotel prospectuses."

"Sicily is to be warm in February this year. That is provided for. Also the hotels we shall frequent are well heated. Fear nothing! You have only to trust yourself to Daphnis and Filia. There is no sea trip to dread. Is it then decided? Cook has the tickets, we have the money, the Murrays are knocking at our doors.

Can you be ready to start on Thursday, this being Monday? ”

In the silence I heard the sleet as it rattled against the tall casements.

“ Filia,” I replied, “ I can.”

“ The halcyons will lull the waves and lull the deep and the south wind and the east, that stirs the sea-weeds on the farthest shores, the halcyons that are dearest to the green-haired mermaids, of all the birds that take their prey from the salt sea. Let all things smile on Ageanax to Mytelene sailing, and may he come to a friendly haven. And I, on that day, will go crowned with anise, or with a rosy wreath, or a garland of white violets, and the fine wine of Ptelea I will dip from the bowl as I lie by the fire, while one shall roast beans for me in the embers. And elbow-deep shall the flowery bed be thickly strewn with fragrant leaves and with asphodel and with curled parsley. . . .”

The small blue Theocritus dropped from Filia’s hand and fell upon the turf thickly sown with daisies and marigolds. A faint fragrance was stirred by the breeze from a basket full of great purple violets which lay by her side. Her eyes followed mine across the grassy basin,

upon whose asphodel crowned rim we reclined, to the vast, crumbling arches of pale red masonry rising from wild acanthus and aloe on the further side. Beyond these was set a scene whose beauty took the breath; down far below this great height in the foreground upon grey sands the shallow waves of a turquoise sea broke in surf and musical uproar; the curves of the coastline swept on, bold, suave, foam-laced, and were lost in a violet distance; white villages were scattered over the green and fertile lowlands which bound the sea; beyond these rose the hills of Castiglione; over all brooded Etna, majestic in imperial purple, its head veiled in smoke. Fleecy clouds, passing along the mountain's shoulder, parted to disclose vast untrodden stretches of snow.

Our eyes turned from this grandeur overgreat; at our right, fierce and scarred, the peak of La Maestra pierced the blue of the sky. Down where its rigours of sterile stone soften, where the slopes grow green and flush with the bloom of orchards, lay a white-walled town; we heard the sound of church bells from its towers. The town is Taormina; these ruins are of its ancient Greek theatre; far down, where the surf breaks upon the sands, that low flat point is Capo Schizo; there first in the

year 735 B. C., the Greeks, led by the Athenian, Theocles, entered Sicily to remain and make it their own. Naxos was the town they founded. Upon the strand beside that little river Cantara they built the altar of Apollo Archegetes, the god who had guided them to this enchanting shore. Then and there they began the history of Sicily, Trinacria to the Greeks, its three angles the three famous capes, Passaro, Pelorus and Lilybæum.

But Theocles did not bring the gods of Greece as strangers into Sicily: the lovely island had long been their happy hunting-ground, as we all know from Homer and Virgil. In fact it was the "blessed gods" who first ruled these enchanted shores, Kronos, Zeus, Aphrodite, Vulcan (Hephaistos) and the rest; here Zeus overcame "impetuous Typhon," for he

> "with sleepless thunder watching,
> Hurl'd headlong a flame-breathing bolt, and laid
> The big-mouthed vaunter low. Struck to the heart
> With blasted strength, and shrunk to ashes, there
> A huge and helpless hulk, outstretched he lies,
> Beside the salt sea's strait, pressed down beneath
> The roots of Ætna, on whose peaks Hephaestus
> Sits hammering the hot metal. Thence, one day,
> Shall streams of liquid fire, swift passage forcing,
> With savage jaws the wide-spread plains devour
> Of the fair-fruited Sicily."

Thus Æschylus in the Prometheus Bound, but more frequently the Typhon who lies under the "roots of Etna," is named Enceladus. Longfellow thus describes him:

"Under Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

"And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes;
They talk together and say,
'To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise!'"

The cult of Aphrodite was brought to Sicily by the Phœnicians; its chief seat was Mount Eryx not far from Lilybæum, in the extreme west. (Lilybæum occupied the present site of Marsala; Mount Eryx is now Monte San Giuliano.) Eryx was son of Aphrodite by Butes, one of the Argonauts, son of Neptune. Herakles is much in evidence in Sicilian mythology; bringing away the oxen of Geryon, King of Hesperia, he swims the Straits to Messina (known to the Greeks as Zankle) in pursuit of an ox strayed from the drove, has an encounter with King Eryx, defeats him and marches in

triumph through the island. Minos and Dædalus of Cretan fame are distinguished here also.

But the immortal myth of Sicily, the one altogether poetic and compelling, is that of Demeter and Persephone. I cannot do better than review the story in the version of Mr. Crawford in his "Rulers of the South": —

"From Demeter springs the lovely fable-allegory of the seed hidden in the earth, dead half the year and half the year alive again. For of Demeter, by Zeus, was born Kore, the 'Maiden,' the girl Persephone, who played in Sicilian fields with maiden Athene and maiden Artemis and each chose a playground of her own. Athene took Himera, on the north, for hers, and on the east Artemis chose Ortygia in the sea; but Kore (Persephone) loved best the fruitful land of Enna in the island's heart, where violets grew so close and sweet that the Huntress's own hounds could follow no scent there, and the chase ended among the flowers. There Kore wandered, gathering the violets to make a dark blue mantle for her father Zeus, the sky-king; but though the meadows were so fair, the gate of Hades was close at hand, among the trees at the foot of Enna's hill, and thence dark Pluton, master of hell, watched her

with glowing eyes, and sprang forward at last and took her in his arms to bear her away. But when he was hard by Syracuse, the nymph Kyane, Kore's playmate, leaped lightly from the woods and prayed with all her heart for her friend's freedom, but could not move the raging god to mercy: so she sank to earth and was lost in her own tears, which made a deep, translucent well, the most beautiful of all springs in the world to this day. After that Demeter went out to seek for her lost daughter, and lighted Ætna's fires for a torch, but could not find her, for Kore had eaten the seed of the pomegranate in Pluton's house, was wedded and could only come back for half the year. Therefore Zeus gave her Sicily for a wedding gift."

It is interesting to trace the local setting of this tale in Sicily to-day. Given their choice of playground Athene, we are told in the mythology of the island, took for her own Himera, and bestowed upon the region abundance of healing springs; to-day, travelling by rail on the northern coast twenty miles distant from Palermo, one passes through Termini Imerse, i. e. *Thermæ Himerenses,* where, hard by the ancient Himera, are still popular medicinal springs. Artemis, choosing Ortygia, was given

by the nymphs the immortal fountain of Arethusa which is still shown to every one who visits Syracuse. The ever famous meadows of Enna which shook when Pluto emerged from Tartarus to abduct Persephone, lie round about Castrogiovanni in the centre of Sicily and have always been the seat of an aboriginal worship of Demeter and her daughter. The Fountain of Cyane still springs among the papyrus, close to Syracuse and is reached by boat on the river Anapus, a regulation guide-book excursion.

The gods then, according to the poets, first peopled "fair-fruited Sicily," with their train of demi-gods, Cyclops, Læstrygones, Scylla and Charybdis, Calypso, Circe and other marvellous beings. According to historians, however, Sicily's earliest inhabitants were two great tribes of Latin derivation, the Sicanians and Sicelians. Thucydides declares that the Sicanians were immigrants from the river Sicanus in Iberia; the Sicelians came from Italy and inhabited the east, pushing the weak and inferior Sicani westward. There is mention made of a third pre-historic tribe in Sicily, the Elymi; if such there were they must have been of Oriental origin. They are vaguely associated with the Phœnicians who discovered Sicily before the Greeks and made important

settlements along the coast, Panormus (Palermo) notably.

In the migration to Sicily from Greece, which began in the eighth century B. C., the lead was taken by the Ionians from Calchis, who followed Theocles when he came to Sicily as a colonizer and established Naxos; next came Dorian Greeks from Corinth. These last named were led by Archias, who founded Syracuse on the small island of Ortygia. Leontini, the only Greek colony not on the coast, was founded in 729 B. C. Catana, Megara-Hyblæa followed on the coast between Naxos and Syracuse; then Zankle, now Messina. Rhodians in 689 B. C. built the town of Gela which became powerful and prosperous, and, in turn, sent out a new colony. This was Akragas, built on the square tableland, between the two rivers, the Akragas and the Hypsos, and near the southern sea. The Greek Akragas was known to the Romans as Agrigentum, to us moderns as Girgenti. Selinus, on the southwest shore, was founded in 623 B. C. The last Greek settlements were made on the Lipari islands, 530 B. C.

The Greeks, by conquest or by conciliation, soon won over the primitive peoples on the ground before them, and for four hundred years they were the ruling power in Sicily.

Their cities became centres of a very high degree of civilization, but among them all Syracuse acquired supreme influence, akin to that of London in the British Isles or Paris in France. The splendour of Greek life and supremacy in Sicily only faded when the Romans, with their surpassing faculty for organization and government, came upon the scene in the third century B. C.

In the third century Sicilian idyllic poetry sprang to life with the genius of Theocritus. Of this revival John A. Symonds writes with his wonted poetic charm as follows: —

"During the short period in which Bacchic poetry flourished under Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, Syracuse remained beneath the sceptre of Hiero II. While the bloody strife was being waged between Rome and Carthage for the empire of the Mediterranean, Syracuse, intermediate between the two great combatants, was able not only to maintain a splendid independence under the sway of her powerful Tyrant, but also to afford the Romans signal aid upon the battlefields of Sicily. In Sicily the Sun of Greece still shone with some of its old radiance on the spots where, before Athens had assumed the intellectual supremacy of Hellas, poetry, philosophy and all the arts of life had



RUINS OF THE GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA — BY BARON VON GLOEDEN.

first displayed their splendid springtime. This land in which the April of the Greek spirit had disclosed the earliest flowers, now bore the last but not least lovely wreath of autumn. The winter was soon coming. Rome and her Verres were already looking upon Trinacria as their prey, and the Idyllic garland was destined to crown with exotic bloom the brow of Virgil."

Is it matter for wonder that I found myself that February morning in the Greek theatre at Taormina wholly content to know Greece by way of Sicily? Others have done this before me. For Guy de Maupassant thus records his impressions of Taormina:

"If a man could pass but one day in Sicily and should ask, What is it necessary to see there? I should reply without hesitation, Taormina. There is nothing there but a landscape, but a landscape in which one finds all that which seems created on earth to seduce the eyes, the mind and the imagination. . . . One traverses the village and goes to the Greek theatre for sunset. . . . This is so marvellously placed that in all the world there can hardly exist another point comparable. . . . When one visits a country which the Greeks have colonized it is necessary only to visit their theatres in order to find the most beautiful points of

view. If they placed their temples just at the spot where they would best adorn the *horizon* — they placed their theatres, on the contrary, just on the spot where they themselves would be most affected by the prospect. . . . So many poets have sung of Greece that each one of us carries an image of it in himself; each believes to know it a little . . . each dreams of it as he wishes. For me Sicily has realized this dream; it has shown me Greece."

CHAPTER X

TAORMINA

WE had left Rome on February fourth and it was hard to leave, but the hour had struck for Sicily. In Naples we had had two days of thrilling and yet intimate delight, for we have always been so singular as to love Naples. We have loved it from the strand, from the elevation of Parco Margherita, from the loftier terraces of the Bertolini, but we found that we had never known Naples until now.

By a favouring fortune we had come into touch with Miss Leavitt, the American woman whose Christian work among Italian university students has met with such extraordinary success. Miss Leavitt, for just one year, had her habitation and social centre in Palazzo Lemme on the Vomero hard by Castel Sant' Elmo. We reached Naples just before that year expired, and were Miss Leavitt's guests. Thus we learned Naples anew, from that glorious height

where from our balcony we overlooked not only all Naples, Vesuvius, the Sorrentine peninsula, Capri and the Bay, but also Procida and Ischia. I think it, on the whole, well nigh the noblest prospect I have ever looked upon, as I think that from Taormina the most enchanting, that from Ravello being like unto it. Why does not some enterprising person place a good hotel upon the Vomero?

Miss Leavitt's hospitality was a charming blend of American and Italian, a thing to be remembered while we live. The student work created by her is one of the strongest existing influences for a higher development of social, moral and religious standards among the young men of Naples. Henceforth its headquarters are to be found in Via Roma.

Much was said in Naples of the remarkable new discoveries in Pompeii, consisting of houses in the best possible state of preservation, and of which the frescoes (as shown by the lovely Flora here reproduced) are of the highest order. The houses themselves were not as yet accessible.

Two days are little for Naples, especially if one knows it well. Filia and I devoted one morning to visiting churches. Not because any church in Naples is beautiful, but for the sake



"FLORA" — A FRESCO FROM POMPEII.

of the tombs of the Angevine kings and other concerns of strong historic interest I would mention these:

Santa Maria del Carmine, where Conradin, last of the Hohenstaufen, lies buried; the original tomb is marked by the inscription R. C. C. (*Regis Conradini Corpus*), and Thorwaldsen's beautiful statue suggests something of the tragic charm of the prince; the Church of Santa Chiara is approached by a court off the Strada S. Trinità Maggiore and is the Westminster Abbey of Naples; the tombs of Robert the Wise and members of his family are really noble, but the Giotto frescoes, with which the church was once adorned, have been whitewashed! Close to Santa Chiara is the Church of San Domenico Maggiore, well worth a visit if only for the Sacristy where, among nearly fifty coffins covered with scarlet, borne high in air, is seen that of Marchese de Pescara, husband of Vittoria Colonna, his portrait, torn banner, and short sword given him by Francis I at Pavia, are above. In the Duomo, which was begun in 1272 by Charles of Anjou, is the grave of poor Andreas of Hungary, first husband of the adventurous Joanna of Provence and Naples;[1] pathetic the inscription: *Andreae*

[1] See Author's "Spell of France," p. 61 *et seq.*

Caroli Uberti Pannoniae regis f. Neapolitanorum regi Joannae uxoris dolo et laqueo necato Ursi Minutili pietate hic recondito. In the same transept, the north, is found the sarcophagus of Sinibaldo Fieschi, the Genoese Pope, Innocent IV, with its interesting inscription. Many other notables, famous and infamous, are buried here.

The second night we were off for Sicily; leaving Naples at eight o'clock by the Calabrian Railroad for Messina en route to Taormina.

Eternal springs the question, shall one go from Naples to Sicily by land or by water? Sicily being an island the question may sound a little absurd, but the fact that the Straits are crossed in the railway carriages placed upon the ferry at Reggio Calabria makes the trip from Naples to Taormina essentially a land journey all the way. From my own experience I should advise against going to Messina by steamer from Naples, an account of the tedious and often difficult landing at Messina in small boats. This trouble is not encountered in landing at Palermo, and the journey either there or to Messina in good weather by sea is sufficiently agreeable. It can, however, be a very tempestuous affair, and in winter, a

winter beginning in November and ending with April, I consider it a dubious experiment. On the other hand, the journey by steamer costs hardly more than half that by rail, as it is necessary to go at night, and sleeping cars, as is the case commonly on the Continent, are an expensive luxury. The question accordingly may be answered in one way by the hardy and venturous or the economical; in another by the timid and ease requiring.

On this occasion we were of the latter class, the month of February not inviting us to take to the Mediterranean in a small coastwise steamer; furthermore it was essential to our scheme of seeing Sicilian towns in something of a chronological sequence that we begin at Taormina, where the Greeks began, instead of at Palermo where they never even ended.

We found our stateroom on the sleeper sumptuous and seemly as compared with a section in a Pullman sleeper at home; we luxuriated in its privacy and comforts. All night we passed through tunnels which required frequent opening and closing of the carriage window, and I acquired the habit, Filia sleeping the sleep of youth, of sitting by the window an hour or so at a time. I thus caught fleeting glimpses of the stern, bare peaks of the Cala-

brian Apennines; the tideless, silent sea veiled by spectral olives; of castles and watch towers of fascinating contour silhouetted on the sea, of beacons and lighthouses flashing their lights across it. The early morning brought us sight of ancient Scylla's rock, castle-crowned and imposing; the modern name Scilla, is pronounced by Italians, *Shilla.* The whirlpool of Charybdis is not distinctly in evidence, indeed it has not been since the time of Strabo; however, we pleased ourselves with recalling Homer's picture: "On the one hand lay Scylla and on the other mighty Charybdis in terrible wise sucked down the salt water."

There was little time, however, for classic quotation for we had to change cars at once, and it was an hour later when we found ourselves, quietly seated in an ordinary railway carriage, being ferried across the Straits, here but six miles wide, towards Messina low lying on the Sicilian shore. There was some confusion in the changing cars, managing a hasty cup of coffee at the moment of embarkation at San Giovanni and I have no recollection of the Italian shore as we glided away from it. The piteous aspect of the ruins of Messina, however, the one impossible hotel named for the queen, with the melancholy huddle around it of

low red-roofed, shed-like dwellings, cannot be forgotten. We were glad that we could soon leave it behind and turn south between the sea on the left and cragged hills on the right, their base richly clothed in orchards where myriads of golden lemons and oranges hung amid the dark and glossy leaves.

At Giardini, not long after ten o'clock, our railroad journey ended; we were stowed with all our luggage in a roomy *carozze* and began the ascent to Taormina. Before we left the rail we had been peering with intense curiosity from the carriage windows up the mountain-side. Long grey walls of sundry hotels alone indicated that we were approaching the place of which we had dreamed for years, and which we had so often heard described as the most beautiful spot on earth. And now Taormina hung directly over our heads, and to my own thought seemed a sword of Damocles, waiting to destroy my extravagant expectations. For, truth to tell, the dusty road up which we wound between whitened clumps of prickly pear, the arid mountainside rising above us, belted by the long horizontal line of house roofs, suggested no surpassing charm close at hand. At the extreme right was one great hotel, the Castello à Mare, at the extreme left

lay the grave, cloistered walls of San Domenico, but we were bound to neither of these, but, with the confidence of ignorance, to the Timeo, the one seat of all perfection in Taormina, as we had been well advised.

Why we had not written ahead to the Timeo I do not know; some vague adventurous desire of discovery probably was at the bottom of the omission, but I am assured it would have made no difference. In February, the season in Taormina, the Timeo is always full with its permanent clientêle of Taormina initiates. The curious thing about the Timeo is that the moment you leave the hotel it disappears; I have never been able to find it from above or below, but it has gates of entrance at the head of a street crowded with curio and photograph shops and at this gate, under the very shadow of the Græco-Roman theatre, we cheerfully descended from our carriage. Discomfiture awaited us. A lordly being, panoplied in overweening success, told us that not a room was vacant nor would be in a month; the price of pension for the fortunate, was twenty-five lire. Being perfectly safe, I tried to look as if this were a trifle to me, and asked the being for advice as to where to go. He recommended Hotel Metropole, and we rattled down and en-



A Sicilian Cart



tered the Corso where German and English tourists hovered in their national costumes, *de voyage* or darted from shop to shop, like drab butterflies in a clover field.

We were bound for the Metropole and yet — there was the Bristol; we had passed it as we drove up from Giardini, a little below the town. It had been commended by friends; it had a garden, a pension rate of nine lire, and a view of Etna, evidently the things one lives for in Taormina. The steep, stony and ill-smelling street between it, and this proper plane of life up in the town, however, seemed formidable; the notion was rejected. But just then, on our right, directly on the street appeared the sign "Hotel Vittoria." Echoes of Douglass Sladen's rapturous description of this inn sprang to mind. Impulsively Filia smote the cocchiere hip and thigh, as was necessary to make an impression, so loud was the rattling of our wheels on the rough stones of the pavement. Surprised, he reined in his bony horse and watched our impetuous, and, as he doubtless believed, mistaken attack upon the wrong hotel.

I have never been able to trace the wanderings required to enter the Hotel Vittoria: they are labyrinthine. There were small instalments of stairs, interspersed with long, wind-

ing corridors which suddenly led into sun parlours or gardens, crossed by bridges, then more stairs, more galleries, and at last we were ushered into a large room with a balcony. From the balcony the gentle voiced, large-eyed Padrone, Don Giovanni, assured us Etna could be seen when the morning mists rolled away. At present we seemed to see everything else which either of us could think of. A series of enclosed gardens first, gay with geraniums, set thick with the enormous Sicilian water jars. Terrace rose above terrace, rich in groves of orange and lemon, here and there puffs of pink from the just blossoming almond-trees; above them cypresses pricked the vivid blue of the sky and beyond rose a really incredible cliff. Below us lay a chaos of crumpled and moss grown roofs; still beyond the blue of the Ionian sea.

Filia and I held hurried consultation, mindful of the cocchiere below, and the advice of the man at the Timeo.

"Here is local colour," urged Filia; "it is thoroughly Italian, and Sladen says artists and really charming people always congregate here. Did you look into the dining-room? There were great vases of purple violets or purple iris on all the tables, — no end of local colour!

Most artistic! Doubtless the Metropole is more conventional — but — ''

I turned without further delay to our gentle host and said we would remain. I remember feeling at that moment that nothing on earth would induce me to thread my way back to the street, for I suddenly realized the fatigue of the journey which the first sight of Taormina had caused to be forgotten.

It is needless to elaborate the fact that two days later we were found happily established in the Metropole. My journal for that day has this entry: —

"We soon found formidable objections to the Vittoria, viz: — one hundred steps from street to room; uncleanly housekeeping; *no* plumbing; garden, although most picturesque, so untidy as to be unwholesome; food very Sicilian. The Metropole proved irresistible, with its shining cleanness and modern comforts, a first floor room with a glorious great balcony, really a private terrace, having tesselated pavement, Alma Tadema seat, great jars of cactus on the parapet against the sea; below an adorable garden full of heliotrope, roses and orange blossoms. After lunch to-day we moved over with all our belongings, saying everything we could to console Don Giovanni,

who was as nice as possible: he spoke pensively of the loss of his father, Don Zaro, in whose time Mr. Sladen had known the place. Evidently he himself does not know how to keep a hotel, but we like him none the less personally."

Our first visit to the Græco-Roman theatre, to which allusion was made at the beginning of this chapter, ended with a small accident, the straining of an ankle, by reason of which I was confined to my room at the Metropole and its terrace for some days. Perhaps not until that time of quiet was the full power of Taormina's beauty exercised over me; at least I find, in looking over my journal, that I yielded myself to it without reserve then, if not before. In witness whereto, cutting no adjectives, I append these entries from my journal.

Taormina, February 12.

There is surely a spell on this Sicilian shore, almost an intoxication on a morning like this. Sprays of crimson bougainvillia flare out against the blue sea, roses, geraniums, heliotrope, — a thousand blossoms, wild and tame, are giving out their colour and fragrance on an atmosphere fresh as a new creation from above, but warm as the gold the sun scatters like pre-

cious coin along the line of the breakers far, far below. Terraced almond orchards fall to the sea; their blossoms this very week make all Sicily incomparable, although they come later here than in Girgenti, where they must be even now on the wane. Their season is, however, several weeks in length. They are everywhere in undreamed profusion and give a halo of grace and charm, look where I may. The individual blossom is very large and seen from within the corolla, snow white; outside it is streaked and shaded with crimson giving to the cluster a rosy effect, paler than that of the peach blossom, which, in general, they resemble.

Taormina, February 16. On the Terrace.

I rose at 5.30 and limped out here, prescience of sunrise having seized me. The hour which followed transcends in majesty, beauty and glory of the external world all in my memory. Etna declared itself without a veil of cloud, only the puff of smoke lay like a plume a little below the summit; the mighty shape stood out cold and ghostly in its snows against a colourless sky. In the east the first faint flush of sunrise was climbing towards the zenith and a keen sickle of a moon hung over the steely blue of the sea. There followed an antiphony of col-

our, between Etna and the sun beyond human power to reproduce; each accentuation of colour in the east summoned a new flush of pale rose on the snows of the mountain, until, when the lord sun rose red above the sea, the whole of Etna flamed crimson like the rose of Paradise, fold on fold. Above Etna hung a single luminous cloud, shaped like a mighty, hovering wing, which caught and wore the sun's colours also. Far down its lower slopes the mountain lay in violet gloom, every human habitation declaring itself in the jewel-like sparkling of its windows. Birds sang joyously to greet the morning. It was a great moment.

Now the broader light of common day is here. I have slept again, wakened and returned with Filia to the terrace and here, on this February morning, under the open sky we sit, I in my *chaise longue,* breakfast of rolls, honey and coffee just over, and the tray removed. Filia has brought out a jar of almond blossoms for the centre of the table and two glasses of violets, fragrant and fresh. Taormina overflows with them.

"Will you have *La Vie Errante,* or Arnold or Theocritus?" she asks, then catching some silent rapture in my glance, murmurs,

"'Oh, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.'"

There is a knock within. Filia receives the morning mail, and a hand full of American letters enriches the morning's radiance. When these are read we discover a letter from Rome, from Giulia di Montaldo to me, whom she calls her Mother Confessor. Her purpose of studying nursing to fit herself for service in the wars which men say are inevitably coming she declares is now fixed. Never was the routine of Roman fashionable life less interesting, although never to Adelina more enchanting. The mother is quietly inclined to fall in with Giulia's wishes; the child is already in regular attendance at certain lectures at the —— hospital. We are sure that she will carry her point in the end. A distinctly refreshing type of Italian girl!

Filia is gone now to climb Mola, as is meet for the young and nimble. I am almost glad of my wrenched ankle since now I am not even asked to do strenuous things.

So here I lie. Really it seems as if this, *this* is the perfect moment of life. The air is ineffably soft and perfumed by the great shrubs of heliotrope which blossom just below my terrace: the sun shines from a glorious sky where only a few billowing white cumuli float as if it were midsummer. Sheer below me fifty feet,

enclosed by a high wall, is a grove of orange and lemon trees. The wall is pierced by a doorway, wreathed in ivy and rose vines, great pink roses lift their heads above the arch. Beyond this is a long terrace shaded with mammoth umbrellas; under two of these artists are at work. This terrace ends in a wilderness of almond blossoms; from them rises the ancient tower of San Domenico; then Etna. All around is the great sweep of the sea, and in my ears the music of the breakers. It is indescribably, infinitely beautiful. Truly a land for the blessed gods! And, oh, the difference between looking up to Taormina and looking down!

Taormina is not, after all, merely a landscape or solely a rapture. It epitomizes Sicily's story.

Before the advent of the Greeks the summit of Mount Taurus was a citadel of the Sicelians. From it they were driven by the Chalcidian founders of Naxos on the strand below, but in course of time they returned. In 394 B. C. the Sicelians were strongly entrenched in their fortified town of Tauromenium and withstood the siege of the powerful Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse, who came against them on account

of their alliance with Carthage, evermore foe of the Greek-Sicilian civilization. At a later time the population of Naxos was transferred to the heights of Mount Taurus and Tauromenium again became Greek. The site of Naxos is now covered by a lemon orchard. About 340 B. C. Timoleon, the Corinthian, landed at Tauromenium, found hospitable reception and was supported in his march toward Syracuse. He overthrew the tyranny of Dionysius II and became the wisest ruler in Sicilian annals.

But already Rome's power loomed large. In the year 278 B. C. the Roman general, Pyrrhus, coming from Locri landed at Tauromenium, and made it for a time base of operations against Syracuse held by the Carthaginians now all powerful in Sicily. In the end, Tauromenium became Romanized, and just here we come upon the phrase Græco-Roman, as applied to the famous theatre of Taormina. Built originally by its Greek citizens, this colossal structure fell later into Roman hands, and was in process of time by them rebuilt. The conception, the site are Greek; the present masonry and columns are Roman. "No Greek," it has been said, "would have reared a gallery of columns above the theatre, but one may well

forgive the bad taste of the Roman architect for the sake of the something romantic which clings to the ruins of his work.''

The fact that this theatre of Taormina was planned for audiences of more than thirty thousand gives sufficient proof of the size and consequence of the town during the Græco-Roman period.

According to tradition Christianity first touched Sicily, as did the Greeks, eight hundred years earlier, at Naxos. In the fortieth year of our Lord an evangelist named Pancras was sent out from Antioch by Saint Peter to carry the gospel to Sicily. He landed on the shore below Tauromenium and there began his work, according to an inscription affixed to his statue, which still stands near the ancient site of Naxos. Outside the Porta di Messina stands to-day the church of San Pancrazio, dedicated to this first Bishop of Taormina.

In 902 A. D. Taormina fell, with all Sicily, into the hands of the Moors, and was held by them until the Norman Conquest, 1078. Many are the Saracenic remains in walls and towers and catacombs. To the mediæval period belong the exquisite thirteenth century ruin of the Badia Vecchia, the interesting Palazzo Corvaia, and divers lesser remains.



STREET SCENE, TAORMINA.

These touches of antiquity and mediævalism, its gates, its clock towers, its fine old fountain, its pergolas and villas, contribute no little to the charm of Taormina. The town is always picturesque, occasionally fine, frequently squalid indeed, but the squalor is kept well out of sight of the tourist, the tourist being Taormina's chief industry and given to fastidiousness. Aside from the landscape of all the tourist delights here offered at this season chief are the climate, the flowers, great Mongibello (so the Sicilians call Etna) and the Greek theatre. This last remains a world wonder in the majestic audacity of its setting, — flung up against the sky line to range among the rugged peaks which overhang Taormina, — in the state of its preservation, most of all in the surpassing glory of its prospect. And all this is as open and free as sky and air from sunrise to sunset. What wonder that the nomads of Europe have marked Taormina for their own?

Here is the only drawback. When John Henry Newman, in 1833, wrote in his "Tauromenium" —

> "And feel an awe within thee rise,
> That sinful man should see
> Glories far worthier seraph's eyes
> Than to be shared by thee,"

he did not have to share the seraphic glories with the pushing, noisy crowd of Teutonic tourists who nowadays, at this time of year, pour into Italy as did their barbarian ancestors, bent on destruction, in the early centuries of our era. In Rome they are in evidence; in Sicily they are everywhere and, as always, they covet earnestly the best gifts.

In Taormina the Germans come and go; the resident colony is chiefly English, with a few Americans. This contingent sets a permanent stamp upon the place.

There are English tea-rooms; there is an English circulating library; there are English shops. One hears English spoken everywhere, as if one were in Florence. Lady Hill is perhaps the most influential English resident; her villa is surrounded by entrancing gardens, and her chapel is used for the local Anglican services; the very interesting lacemakers' school in the Strada di Giovanni is under her patronage. Another centre of social life is found in the studios of Charles King Wood, the American artist, who has lived and painted in Taormina for thirteen years. His Sunday afternoons are a delightful feature of the social life here; his apartment, his water colours and his hospitality are alike charming. Artists,

poets and novelists abound in Taormina; on the whole, most people who remain long seem to be rather famous. We felt it not only a misfortune but mark of a certain inferiority when we confessed ourselves birds of passage. Filia was assured that she would be given a " perfectly beautiful time " if she would only stay for Carnival.

Filia and I loved the Metropole, but even better, at the hour of afternoon tea, we loved, for change, the terrace of the Timeo or the gardens of San Domenico, and to those charmèd spots we were wont to repair. The first time we started to visit San Domenico we made a discovery and were turned aside. Nearly opposite the hotel, we noticed a doorway in a high and ivied wall, itself ivied and overhung with a rosy cascade of almond blossoms from a tree within. A sign indicated that we were at liberty to enter, and rather timidly we did so, finding ourselves in a small garden brimful of violets and surrounded along the inner wall with cages filled with birds. The air seemed fairly throbbing with music; a Syrian bulbul and an Indian *scharma* led the orchestra, the indescribable liquid melody of their notes clear above all the rest. Facing us a low house front, cream tinted, was almost

covered by a most magnificent bougainvillia, whose crimson sprays swayed in the wind across the open door towards which we turned.

On the threshold of this romantic abode we were received by the owner, Baron von Gloeden, with whose inimitable photographs we were already familiar. Our chance entrance turned into a social incident for coffee and repartee were following. We were glad to meet the artist whose achievement in the photography of Greek Sicilian types remains unequalled. Each photograph is the distinct creation of a master's hand; Von Gloeden has surprised the secret of the Sicilian genius, the Sicilian landscape, the Sicilian architecture.

Much, very much more might be written of Taormina, of its power to cast a spell upon one's spirit and bind one with chains. There were moments when I was quite ready to abandon our projected journey and spend all the weeks until May on this celestial plane. It was in such a moment of meditation that Filia shocked me, I may say, excessively.

"I am bored," she said. "Isn't it time to go on to Syracuse?"

"Bored, my child, in all this loveliness? How can you be?"

"Paradise palls upon my taste, *Mammina.*



"THE GENIUS OF SICILY" — BY BARON VON GLOEDEN.

Too much sweetness, too much perfection, I suppose, too much asphodel and wild honey. I can't enjoy hard enough to do it justice. Then, besides, I feel as if I must have elbow room; being in Taormina is like being a china shepherdess on a mantelshelf. Supposing her legs movable she could only move along her narrow shelf; there is a precipice above it and another beneath. I want to stretch!"

"It is true," I commented slowly, "that you cannot *roam* in Taormina; you can climb or you can plunge."

"Very well," said Filia conclusively; "I am ready to roam."

I was amazed to find that I was also! This is my conclusion: for Taormina as an abiding place the whole season is not too long; for the passing traveller two weeks suffice.

Before we face the stony rigours of Syracuse, for which the sensuous delights of Taormina ill prepare us, let us have in view for reference an outline of the sequence of powers which in turn have dominated Sicily.

Gods, heroes, demi-gods and Titans, followed by:

Pre-historic Tribes, Sicanians, Sicelians, Phœnicians, Elymians.

735 B. C. to 210 B. C. The Greeks.

210 B. C. to 440 A. D. The Romans.

440 A. D. to 535 A. D. The Vandals, Goths and Ostrogoths.

535 to 827. The Byzantine Emperors, ruling from Constantinople.

827 to 1072. The Arabs or Saracens.

1072 to 1268. The Normans and Hohenstaufens.

1268 to 1700. The French and Spanish.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century until 1860, when by the plebiscite of October twenty-first, Sicily joined the new kingdom of Italy, all coherent history of Sicily as a separate principality is lost. Joined to Naples, the dual kingdom had then been already known for two centuries as the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. This kingdom had become the victim of the worst forms of Bourbon oppression, until, as has been eloquently said, "nothing was left to Sicily but eyes to weep and the undying memory of her rights."



A VIEW OF THE EAST COAST OF SICILY.

CHAPTER XI

SIRACUSA GRANDE

FEBRUARY twentieth found Filia and me on our pilgrim way to "glorious Syracuse," "greatest of Greek cities, and the fairest of all cities." Such was the verdict of antiquity.

Our journey lay at first along a smiling coast, green with wheat fields, rosy with orchard bloom, gay with a wealth of wild flowers, the whole dominated by Etna's snowy dome. After Catania we came by a sterner shore, rock-ribbed and sterile, but we still had glimpses of Etna, receding, pale and wraith-like, and always at our left, lay the Ionian Sea. Early in the afternoon Syracuse was reached and we found, according to my record of the day, an unspeakably drear, whitey, dusty, repellent caricature of a small modern Italian city, in that all the familiar features in evidence here are done as badly as possible. Spurning every attempt to mislead us put forth by the runner of Casa Politi, a hotel in the heart of the town,

we aimed straight for the omnibus of Villa Politi, armed with our telegram from its proprietor, "Rooms reserved," — and rattled for twenty minutes out through the desolate confines of the town, until, across bare and rocky downs, we saw rise the wide façade of an isolated hotel.

When we drove within the gates of Villa Politi the desert at once rejoiced and blossomed as the rose, for we found ourselves in a vast and varied garden and were welcomed to the quiet comforts of the wide, vine-wreathed hotel.

At five o'clock that evening I made entry in my journal, thus:

Syracuse, Villa Politi, February 20.

We are seated by a small table on our own terrace, Filia and I, a terrace which extends the entire length of a grey stucco house down in the garden at the left of the main hotel. Two French windows open into the room which is ours, with canopied beds like galleys of Cleopatra; a room at least thirty feet long and richly furnished. The house is looked upon generally as the hotel dépendance; we look upon it as our private villa, for we hear and

see almost nothing of other inhabitants and we alone have access to this terrace.

What surrounds us? A complete contrast to that which surrounded us at Taormina. Everything is as level as the sea itself, at whose horizon line we look over the trees. At the far right the houses of Ortygia can be seen; at the left rises the wall of the Cappuccini Convent with a beautiful loggia high up at one corner. The garden is full of flowers; almond-trees shed their blossoms softly upon the ground. We turn to look at the hotel approach behind us: small stout ponies, with scarlet trappings and long stiff feathers erect upon their head stalls, bring carriageloads of guests up to the foot of the steps leading to the great veranda. It is very warm, although the sun is low and a light breeze stirs the ivy on the wall and the fragile fringes of the pepper-tree beyond the low parapet. Birds hop and twitter about us, the sky is violet, the shadows lengthen, the fragrance of hyacinths from the garden beds reaches us. Beyond the walls of the Villa Politi the landscape is of strange aspect to our eyes, — stern, classical, alien, with stiff, dark trees and low tomb-like buildings. Darkness is falling. Secretly we both suffer a violent nostalgia for Taormina.

Villa Politi, February 24.

"Great city of Syracuse, precinct of warrior Ares, of iron-armed men and steeds the nursing-place divine, to thee I come, bearing from my bright Thebes this song, the tidings of earth-shaking racing of the four-horse car, wherein hath Hieron with his goodly chariot overcome, and decked with far-seen splendour of crowns Ortygia, the dwelling-place of Artemis of the river, her by whose help he tamed with soothing hand his colts of spangled rein."

I am reading the Odes of Pindar, the poet whose soul rejoiced in "splendour of white-pillared cities glittering across Ægean and Sicilian seas, splendour of the holy Panhellenic games, of whirlwind chariots and the fiery grace of thoroughbreds, of the naked, shapely limbs of the athlete, man and boy."

We are no longer homesick for the softer delights of Taormina. Every grain of mentality we possess is challenged by the melancholy marvels of Syracuse. And the super-marvel of all, I believe, is within our own precincts, i. e. the Latomia de' Cappuccini.

I have just emerged from the depths of those subterranean halls, and now I am resting in the garden bordering their brink. I have been seeking in the old poets, in the strange world

about me, but seeking in vain, for the word which can make all things clear. For this place, to me, brims over with the mystery of human life on our planet. Syracuse, I am told, when it fell in 878 A. D., was left a labyrinth of ruins "without a living soul." Had it ever a soul, this Greek civilization whose beauty and glory and power were so far beyond our own, and which yet seems lacking in the finer and tenderer virtues? Here, above those incredible depths, all is steeped in tropical sunlight, all is passionately full of colour, of the radiance of life and beauty; below was once pitiless tragedy, and the tragic spirit haunts the place. Here, where I sit, the citizens of Syracuse, 413 B. C., with their wives and children, leaned to look down into those dizzying depths to laugh and gloat over the agonies of the Athenian prisoners of war, perishing before their eyes of starvation and fever. "This garden," writes Symonds of the latomia, "was once the Gethsemane of a nation, where nine thousand free men of the proudest city of Greece were brought by an unexampled stroke of fortune to slavery, shame and a miserable end."

One little touch reveals the intellectual susceptibility of the race, whatever their imperviousness to pity; in the end, those of the Athe-

nian slaves who survived the horrors of the latomia were taken as slaves into Syracusan families, and many of these, being able to delight their masters by chanting choruses of Euripides, were freed and allowed to return to Athens.

Two hours ago Filia and I descended by a long flight of stairs near the hotel entrance into the latomia, which was in origin a quarry; in use a burial place and a prison; and now a garden, — shall I say a sunken garden? Sunken indeed, since nowhere is it less than a hundred feet in depth; often it is more. My first impression was of being in a cañon narrow and profound where perpendicular walls, hung thick with ivy, shut us in on either side. As we wandered on into labyrinthine recesses, endless, tortuous passages led this way and that; the walls attained enormous height, became concave, leaned towards each other; the sky was shut out; the cañon became a sinuous cavern hardly thirty feet wide, its walls of bare rock smoothed by the chisel. Suddenly the rocks receded; we came out into a solemn garden, a garden of olives set thick with cypresses, overgrown with ivy, which hung in masses, heavy and dark; it was a cheerless garden, despite the sunlit summit and the



IN THE DEPTHS OF THE LATOMIA CAPPUCCINI, SYRACUSE.

yellow fruit hanging thick on the lemon and orange-trees. The sparsely blooming iris was of a purple so dark as to suggest mourning; the acanthus grew in too great luxuriance. I have never been in a place whose silence weighed so heavily upon me; constantly I found myself looking up to the gay garden borders above our heads where the guests of the Villa Politi were reading English papers and American magazines in their garden chairs. Could we ever return to the beloved commonplaces of life?

We walked on and on, the labyrinth seeming fairly endless; sometimes it was a dungeon, sometimes a garden; always we were in a semi-twilight. But over all other impressions was that of the terrible might and power of the Syracuse of Gelon, Hiero and Dionysius, "fierce Dionysius who upon Sicily brought dolorous years." I am hopeless of conveying any adequate sense of the immensity of this latomia, but the grandeur of Syracuse in its day of power is overwhelmingly attested by it, for not less than six of these Titanic quarries still exist, where to a depth sometimes of two hundred feet the solid rock was hewn out by tools in human hands to build the walls, the temples, the palaces of the city.

The nature of the limestone rock, friable and porous, is such as to cause it to be worn into strangest shapes by the "teeth of the sci-rocco" and the action of rain. Earthquakes, too, may have had their part to play. Indescribable are the fantastic stony profiles, sometimes of a dazzling white, rising stark against the sky as we looked up; jagged, tooth-like shapes are thrown out laterally; rough-hewn abutments and towers line the walls; in the open great, pillar-like islands, fit for St. Simeon Stylites, soar from the bottom to the surface level, — isolated, whimsical grotesques. From clefts in the rock spring here and there almond-trees, their tender bloom gives a soothing touch to the harsh stone; one pillar-like island, rising a hundred feet sheer from a sea of olive foliage, is crowned with asphodel, as remote from our human grasp as the immortality of which it speaks.

Filia pointed up to the great cacti, which studded the brink of the chasm, far above us.

"Those plants always seem to me to have a kind of satirical cruelty about them. They have taken the place of the Syracusan dames who used to bend over to triumph when the Athenians were perishing down here."

" Ingenious whimsy."

" Not more whimsical than to place a monument to Mazzini here; " Filia pointed down a long, melancholy cypress alley leading to this solitary shaft.

We turned then, retraced our way and climbed back to the amenities of the Politi garden. It follows each curve of the sinuous quarry and everywhere fringes its margin with brilliant bloom.

Evening. By my " ain fireside."

It grew cool towards night and we have a cheerful fire. We walked at sunset over the rocky downs and came home with hands full of wild flowers.

On our table, under the green-shaded electric lamp, are the gleanings of our ramble, — bowls of wild flowers, whose like we never knew. There are great purple anemones with dark, velvety centres; those celebrated by Ovid, I fancy, are the white striped with rose-colour, their stamens scarlet, the anthers velvet black; there are pink wild geraniums, they grow everywhere among ruins; waxy campanella; wild mignonette; candytuft — *fiore di miele;* maiden hair fern; wild thyme, asphodel, rosemary and many more.

Villa Politi, February 26.

We no longer find it difficult to believe that in the fifth century before Christ Syracuse was the most magnificent city in the world if not the largest. Everywhere around us, amid dust and stone, are to be found tokens of that glory which was Greece. The ancient city, apart from the island of Ortygia, was divided into four chief quarters: Achradina (in which lies Villa Politi), Tycha, the Epipolæ and the Neapolis. To-day Ortygia contains all that is left of the city; scattered villas alone line the stony lanes which intersect the great reaches of ancient *quadruplices Syracusæ*. In the city itself we have visited the Fountain of Arethusa, which has nothing of charm save the legend of its origin; the Cathedral of S. Maria delli Colonne, the Castello Maniace (where the Byzantine general made the last stand against the Syracusans, 1038) and the Museum. Ortygia is important in history, and as a feature of the landscape, but we do not care to spend more time there, except in the Museum. That we have visited twice, and expect to visit once more. The Cathedral, originally a magnificent Temple of Minerva, is imposing by reason of the architrave and fourteen Doric columns, left from the temple, incorporated into the church.



THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA, SYRACUSE.

They are six and a half feet in diameter, twenty feet in height and suggest the majesty of the pagan sanctuary, described in glowing terms by Cicero.

Until we saw the museum I believe we both felt Syracuse convincing as to might and majesty but not as to beauty, but within those walls we found rich proof that the Greek genius for beauty in art flourished here in full power in those dim centuries before Christ. I have never seen a more admirably arranged collection, perhaps never one of equal importance, not having visited Athens. The Venus Anadyomene is the most famous of its possessions and worthy of its fame, but the statue of the goddess Hygea is hardly inferior, while the treasure of statuettes of the best period, in terra cotta, alabaster and marble, transcends even these in intimate interest. Hours are required for the coins alone, each coin a work of art signed with its artist's name; many of the heads are portraits of the great tyrants of Syracuse and their wives, and thus of surpassing value as well as beauty. All have on the reverse the quadriga or biga, usually with a Victory flying above the horses' heads.

But no student of Sicily should fail to give careful study to the collection of pre-historic

relics, for here we may convince ourselves of those mysterious Sicanians and Sicelians, conquered or absorbed into the Greek civilization in the eighth century before Christ and in the centuries succeeding.

The museum contains a highly important exhibit of utensils, lamps, weapons and the like, found in and about Syracuse, and most lovely are the Greek urns and vases which alone fill one room. The whole Museum is thoroughly scholarly in its classification.

This afternoon, spent in the Neapolis, has been memorable, but it has made Syracuse seem as difficult to know, almost, as Rome. This is no place for lotos-eating, but for hard work.

The Neapolis is the very heart and centre of the ruins of the classic *Siracusa grande,* but on our way to it we stopped the carriage at the Christian church of San Giovanni. We were shown about the place by a monk who had an air of desperate and even menacing gloom. With a small lantern he exhibited the crypt of S. Marcian, first Bishop of Syracuse; this is fixed upon as the spot where St. Paul preached when, on his way to Rome, he landed at Syracuse and tarried three days. Originally San Giovanni was a temple of Bacchus, certain pillars of which are built into the walls. Hare



AT THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI, SYRACUSE.

says that no artist will fail to paint the splendid effects of shadow and colour in the crypt of S. Marcian, where the faded frescoes "mingle with the weather stains and mosses of eighteen hundred years." There was an artist on hand in the dusk sure enough, sketching perhaps the inverted column to which the saint was bound when he met his martyr death.

We followed our guide but a short distance down into the Catacombs, the entrance to which is hard by the church. He was not precisely the type of guide one would choose for those subterranean depths. It was a fresh surprise to learn that these catacombs are vastly larger in extent than any in Rome; their origin remains in dispute, but probably they were at first excavated, like the latomiæ, for stone, and, later, used for burial purposes by the Greeks as well as the Romans and Christians. The passages are broad and the chapels frequent; very little of decoration is to be seen; laid out in precise, orderly fashion, it is a veritable city of the dead. The fact that all the while our monk was leading us on with his little lantern he was muttering imprecations under his breath, did not add to our exploring zeal, nor did the knowledge that people have been lost in these passages, and their dead bodies found

four miles from the entrance. These corridors lead to the sea, and all Achradina and the Neapolis are honeycombed by them.

We were glad to emerge from the sinister gloom of the nether world and take our seats again behind the stout little pony, who tossed his tasseled head with glee as we started off again. The Roman amphitheatre, cut out of the rock probably in the comparatively modern time of Augustus, B. C. 21, was next explored. Flowers and jewelled lizards abounded among the mammoth masonry, but, as always, an amphitheatre is a brutal thing to see and we did not linger long.

From the amphitheatre of the Romans it was but a few steps to the theatre of the Greeks, although one must go back in time about five centuries. Its semi-circle of sixty rows of seats, cut into the primitive rock of a gentle slope, surrounds the bow-shaped pit save on the seaward side. All is marvellously well preserved. Here was the stage on which some of the great tragedies of Æschylus first were rendered under the eyes of the poet himself; here Pindar's Odes were sung and the idyls of Theocritus, himself a Syracusan, were chanted; here the noble Timoleon sat to receive the thanks of the people for their liberties restored. I do



THE GREAT HARBOUR, SYRACUSE.

not wonder that this theatre has been called most touching and exquisite of all ruins of this marvellous city.

Noble is the picture of Timoleon, refusing all office in the city he had rendered free, led in his blindness to this theatre to hear the impudent attack of Demænetus on his conduct of the war, and in reply saying this only:

"I thank the Gods that I have once more listened to free speech in Syracuse."

We climbed to the upper tier of the crescent of seats and from there commanded a fine view over the Great Harbour, the island of Ortygia, the Cape of Plemmyrium and the sea. Close behind us, as we stood, was the grotto called the Nymphæum, where from a conduit a stream of water bursts forth with tremendous force. We made our way to the left of this, and after clambering over a waste of rocky ruin entered the Via delle Tombe, really the strangest avenue I have ever seen. Narrow, cut into the solid rock in which deep ruts have been worn by the chariot wheels which passed this way twenty-five centuries ago, the road leads for its entire length between rock-hewn tombs, scooped like Petra in the cliffs, faced with porticoes or left open, despoiled of the urns and sarcophagi which once filled them.

Returning by the eastern ranges of the theatre we reached a spot where we could look down over a wall into the great Latomia del' Paradiso. Seen from this point, it resembled an arena turned orchard and sunk to a prodigious depth below the surface of the earth; there was less of the labyrinthine character than in the Latomia dei Cappuccini. We must explore it to-morrow or next day and find out for ourselves something about the remarkable Ear of Dionysius of which so much is said. It was too late to descend into that deep to-night. As we drove homeward, our carriage having waited for us all this time beside the little *locanda* beyond the theatre, we stopped for a glimpse of the colossal Ara, the Altar of Hiero II, 275 B. C., where holocausts of four hundred and fifty oxen at one time were annually made in sacrifice to Zeus as a thank offering. Imagine an altar six hundred and forty feet long and sixty wide! But not less grandiose was the aqueduct which spanned the road as we drove on; in fact all remnants of the ancient civic life of Syracuse are on so mighty, so imposing a scale that all our modern doings seem those of pygmies in comparison. But only that which is indestructible remains. To quote from Symonds, "What was hewn out of the solid rock — the

semicircle of the theatre, the street of the tombs with its deeply dented chariot-ruts, the gigantic quarries from which the material of the metropolis was scooped, the catacombs which burrow for miles underground — alone prove how mighty must have been the Syracuse of Dionysius."

I append here a few dates which seem necessary for use even during a brief stay in Syracuse.

DATES FOR THE STUDY OF SYRACUSAN HISTORY

B. C.

734 Syracuse founded on the island of Ortygia by Corinthian Greeks.

580 Carthaginians unite with the Phœnicians, settled on the west coast of Sicily, to drive out the Greeks.

485 Gelon, Tyrant of Gela, becomes Tyrant of Syracuse. The history of Sicily becomes from this time largely the history of its Tyrants, chief among them those of Syracuse. Gelon builds Achradina, Tyche and Neapolis, transplanting the populations of several cities to augment the greatness of Syracuse. Theron, Tyrant of Akragas, allies himself with the house of Gelon.

480 Theron and Gelon defeat the Carthaginians at Himera. The golden age of Greek supremacy in Sicily begins. Empedocles in Akragas.

478 Hiero I, brother of Gelon, after his death becomes Tyrant of Syracuse. His court is made brilliant by men of letters taken under his patronage, among them, Æschylus, Pindar, Simonides and Bacchylides.

468 Accession of Thrasybulus, who is overthrown two years later.

B. C.

465 Syracuse and Akragas become independent of Tyrants.

426–413 The Athenians make war upon Syracuse and in the end are defeated. The Epiopolæ fortified and occupied by Athenians.

409 The Carthaginians take Selinus and Himera.

406 Syracuse and Akragas allied against Carthaginians. Akragas falls.

405 Dionysius I becomes Tyrant of Syracuse.

402 Fort Euryalus built on the Epipolæ.

395 Carthaginians overcome by Dionysius.

367 Death of Dionysius I after a reign of unequalled despotic power. He stood alone in Greek history in his contempt for religion and the gods. Accession of Dionysius II. Plato in Syracuse?

356 Dionysius II dethroned by Dion.

346–343 Second tyranny of Dionysius II.

343 Timoleon of Corinth rescues Syracuse from the oppression of Dionysius and restores the ancient republic.

339 War with Carthage, Syracuse victorious under Timoleon.

337 Death of Timoleon.[1] Decline of Syracuse begins.

317 Agathocles makes himself Tyrant. He carries the war with Carthage into Africa with success. He assumes the state and title of king.

289 Death of Agathocles.

[1] "Youths were chosen by lot for the honour of bearing the body of Timoleon; and the whole population followed it, not in mourning, but in fresh, bright garments and crowned with garlands, as if doing honour to an immortal God. When the body of the blameless hero had been laid on the pyre, the loudest-voiced of the heralds proclaimed: 'The Syracusans bury Timoleon, son of Timodemus the Corinthian, who lies here, at the cost of 200 minae; and decree that for all future time he shall be honoured by contests in music, in gymnastics, and in chariot races; because he overthrew the tyrant, defeated the barbarians, re-peopled the devastated cities, and restored to the Sicilian Greeks their legitimate freedom.'"—W. C. Perry, "Sicily."

B. C.

278 Pyrrhus, son-in-law of Agathocles, enters Syracuse in triumph.

275 Hiero II made King of Syracuse, forms alliance with the Romans. Theocritus at Hiero's court.

262 The Romans besiege Akragas and change its name to Agrigentum.

264 First Punic War begins.

215 Hiero II dies and is succeeded by his grandson Hieronymus, who takes the part of Carthage against Rome.

214 Siege of Syracuse begun by the Romans under Marcellus. The city resists for two years by reason of the engineering skill of Archimedes, born in Syracuse 287.

212 Syracuse falls and "all Sicily is conquered in Syracuse." Its works of art, carried to Rome, laid the foundation there for the love of Greek art. Syracuse sinks into the position of a Roman provincial town.

A. D.

44 St. Marcian said to have brought Christianity to Syracuse.

535 Belisarius takes the city for the Byzantine capital.

878 Syracuse is conquered by the Saracens.

1085 The Saracens are driven out by the Normans.

"Now were wise Cheiron in his cavern dwelling yet, and had our sweet-voiced songs laid haply some fair magic on his soul . . . then in a ship would I have sailed, cleaving the Ionian sea, to the fountain of Arethusa, to the home of my Aitnaian friend, who ruleth at Syracuse, a king of good will to the citizens, not envious of the good, to strangers wondrous fatherly. . . .

"Make mention of Syracuse and of Ortygia, which Hieron ruleth with righteous sceptre devising true counsels, and doth honour to Demeter whose footsteps make red the corn, and to the feast of her daughter with white steeds."

Filia declares Pindar and Theocritus to be more necessary here than Baedeker. But the indispensable English book for classic Sicily is Perry's "Sicily in Fable, History, Art and Song," and I go nowhere in Italy without J. A. Symonds's Sketches, and nowhere are they more essential than in Sicily. His description of our Latomia dei Cappuccini is a poem.

Our last days in Syracuse were our best days. Following our exploration of the Neapolis we were kept in by scirocco, which gave us a day for home letters, books, and a dip into the social life of Villa Politi. Many interesting people, students and artists, are among the guests, and no voice but praises the management of the house. Our host, uncle of him of the Metropole at Taormina, is a genius in his profession.

But the glory of Villa Politi belongs to the genius of the Politi family who carried out the daring undertaking of placing a hotel far from the dismal streets of modern Syracuse, off here in the ancient suburb of Achradina, of capturing the awful Latomia dei Cappuccini and fra-

ming it round with an ordered garden. It pleased me to find a portrait statue of the Signora Politi seated serene in a quiet nook overlooking, among her flower-beds, those dizzy depths which she had made bold to bring into relation with her house. I regard Villa Politi as a place in which a whole winter could be satisfactorily spent although it is an island of verdure and beauty in a sea of desolation. Walks around Syracuse are not inviting despite the nearness of the Ionian Sea and the glorious sky and climate. The lanes are dusty, the cliffs stony; one is almost driven to drive. But despite this drawback, no better place than Villa Politi could be named for intimate comfort and congeniality and opportunity for study, the treasures of the museum and the Neapolis being ready to hand. Books must be brought, no library being here available.

Good weather following our one day of scirocco we made a round of several latomiæ and villas. The most important of the latter was Villa Landolina. It is owned by descendants of that Count Landolina who, in 1804, in another garden somewhere in Achradina, discovered and exhumed the exquisite Venus of Syracuse, often called after his name. The gardens are luxuriant but neglected to a degree, as is

so common here in Sicily; on a terrace were a few isolated graves with tablets in memory of certain German poets and English or American naval officers whose death occurred in Syracuse during the last century. From the villa we drove to the Latomia di Santa Venera. This was approached by a species of barnyard far from fragrant, and proved to be less a latomia than a vast garden left to run wild until it almost approaches a jungle. This very wildness, however, has its charm. Near the foot of the stair of entrance is a rock pool of clearest water overhung by a precipice covered thickly with maidenhair fern. The sweet-faced old woman who had conducted us through the mazes pressed handfuls of the maidenhair with tearoses upon us as we came away, proceeding on our tour of exploration.

The Latomia del' Paradiso is far more formidable and prisonlike than the flowery tangle of Santa Venera. It is on a vast scale both of depth and extent and contains that wonderful cavern known as the Ear of Dionysius. A gentle and courteous guide led us far into its dim, narrowing recesses and then returned to the entrance. An instant and we were startled by what we supposed to be a pistol-shot; the guide hurried back to assure us that he simply

tore a piece of paper, then repeated the action several times to our unmitigated wonder. Various other performances followed, revealing incredible acoustic properties. These doubtless led to the rather modern story that Dionysius I, who died 367 B. C., and in whose reign many of the quarries are known to have been excavated, constructed this cavern for the purpose of overhearing, unsuspected, state secrets which might be discussed by captives of war, imprisoned here. There is authority for the belief that a palace of Dionysius existed above the Latomia and overlooking the great theatre; these two must originally have been in close contiguity, and it is not extravagant to assume that the Tyrant had an ear for the one as well as an eye for the other.

Cicero wrote, at least fifty years before Christ was born, of this or some other Syracusan Latomia:—"It is a vast work and a splendid; the work of old kings and tyrants. The whole of it is cut out of rock excavated to a marvellous depth and carved out by the labour of multitudes of men. Nothing can either be made or imagined so closed against all escape, so hedged in on all sides, so safe for keeping prisoners in."

Days go rapidly in Sicily and the time came

too soon when we must move on to Girgenti. Our last excursion was to the Greek fortress on the heights of the Epipolæ, called variously Mongibellisi (a word of Arab derivation), *il Castello Eurialo,* or Euryalus. The weather was glorious, the air warm as June but vital as October in New England; this expedition reached our high water mark for Syracuse, we agree.

We turned off to the right on leaving our garden gates, passed the cemetery whose cypresses always prick out our sunsets, drove on between high walls over which almond and lemon-trees hung, passed San Giovanni's ruined rose window in the distance, and struck into a high road leading across a stony wilderness towards the northern heights. On either side the road the ground was carpeted with wild flowers among which the great purple anemones most enamoured us; spikes of pink asphodel, tall and graceful, rose like a hedge along miles of the wayside.

Hardly were flowers more copiously distributed along this road than were the ruins of tombs. Two in comparatively good preservation with remains of Doric pillars are called the Tombs of Timoleon and Archimedes. The *cocchieri* of Syracuse are as one on their au-

thenticity; I am confident that there would be no dissenting voice among them; among scholars there seems a less child-like confidence. From the place of tombs the road passed upwards through orchards and farm lands, with here and there an attractive villa, until it reached the entrance to Mongibellisi, the most famous and best preserved Greek fortress in existence.

The keeper of these ruins was a man of much intelligence, courtesy and kindness and his explanations, as he conducted us from one limit of the fortifications to another, were given in such careful and slowly spoken Italian that I even was able to follow them. But only on the spot could it be possible to follow a description of these colossal fosses, underground passages for infantry and cavalry, magazines, staircases, stables, bridges and bastions. The plan and use of each feature can be distinctly traced; the threefold piles of masonry, of enormous stones laid without mortar and still in precise position made the practical achievement of the old Greeks an actuality to us.

The fort was begun by Dionysius in 402 B. C. and finished in five years.

But the crowning glory of Euryalus to us was the transcendent view. To the west lay

a noble stretch of fertile country, richly green, bounded by Mount Hybla, running down to the sea in the Peninsula of Plemmyrium; opposite lay the island of Ortygia, land-locking the Great Harbour; there, across the narrow mouth chains were stretched in the great struggle 415 B. C. to catch the ships of the Athenians. The grey city of Syracuse rose from Ortygia in the foreground. Eastward Etna, full-orbed, confronted us beyond the plain of Catania, facing a sea of such resplendent colour as I never before have seen, a sea which linked east to west and formed the horizon line. Etna was more awe-inspiring from this height than as seen at closer range from Taormina, because here its whole contour is in view as it rises from the sea, whereas in Taormina the base is obscured by foot-hills; the mountain's pyramidal shape is accordingly better distinguished. The whole incomparable picture was steeped in colour, colour beyond power to convey, colour which I have never seen elsewhere than in Sicily. Etna's snows gleamed with rosy light while its cone showed dimly through a haze which seemed distilled from dissolving opals. No wonder, I thought, that the people of Sicily will not forsake their Mongibello, even though its beauty can be so cruel!



THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ETNA.

I perceived suddenly that Filia's eyes had wandered back to Ortygia and were riveted there.

"Look," she said, pointing to the waters of the Great Harbour. "There are the Argonauts this minute!"

"What can you mean, my dear?" I asked, struck by the keen eagerness of her voice despite her drolling.

"Why should not the Latin fleet be in Sicilian waters by now?" was her reply. "Look just in line with the Castello. Jason for a fact!"

After a moment I was able to discover the great grey hulks of four warships lying at anchor. Their outline was, in fact, strangely familiar, they were unmistakably Italian. One question was in both our minds: what if the *Diomede,* and, with her, Montaldo, were to be again in our neighbourhood?

Filia put her question later in words to our cicerone; when we were in the carriage and driving down between the orchards she told me that one of the ships was in very truth the *Diomede.*

"What a pity that we leave to-morrow!"

"It does not matter," Filia replied; "the guide said the fleet was supposed to be on its

way to Palermo. I shall send a line to the Marchese and we shall see him there quite possibly next week.''

Five days only had been allotted by us to Girgenti, then on to Palermo.

CHAPTER XII

"SPLENDOUR-LOVING AKRAGAS"

"Come, bend thy bow on the mark, O my soul — at whom again are we to launch our shafts of honour from a friendly mind? At Akragas will I take aim!" —PINDAR.

Girgenti, Hotel des Temples, March —.

WE left Villa Politi about nine yesterday morning, with a whole day of travel before us. Our route began by retracing that by which we had come from Catania, which seemed to us quite unreasonable. We waited six miles short of that city until two o'clock, when our helpless, side-tracked car was picked up by a north-bound train. This carried us on to Castrogiovanni, the classic Enna, Persephone's old playground, the high, central point of the island. The day was fine, and the landscape extremely beautiful all the way to Castrogiovanni, the climax of the journey, which we reached about sunset. Two mighty peaks, stern, sad, their crests hoary with ancient towns, here stand

facing each other, Calcisabetta and Castrogiovanni. But hardly had we seen them when they were blotted out by torrents of rain which came upon the scene with tropical suddenness.

From that point on our train crawled and stopped, hitched and hung back, tunnelled and waited and crawled again as only a Sicilian train can, while the rain swept the dirty window-panes noisily, the murky light of a lamp alone relieved the darkness of the compartment and the whole world beside was blotted out. Also we were hungry. Also Girgenti, which should have been reached at half-past seven, we were now told, would not be reached until three hours later. This was one of the times in travel which try one's soul. A German with his wife and daughter occupied the compartment with us. The crosser we grew within the more civil we grew outwardly as we asked each other from time to time: — Will there be *facchini* at the station at ten-thirty? Will there be carriages? Can we get food at the Hotel des Temples so late? Will our rooms surely be reserved?

Fairly reeling with weariness we stepped at last from the train into a copious shower-bath, which made a river of the Girgenti station platform. The confusion was indescribable, but

through it all we were seized upon by a porter from the Hotel des Temples who said we were expected and a closed carriage was waiting for us. Filia dashed off to collect our luggage. In the moment's interval our German *compagnons de voyage* annexed our carriage and rattled merrily off; but that was only to be expected. They were of the pan-German variety, as are all we meet in Sicily. A quarter of an hour of unutterable discomfort followed, after which we found ourselves packed with other pilgrims as wet as ourselves into the hotel bus. Through the blither of pelting rain we were driven up towards a row of lights on a distant hillcrest. Girgenti? Yes, but the Hotel des Temples lay far beyond.

Through the town we hurtled in flying mud and alternations of light and gloom, then out again along a country road, to all appearance, although little appeared. A long interval of nothingness, then lights again from a many-windowed housefront; we turned down an avenue, the bus stopped. I felt myself exterminated, movement seemed impossible, but by Filia's aid I succeeded in falling into the arms of a Swiss concierge of sturdy frame, learned then to stand alone and finally was able to walk to my room. Chocolate was followed with

small delay by bed, and we knew no more until turkeys began gobbling very near our windows, and day had dawned upon us in Girgenti.

What a sound to greet "splendour-loving Akragas," which we had been wont to hail in letters with Olympian strains! We hastened to our one window and looked out, expecting a vision of Greek temples on a far-flung horizon line. What we saw through drizzling rain was a eucalyptus tree in a barnyard; under it a painted Sicilian cart, one of the most vivid yet. I think the scene painting on this cart had to do with the Coronation of Charlemagne: my knowledge of history was not sufficient to enable me to decide although my chances for study of that particular cart were many.

The morning was spent indoors, in part conversing with American and English guests, shut in like ourselves by the rain. The hotel circular has this to say: "Girgenti, by Pindar called 'the nicest of human towns,' possesses still as witnesses of its glorious Greek past the partly well conserved famous Doric temples and in the picturesque town magnificent rests of the Saracen and Norman time.

"Next to the Greek temples, on a free hill, surrounded by flowery gardens, stays the Hotel

des Temples in quiet, dusti-free position with magnificent view of the temples, the far mountains, the fertile plains and the dark blue sea."

This is eloquent, and it is also true of the view from a few rooms, rooms which are properly furnished and are held at extravagant prices. Apart from these, the bedrooms at the Temples are so ill equipped as to be almost unlivable, being time-stained, shabby, comfortless, wholly unacceptable to that large class of travellers in Italy who do not ask for luxury at twelve lire a day, but who do expect a reasonable degree of comfort.

On all sides we heard the demand for a well equipped, well managed hotel after the order of Villa Politi in Syracuse on this magnificent site, for that the site is magnificent we have been able this afternoon to appreciate. One comes to Girgenti for the temples, and this hotel is the only one within easy walking distance of them except for the pensione called the "Akragas," towards which we looked with interest until discouraged by the report of those who had tried it. The consensus of opinion is that for Anglo-Saxons coming to Girgenti the Hotel des Temples is inevitable, and that the management is willing to take passing advan-

tage of this fact. It is the more a pity, because one would gladly sojourn here for weeks were satisfactory accommodation given at reasonable rates.

As it is, twenty-four hours seems to be the unit of the stay; Filia and I are already regarded with curiosity because of our intention of staying five times that.

It was not until luncheon was over that we discovered the hotel terraces and garden which open from the dining-room. If only the house were as attractive as the garden! No matter; the sun is out now, and we purpose to live outdoors, for from each descending terrace the prospect is nobler than from the last. How to describe it? —

First of all, I should say of this landscape of Girgenti that it impresses every one as being on a scale incomparably vast and drawn in grandly sweeping lines; second, that the rich fertility seen everywhere is an endless rest to the eye after the stern, grey barrens of Syracuse, even after Taormina, where all except the immediate entourage was arid. Here, in Girgenti, is the joyance of broad, smooth stretches of green foamed over with the rosy snow of almond blossoms. Far to our right, on a mighty crag, towers the city itself.



GIRGENTI.

Between the terrace where we stood to gaze and the line where the surf breaks upon the shore stand the temples in plain sight; two of them, Concordia and Juno, golden, pillared, stately. They look so near that Filia started to run down the hill and through the meadows to explore them, but was warned to wait until she was ready for a serious tramp, the distance as it appears being wholly deceptive.

Filia has explored the hotel library and reports that it contains as follows: "Black Beauty" in Italian, "Trapped in a Tree" and "Joyfully Ready"! Commonly these hotel and pension libraries in Italy, even in Sicily, have somewhat larger resources, even though they may contain in English little beyond Tauchnitz fiction.

We welcomed with peculiar satisfaction the acquaintance of two English women of literary proclivities who travel with their own books, which is really the only way to do. I have decided that it is unwise to come to Sicily without at least twenty-five volumes of one's own. We have brought half as many.

To our joy we are to read Matthew Arnold's "Empedocles on Etna" with our bookish friends this evening. How often I have read this poem in past years in my remote New

England home; to read it here, the very spot where the purple-robed sage walked with his laurel crown, his feet shod with golden sandals, will be an experience.

"We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within;
We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin;
We want all pleasant ends, but will use no harsh means."

Is that, I wonder, the philosophy of Arnold or truly of Empedocles?

Girgenti, March —.

Filia and I find ourselves little disposed to dwell on historical details here, whether because of a surfeit of them in Syracuse or because the whole outer world here and now in this present year of grace, is so enthralling that we care little what men did thousands of years ago. Besides, we learned our story of Akragas by way of Syracuse. We decline to make the acquaintance of Phalaris, the despot who ruled 570 B. C., having no penchant for brazen bulls and such like cruelties. As we choose to take Empedocles from the hand of Matthew Arnold, so do we take Theron, Tyrant of Akragas 488 B. C., from that of Pindar: —



A GREEK - SICILIAN TYPE — BY BARON VON GLOEDEN.

"Theron, for his conquering car,
Shall spread a shout of triumph, far and wide:
True to his friends, the people's pride;
Stay of Akragas, and flower
Of many a noble ancestor.
They, long toils and perils past
By the river built at last
Their sacred bower; and were an eye
To light the land of Sicily."

Cary's metrical translation of Pindar runs thus of Theron and Akragas. Empedocles in his time, — it was in 424 B. C. that he accomplished his highly dramatic exit from life on Etna, — declared that the Agrigentines built their houses as if they were to live for ever, but gave themselves up to feasting as if they were to die to-morrow. They became enervated by overgreat luxury and wealth and fell an easy prey to the armies of Carthage which came against the city 406 B. C. and laid it low. Timoleon rebuilt and re-populated Akragas 340 B. C., but its primitive power and lustre had departed.

We were shown the site of the Carthaginian camp off on a bare hill below the present city, as we walked down to the old monastery of San Nicolà at the foot of the hill this morning. At last I have reached the goal of my desires and have walked through a blossoming almond or-

chard, for the slope between our lowest terrace and San Nicolà is clothed in almond blossoms all the way. Oh, the beauty of their snow and rose against this Sicilian sky! I do not wonder the Agrigentines became enervated; the luxury of their flowers alone is enough to intoxicate me.

Filia and I, as we walked, compared this orchard with our apple-orchards at home, which we love cordially, but over which we do not quite lose our heads. The blossoms are not dissimilar, although that of the almond is larger, and the *couleur de rose* is differently applied. But apple-trees, lovely as is their bloom, always give a certain prosaic and domestic effect, while the almond-tree is essentially poetic. Much, I think, lies in the tree-structure; that of the apple, dense, compact and sturdy; that of the almond lighter, more graceful: also, while our apple-trees are, in the main, planted in monotonous, stiffly ordered rows and squares, the Italians love to plant olives among their almonds, and to place the latter along the borders of fields, by the roadside, anywhere they may. We cannot deny that the palm for grace and beauty must go to the almond; also, I must record, that to visit Sicily when it is destitute of its bloom is never to know it truly.



"ALMOND BLOSSOMS" — BY BARON VON GLOEDEN.

San Nicolà is utterly charming. We decided on the spot to visit it each morning, not only for its own delights but to delight with our fee the good old *nonna* who shows us around. The church is deserted and has nothing of interest besides a Norman portal and a few fragments of Greek piers to show, but the view, as we stood in that Norman portal, was glorious beyond words. Then our *nonna* led us up into the garden of the ancient monastery beside the church and here we found an inner shrine of the picturesque. Very little Greek is here; one has to put up with Roman remains in the shape of a vast and wonderfully preserved Piscina, and with some things even later, lovelier! The far view was fine, but it is in the near and intimate that the charm of the place lies:— in a group of stone pines beside an ancient wall; a moss-covered stone stair with sculptured balustrade leading down among the orange blossoms of the garden; in fragments of classic marbles;—great Sicilian vases, perfectly placed; in a few sombre cypresses rising beyond the monastery roof.

We had brought Maupassant's "*Vie Errante*" with us, and found ready permission to sit on the border of the great Roman cistern, among all sweet things growing and sweet airs

blowing, and read his impressions of Girgenti. I will enter here a few sentences taken at random, but must first note Goethe's saying that the temples of Girgenti are to those of Pæstum " as a god to a giant."

" That which makes Sicily above all an indispensable land to visit and unique in the world," thus says Maupassant, " is that it is from one end to the other a strange and divine museum of architecture. . . . Even if the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum is more perfectly preserved and said to be of purer style than the temples of Sicily, these are placed in landscapes so marvellous, so surprising, that nothing in the world can express the impression they leave upon the spirit. . . . But Girgenti, the ancient Agrigentum (Akragas), placed on the southern shore of Sicily, offers the most astonishing ensemble of temples which could be presented for contemplation. . . . Dominating the sea, the shore, the port, these superb temples, seen from below, profile their grand silhouettes of stone against the blue tropical sky. . . . It seems that one has before him entire Olympus, the Olympus of Homer, of Ovid, of Virgil, the Olympus of charming gods of like passions with ourselves. . . . It is antiquity *tout entière* which is thrown against that antique sky. An

emotion singular and puissant penetrates you, as of a desire to kneel before these august remains, left by the masters of our masters."

Bees droned over the wild thyme which scented the grass where we sat; below us, serene in their golden state against the sea, we could discern the shapes of the temples. I pointed to Concordia, nearest us.

"We are half way there already, Filia," I said, closing the book. "Do you think I will go back to the hotel leaving Concordia unvisited? I am perfectly able to walk that distance."

Rejoiced at my decision, Filia rose quickly, and with hasty good-byes to the smiling *nonna* we started off down the highroad at a good pace. The dust has been laid, the rain has recreated all things, the air is supernal. We came up with an old goatherd with a great flock of most wonderful goats; these goats of Girgenti are actually beautiful, very large with full long hair, snowy white except about the neck and ears, where it is tawny, precisely the colour of the temples.

Now and then we would dash at a tangent up a grassy bank to look off at Castor and Pollux rising in distant fields with their indefinable grace; from its chaos of ruins the one lone

column of Hercules stood straight and strong against the sky, a single gnarled olive tree at its feet. Then the banks rose higher and were crowned with mammoth hedges of prickly pear shutting out the distance on either side the road. The goats again became our escort. We turned sharply to the left, and passed the Villa Aurea; here the old goatherd bade us a cheerful farewell for a tall door opened in the wall for him, and his flock scrambled joyfully into a courtyard beyond.

"'Wilt thou, goatherd, in the nymphs' name, wilt thou sit thee down here, on this sloping knoll and pipe while in this place I watch thy flocks? . . . Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!'" Filia quoted her Theocritus smoothly, but added with a little grimace, — "The only pipe our goatherd had was a pipe of tobacco."

"I trust you will not call him back in the nymphs' name, my dear," I responded. "It would take a strong imagination to make a Corydon or a Daphnis of that ragged old wretch. But look, Filia!"

Up above us there now rose the majestic front of the Doric Temple, suddenly revealed. We were silent. In five minutes more we entered it. I am writing now on the steps of the



THE TEMPLE OF CONCORDIA, GIRGENTI.

cella once used as a Christian church, San Gregorio.

I shall not attempt to describe Concordia nor to discourse learnedly of the "Hexastylos peripteros"; I will simply record the impression made upon me of overpowering sublimity, solemnity and joy. There is something mysterious in this impression, the result not of colossal size but of perfect symmetry. The deep brûne-ochre colour of the pillars, as some one says, "the colour of dusky honey," is superb athwart the blue of sea and sky.

As we walk down the solemn aisles, at the end of each, framed by the columns of the portico, we see a glorious aerial picture. Tears prick the eyes from that sense of something deeply interfused, some mysterious poignant sense of perfection whose depths words can never sound.

Long we have sat on the steps of the cella and brooded over the scene. We try in vain to read our guidebook and be wise; we have no time for wisdom with so much beauty to encounter. Around us lies a sea of perfumed wild flowers, and still beyond the Sicilian sea; the great sister Temple of Juno rises at a little distance serenely surveying the horizon line; sea and land, the temples and the city on its

far height yonder, all are steeped in the noon sun.

Filia leaned over to touch my hand as I wrote the last words.

"Think of coming all the long way to Girgenti and visiting this temple only once. Five days is not too long, my wise mamma."

Girgenti, Sunday, March —.

We are devoting the afternoon to writing, Filia having much to say to Junia Story. That glimpse of the *S. S. Diomede* in Syracuse's Great Harbour seems to stir her imagination as a powerful omen of good, why I am unable to discern. But here's to hoping!

The morning was given to mass in the Cathedral of S. Garlando up in the town. This was our first acquaintance with Girgenti itself save as a splendid feature of our landscape. Having read that the town was meanly built "with nothing but poverty and crime to distinguish it;" also that it is "la magnifica," that it "consists of a single, long, well-paved and handsome street, . . . gay and crowded," we approached it with curiosity. However, nothing was seen of the town itself as we made the detour of the north wall to the Duomo where we left the carriage, streets in Gir-

genti proper being flights of stairs or faces of cliff.

Prepared for the familiar dull and dismal performance which we usually find mass to be in Southern Italy we were surprised to find ourselves part of a brilliant and imposing ceremony, reminding us that in past times the bishopric of Girgenti was the most richly endowed in Sicily. The Cathedral has nothing to recommend it from the point of view of artist or architect, but the choir served as a richly effective background to the gorgeous vestments of the clergy, as seen from the distance; when we approached it nearer we found it a perfect debauch in coloured plaster. The audience nearly filled the nave, and we noticed unusual beauty among the black shawled women and little children.

The mass was sung by a large, well-trained choir of men, and impressed me as the finest church music I have heard in Italy. A curious touch was given by the appearance in the choir of a most startling figure, — suggestive of that of Death in "Everyman," — at the moment preceding the Elevation of the Host. This was the figure of a hideously ugly and emaciated old man clad in a straight scarlet robe reaching to the floor. His face, like a death's head, was

framed in by a long wig of curled light brown hair, under which his grizzled locks showed plainly; he carried a very gorgeous gold-headed staff and walked slowly down the choir through the north aisle. A moment later we heard the sanctus bell.

A Franciscan brother preached, and as we came early from the church we looked back at a strikingly impressive scene. The Franciscan, standing below a great ivory crucifix, clad in his rough brown cowl, from his pulpit at the left of the choir faced the Bishop enthroned at the right in all the pomp of his crimson silk vestments. It suggested the contrast of all the ages between prophet and priest.

Coming away we visited the sacristy, for here is that sarcophagus described by Goethe as the most glorious and best preserved alto-relievo ever seen by him. The story of Hippolytus and Phædra is sculptured with exquisite grace, reminding me strongly of one seen in the Museum at Arles.

In the street outside the Duomo we stopped to examine the Gothic windows of the campanile, the oldest and least modernized portion of the church. In an instant we were surrounded by the children and beggars of Girgenti, who justified their reputation for num-

bers, impertinence and persistence. They followed us clamouring and jeering all the way down to the Piazza di Municipio, where we met by good fortune a soldier to whom we appealed for deliverance. Upon this the whole crew vanished as instantaneously as they had appeared.

We found the main piazza and corso (I really did not observe whether this was named Vittorio Emanuele but it is safe to infer that it was) really rather smart and attractive. Both were thronged by men. The old men were picturesque in long black stockings and knit caps and suggested a cross between a Bedouin Arab and a Clovelly fisherman. The young men were brave in golden brown or maroon corduroy with knee boots of leather. It was a noisy, merry company; we were greeted continually with respectful *Buon' giorno's,* in which we always detected a touch of good-humoured amusement.

On the drive home (our carriage awaited us inside the Porta Atenea), we had magnificent views over the Carthaginian camp to Porto Empedocle and the sea. The Rupe Atenea, or Rock of Athena, generally regarded as the citadel or Arx of classic Akragas, has little to induce us to climb its steeps, these being by no

means heavenly, and familiar from our bedroom window. We are willing to believe the Baedeker-starred view from the summit to be magnificent, but we find the view from the hotel terraces all that we have power to appropriate, and it has the unprecedented quality of growing finer as we descend by successive stages.

The petals to-day are falling fast on the slopes below the garden, for the almond-trees have now been in bloom six weeks. One should come to Girgenti really, we are told, in mid-January and stay a month fully to know these orchard splendours.

I must stop writing; Filia has put away her portfolio and is impatient for me to join her. We are going to run down to San Nicolà for our last sunset, for to-morrow we go to Palermo. Oh, to pitch a tent in that garden and there abide! The place entices me, captivates my imagination, mysteriously touches my heart.

Palermo, March —.

"Sow then some seed of splendid words in honour of this isle, which Zeus, the lord of Olympus, gave unto Persephone, and bowed his hair toward her in sign that this teeming Sicily he would exalt to be the best land in the fruitful earth, with gorgeous crown of citadels."



THE TEMPLE OF JUNO, GIRGENTI.

We left "renownéd Akragas" and the Sicily of Persephone on the day following that recorded last in my journal.

In the morning we made a final round of the temples, each of which was now familiar. As I wrote in Taormina, I am content to take Greece by way of Sicily, for not even Greece can show a constellation of ancient temples equal to this, the "most majestic in the ancient Hellenic world." The temples are six in number; they belong all of them to the fifth century B. C.; they range along a low hill-crest facing the sea, and are placed irregularly, from the Temple of Juno westward to that of Vulcan on the road to Porto Empedocle, a distance of two miles, perhaps more.

The Temple of Juno Lacinia is in comparatively good preservation and belongs to the perfect Doric type; Concordia, from which it is quite possible to walk to Juno, is in by far the best state of preservation and can only be described by the word "glorious." It, alone, of all, can still be called a temple; the others are ruins. Of Hercules, next in order, to the west, only the one pillar remains, rising from a Titanic chaos. The great ruins of Zeus Olympius show that to have been fully twice the size of Concordia and Juno, — three hundred and

forty feet in length and one hundred and twenty feet in height. Here, prone among sweet alyssum and pink-tipped daisies, lies the colossal caryatid, one of the thirty-eight Telamones of the cella, shattered in the fifteenth century, grotesque and yet singularly majestic in its unarticulated fragments. With Symonds we queried, Who could have wrought the destruction of works so mighty? "For what purpose of spite or interest were those vast columns — in the very flutings of which a man can stand with ease — felled like forest pines? Was it earthquake or the hand of man that brought them low?"

From the ruins of great Zeus we wandered with a guide who deserves the Chair of Archæology at Oxford University, by perfumed paths, to the lovely fragment of Castor and Pollux. It was a relief after the colossal chaos from which we had come to find a thing so obvious, so picturesque and so possible. And yet I described it in notes written on the spot as having none of the sublimity of the other ruins, being a restoration of a spectacular bit of two inferior temples, erected to minor deities. None the less its effect in the scene is of highest value. Vulcan we did not visit, there remaining little of the temple, and time failing

us, but I am convinced that we thus missed the most satisfactory point for a general, backward view of the entire group.

Returning, we stopped the carriage at San Nicolà for one last near view of Concordia in its golden splendour, then hastened on to the hotel, lunched, finished the last details of packing, drove to Girgenti, around the *Mura antica* on the north, and so through a barren waste, of which nothing is to remember, to the station.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CITY OF THE NORMAN KINGS

THE five hour journey from Girgenti to Termini Imerese cuts the island in a straight line south to north, from the Sicilian to the Tyrrhenian sea. From Termini to Palermo, twenty miles, the coast-line turns a little south of west. The journey is picturesque rather than beautiful, the mountainous region scarred and sterile with sulphur mines.

At Termini which we reached just at sunset, knowing that we were passing near the site of the ancient Himera, Filia made a dramatic gesture and exclaimed,

"Good-bye to the Classic! Henceforth the Romantic! Nothing more ancient for me than the Mediæval after this!"

"Yes," I said; "the dream of Trinacria is over. Palermo is another Naples. The sun has set on Greece."

"I am satisfied. Fancy being in Sicily all

these weeks and never yet meeting Frederick II. Also, what if we should meet Lieutenant Montaldo!"

"You sent a note to him from Girgenti?"

"Yes, and gave him our Palermo address. I am impatient to know just how things stand amid the Montaldi. If it were not growing dark so fast we might even catch a glimpse of the warships now, if they are really there, for this must surely be the Bay of Palermo."

There was a flash of encircling lights reflected in water; beyond, shape of a promontory like a black lion couchant, then the rumble and roar of the train entering the city. *Facchini* clambered to the running-board, grasped our impedimenta in a conquering spirit, and before we fairly realized that we were in Palermo we found ourselves in a *carozze* dashing down the far-famed Via Maqueda.

The Pensione Panormus, where we had engaged rooms, proved to be perfectly comfortable, and well situated for our purposes. It is in no way picturesque or remarkable, standing, as it does, directly upon a small and barren piazza bordered by the Via Principe Belmonte, but the proprietor was obliging, the equipment and service were excellent, and the prices reasonable.

When we rose next morning Filia threw a long cloak around her and stepped out on the balcony to find what Palermo looked like.

"It is all dust coloured," she reported, "and very glaring. There are a few miserable palms in the piazza, but not a flower anywhere, nor a bird."

"Not even a turkey gobbler?" I called back.

"No, but I can see the sea — not as blue as on the southern shore, but there it is just at the foot of this street."

We hastened through our breakfast, which was not difficult, Sicilian coffee being *tout-à-fait* chicory, and by nine o'clock were on the street, which brought us in five minutes to the embankment of Francesco Crispi. We stood and gazed: for a moment we seemed transported to the Ligurian shore, for there lay looming large before us four Italian warships, and in the one farthest towards Monte Pellegrino Filia was sure she recognized the *Diomede.*

We were both highly gratified to find that we had not lost all chance for seeing young Marchese di Montaldo, his family and his sweetheart having assumed so great interest and importance in our eyes. After a morning spent in exploring the two great shopping streets of

Palermo, the Maqueda and the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, we returned to the Panormus. Letters awaited us, among them one from the Marchese. He begged leave to pay his respects at three in the afternoon, if the hour was not too early. The fleet had but one day more at Palermo, wherefore he hoped to plan for an excursion with us on the morrow.

Filia's eyes shone as she laid the letter down.

"*Dee*-lighted!" she exclaimed.

"Oh come ye in peace now or come ye in war?
Or to ask me to dance at your wedding, my young Lochinvar?"

"I should think you were in love with Montaldo yourself, Filia, to see the effect of his letter."

"I am; vicariously. Junia is so very dear to me, and her very life, mother, is bound up in that man."

"Do you think he can be worthy of her?"

"Oh, I don't know. He is charming, but I would not marry him, even if he wanted me to."

"There you show your sound sense, my child. As I have always maintained, these international marriages —"

"Don't build too much on my 'sound sense,' *carissima*. An international marriage would

not ' faze ' me a minute if I were to love an Italian as Junia loves Montaldo. But — how can I — when I know a Yankee boy worth a hundred of him? ''

Filia had blushed rosy red while she spoke, and on the instant hurried away as if she had said too much. She had said just enough, had said what I had secretly long hoped to hear. Absence and letters had made all things clear. I sat alone and mused of many things which have no place on these pages. One imminent conclusion forced itself upon me. It would be years before Filia and I would again travel together on foreign shores.

At three we awaited the Marchese in the deserted salone. He appeared looking vigorous, bronzed by African suns and more winning than ever. I saw at a glance that he was in fine spirits, and by no means hanging his harp on a weeping willow. In five minutes he and Filia's heads were together over a photograph of Junia, which he told us he had received while his ship was at Syracuse. His usual reserve and dignity hardly availed to hide his rapture over it, for which we both thought the more of him. The photograph was really exquisite, and in the poise of the head and the firm serenity of the features we both discerned

the new womanliness which her deepened experience has brought to Junia.

"And now tell us, Marchese, of the family in Rome?" I asked, the photograph being returned to the lover's breast pocket. "You know we have become really intimate. Giulia is my especial pet; Adelina, Filia's, and we both sincerely love your beautiful young mother, — for she is that."

"Is she not lovely?" he returned; "to us all she is sister as well as mother, and most of all our saint. She also loves, thanks to you, best of friends, my Junia."

"But she does not know — " Filia broke off, fearful at her boldness in the question.

Montaldo raised his eyebrows with a subtle flashing smile.

"Per-haps," he said, with slow emphasis. "We shall see, Signorina. It is not that my father has made mention of my Junia's to him so valorous avowal. No, he keeps his own counsel. But my mother, — she is wise; she observes much, says little."

"All goes on at Palazzo Montaldo as when we were there?" I asked. "I suppose with the beautiful salone they are having continual gaiety."

"Ah, no, Signora," the Marchese replied.

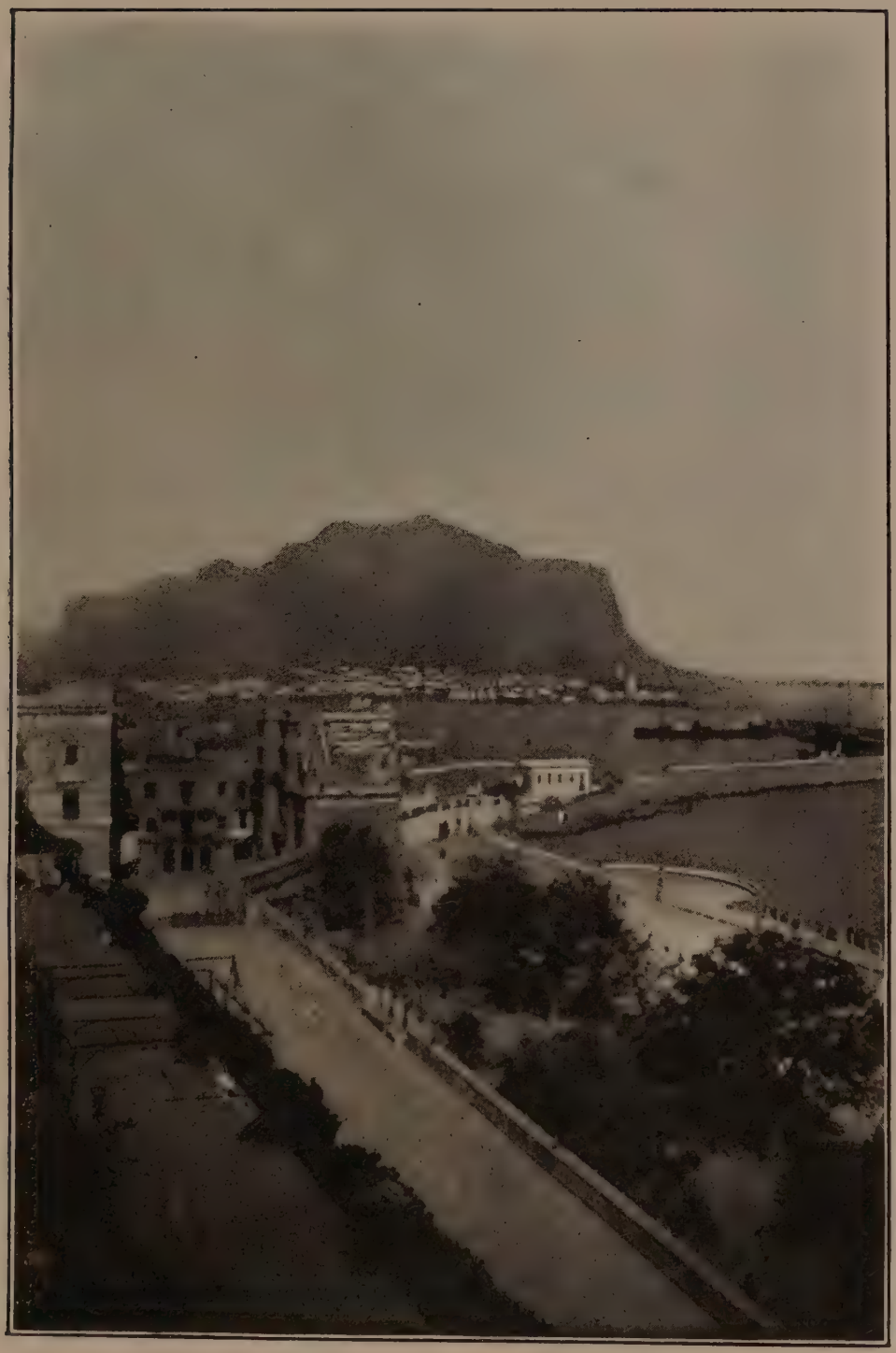
"It is not so. On the contrary. The wife of Signor Ambrosius, our very good family friend, died very suddenly, it is now two weeks ago. The salone can no longer be open; in fact my family, so long intimate with Signor Ambrosius, are living now most quietly out of respect."

I noticed that although the Lieutenant spoke with suitable gravity the decease of the banker's wife did not depress his spirits appreciably.

"Giulia, I am sure, will not be sorry for a chance to go a slower pace," I remarked.

"That is perfectly true. Already, with my father's permission, she has entered regularly upon a course of nurse's training. This, to Giulia, is happiness. To Adelina it would be *tortura*. They are most unlike, my sisters. But now, *cara* Signora, we can talk of these things and also see a little of Palermo. I have waiting a landau with the hope that we drive together. La Favorita is not open to-day, but I have *permesso*. Will you come?"

The drive through *I Colli* to the royal villa of Ferdinand IV was pleasant enough, but it failed to charm me, much as I enjoyed my companions and the chance for views of the Conca d'Oro, Monte Pellegrino and the lovely bay. I



MONTE PELLEGRINO AND PALERMO.

realized that ancient Trinacria had spoiled me for modern Sicily. I missed my Greeks!

They were forgotten, however, when on our return from La Favorita, too prim a park for my taste, we stopped at Mr. Robert Whitaker's estate, Villa Sofia. Here the Marchese was accorded instant entrance, being known to the family. Villa Sofia was the first private Palermitan villa we had seen, and both Filia and I were enamoured by the extraordinary combination of an English park, its glades, lawns and splendid trees, with the luxuriance of tropical growth, and the Italian use of terrace and marble.

"And now for tea!" declared Montaldo, as we returned to the landau and drove back by the English garden and the stately residences of Via della Libertà.

"But you have not time," I urged. "Let us go directly to the pensione."

"By no means. We can do better. I wish to introduce you to the English Tea Room and to Mr. and Mrs. Leader Williams. To know them and their establishment is important in Palermo."

The Corso and Via Maqueda, through which we drove, are both very narrow streets and at this hour were fairly overflowing with a mov-

ing, animated throng. Carriages, motor cars, pedestrians passed in a stream of incredible volume, and I think in no city have I seen so cosmopolitan a crowd. To my eyes the story of Palermo was written on the faces which swarmed past us as we moved slowly forward. This may not have been purely fancy, for later I found in Crawford's " Rulers of the South " these interesting and suggestive observations:

" But still, after eight centuries of change, renewal, and decay, the hawk-eyed, thin-lipped Saracen treads the streets of the royal city with a grace that is not European, and a quiet dignity not bred in the blustering north; while in that beautiful land of contradictions you can visit no village nor hamlet without seeing a score of handsome Norman children, with bright blue eyes and yellow hair, playing little Eastern games under the Sicilian sun, and chattering an Italian dialect that is motley with Norman and Arabic and Spanish words."

The sun was low when, emerging from the throng, we entered the quiet spaces of the Piazza Marina and the borders of the beautiful Giardino Garibaldi whose magnificent specimens of *Ficus magnoliodes,* known to us as the banyan tree, make perpetual shade.

We stopped in this shade before a wide-fronted white mansion bearing the sign, English Tea Rooms. The Marchese led us up a flight of stone stairs, struck a ponderous knocker on a ponderous door and ushered us into a remarkable suite of rooms.

We were welcomed almost on the threshold by Mr. Leader Williams himself, a gentleman of charming manners, an artist and antiquarian. He knew the Marchese already and welcomed him with true English hospitality.

"If you please, my dear sir," said our friend, having introduced us, "be as kind as you can, you and Mrs. Williams, to these friends of mine while they are in Palermo. I leave them in your hands for I cannot remain even a moment longer," which saying he made hurried departure. On the morrow we should see him once more, as we were to have his escort for the excursion to Monreale.

Filia and I confessing ourselves tired and ready for tea were handed over to a bright-faced English girl who discussed with us what would most perfectly serve our turn in the way of refreshment. When we found that coffee was in order we decided on that and soon were regaled by the fragrance and flavour of genuine

Mocha, a new experience indeed in Sicily. The tables for tea, beautifully decorated with flowers and furnished with fine Italian porcelain, were placed here and there, in congenial corners through the length of two large and beautiful rooms rich in paintings and antique furniture, but also expressive of true English comfort. Beyond these ranged other rooms, perhaps eight in all, open to guests.

We sank back in the deep seats covered with flowery cretonne and gazed about us with delight. When I reached home I recorded my impressions in my notebook on this wise: —

"This Leader Williams establishment I count the heart of Palermo for us *forestieri.* Here knowledge, beauty, charm, helpfulness unite to create a most engaging impression. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are surrounded by an atmosphere of cordiality and kindliness which rays out to all their assistants and makes one feel at once among friends."

Stimulated by our coffee, Filia and I proceeded to investigate the lending library, which is a feature of the place, and seized with ardour upon book after book, the very volumes most coveted in Sicily and thus far hardest to find. Each of us collected an armful to carry home, and that with all Palermo before us to know in

a week! Of course it was an absurd proceeding, and for the first time we both wished for a longer sojourn.

But there were other things here to covet besides books. One large room is given up entirely to the exhibition and sale of Sicilian drawn work and lace, an industry which Mrs. Williams is doing much to develop. When we were able to leave these we were conducted through other rooms filled with things beautiful, curious, antique. Mr. Williams collects throughout Sicily rare old jewelry, antique plate and brasses, ivories, corals, mosaics, paintings, fabrics. While all these objects are for sale they are disposed with so great skill and taste as to avoid any appearance of "shop."

As it turned out, the Williams apartment really became our home centre while we were in Palermo, each afternoon finding us seeking the repose and Anglo-Saxon comfort which it offers. Not only could we find there delectable refreshments, books galore and variety endless from which to select souvenirs for friends at home, but for Palermo itself, where to go and how, what to see and when, we found ready information and assistance.

The following morning Filia announced that

she had a tryst in the Duomo. To my question whom she was to meet she replied, the Emperor Frederick II.

"Perfectly good," said I, "but you cannot meet that fascinating heretic without proper introduction. He was not born until 1195. Do let us see the Martorana, the Eremiti and the Cappella Palatina first, for with them Frederick was familiar when he was a boy here in Palermo. They may explain him to us in some sort."

"Can we see all these before luncheon? You remember that we go with the Marchese to Monreale this afternoon?"

"It will be a full program, but I am ready for it. You see really, Filia, it is much better to visit these places with some slight attention to their proper order. Chronologically, the Eremiti comes first, and Monreale last of the notable churches here."

"Very well; a course in churches then for this morning it shall be!" agreed Filia.

As a brief course in the history of Palermo is absolutely necessary if one is to comprehend these works of composite architecture, in which Saracen, Byzantine, Norman and Spanish mingle, I will preface the account of our day's

doings with the few facts which we attempted to keep before us.

The city of Panormus we know was originally founded by Phœnicians, they having settled in Sicily earlier than the Greeks but being by them driven to the western extremity of the island. Himera and Selinus were the Greek cities nearest to Panormus.

In the sixth century B. C. the Phœnicians of Western Trinacria appealed to the Carthaginians, a kindred and allied people, for military support. Then began the age long invasions and campaigns of Carthage in Sicily. In 480 B. C. Hamilcar, with his fleet, landed at Panormus on his way to besiege Himera where he met defeat and death, but Panormus remained the centre of Carthaginian strength until overcome by the Romans 254 B. C.

Belisarius, the great Byzantine general, in 535 A. D. wrested Panormus from the Gothic garrison; the city was ruled by the Emperors of the East in Constantinople from then until 835, when the conquering hosts of the Saracens gained control of the island. Under the name Bulirma (from which Palermo is derived), Panormus was made the Arab capital, and became a populous and brilliant city. The profusion of architectural monuments, however,

represents the ensuing period, but in their architecture is preserved the overpowering and long lingering Saracenic influence.

Between the years 1060 and 1090 all Sicily was won away from its Moslem masters.

This brings us to the brief period of the Norman and Hohenstaufen domination of Sicily, and in particular of Palermo, two hundred years, in which blossom all of poetry and charm which are attached to the story of modern Sicily, until we reach the memorable year 1860.

Who were these Norman conquerors, and how came they to dominate this far island?

Much as they came in the same decade to dominate the island of Great Britain. They had it in them to conquer, to rule, and to appropriate the fruits of other men's rule. Splendidly is the tale of their career in Sicily recited by Symonds! "No chapter of history," he writes, "more resembles a romance than that which records the sudden rise and brief splendour of the house of Hauteville. In one generation the sons of Tancred passed from the condition of squires in the Norman vale of Cotentin, to kinghood in the richest island of the Southern Sea. The Norse adventurers became sultans of an Oriental capital. The sea-robbers assumed, together with the sceptre, the culture

of an Arabian Court. The marauders whose armies burned Rome received at papal hands the mitre and dalmatic as symbols of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The brigands who on their first appearance in Italy had pillaged stables and farmyards to supply their needs, lived to mate their daughters with princes and to sway the politics of Europe with gold. The freebooters, whose skill consisted in the use of sword and shield, whose brains were vigorous in strategy or statecraft, and whose pleasures were confined to the hunting-field and the wine-cup, raised villas like the Zisa, and encrusted the Cathedral of Monreale with mosaics. Finally, while the race was yet vigorous, after giving two heroes to the first Crusade, it transmitted its titles, its temper, and its blood to the great emperor (Frederick II) who was destined to fight out upon the battle-field of Italy the strife of empire against papacy, and to bequeath to mediæval Europe the tradition of cosmopolitan culture.''

Of the twelve goodly sons of Tancred de Hauteville, the most illustrious were William Iron Arm, Robert Guiscard, who became Duke of Calabria and Apulia, and Roger the Great Count (d. 1101) who destroyed the Moorish power in Sicily and became in all but name its

king. His son Roger (d. 1154), Roger's son and grandson, William the Bad (d. 1166) and William the Good (d. 1189), all were known as Kings of Sicily. With the death of the second William in 1189, the direct, legitimate line of the House of Hauteville ends. But King Roger had a daughter Constance, a nun, who had been taken from her convent in Palermo and married to Frederick Barbarossa's son, of the Suabian House of Hohenstaufen.

Constance, heiress of the Hohenstaufens, was thus but third in descent from Tancred, their great progenitor, and possessed unimpaired the magnificent vitality of the stock.

"A nun was she, and likewise from her head
Was ta'en the shadow of the sacred wimple.

. . . . . .

Of great Costanza this is the effulgence,
Who from the second wind of Suabia
Brought forth the third and latest puissance."

Dante's third and latest puissance is none other than Frederick II, King and Emperor, *stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis.* The first Wind of Suabia was Barbarossa, Henry VI the second. Frederick II was third and last Roman emperor of the Suabian line.

In 1250 Frederick's death, followed in four years by that of his son Conrad, brought to the

throne of Sicily Manfred, natural son of Frederick, as regent for Conradin, infant son of Conrad.

Manfred was killed in battle at Benevento 1266; Conradin was executed at Naples in 1268.

Thus ended the Norman-Hohenstaufen House of Sicily.

Charles of Anjou, inveterate foe of that house, ally of the Popes in their warfare against it, succeeded to power, but his power meant only harsh oppression for Sicily and the very memory of it was washed from the face of the island in the awful massacre of the French at Palermo in 1282, known as the Sicilian Vespers.

King Manfred, however, had left a daughter named Constance, as had been Manfred's grandmother. To her husband, Pedro of Arragon, was extended, in that same year 1282, the sceptre of Sicilian rule, and on this wise Spain was added to the long list of "rulers of the south," that is of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, as Naples and Sicily came to be known after 1515.

Reasonably or unreasonably our historical interest in Palermo dies out with the last of the Hohenstaufen.

When the Great Count Roger in 1064 began

his prolonged assault upon Saracen Palermo he found no sordid seat of semi-barbarism as might have been supposed. Palermo was a highly civilized capital, the Arabs having developed marvellously in arts and letters and in the most improved practices of architecture, industry and agriculture. And all this had been built up upon the strong foundations laid in Panormus during centuries of Roman and Byzantine rule. The result was a degree of luxurious living and standards of culture and science second to none in Europe. To all this Count Roger succeeded, and by virtue of it he became one of the most powerful of European monarchs. With pious humility he boasted that "thanks to the grace of the Holy Spirit he had liberated the Christians in Sicily from the tyranny exercised by the Saracens, and built up again in honour of God, of our Lord Jesus Christ and of all the Saints, the churches destroyed by the wicked impiety of the Saracens."

As Filia and I made our round from one church to another that spring morning, we were inclined to admit that the Great Count and his descendants deserved the credit thus claimed; surely they showed themselves mighty

builders " before the Lord." Nevertheless the church architecture of Palermo remains predominantly Oriental, Saracenic and, to my own way of thinking, pagan.

We started early on our campaign with a capable horse and driver, and for convenience drove first to La Martorana, a short distance removed from Via Maqueda. Between the splendid Campanile of this church and the lesser church of San Cataldo a tall pine-tree stands guard; everything in the surroundings is grave and dignified. La Martorana was built in 1143 by Georgios Antiochenus, King Roger's admiral called the first noble in Sicily. In 1193 its present name was given by reason of a union with the church of a convent founded by Aloisia Martorana. A curious effect is produced by the enlargement of the edifice in varying styles of architecture both to the east and west. Byzantine Greek predominates throughout, but there is a mixture of Saracen and Gothic which we found in all the building of the Norman kings. The great interest here centres in the mosaics. Very beautiful are the arabesques of the window niches and panels, and quaintly charming the panels representing the Nativity and the Visit of the Magi. Surpassing all else, however, in historical value are the two great

panels in the vestibule, both of the original date of construction; the one shows "George the Admiral" at the feet of the Virgin, who holds a scroll recounting his merits and commending him to mercy, while the other represents King Roger himself crowned by Christ. The King wears the dalmatic showing that he was acknowledged by the Pope head of the Church in Sicily. The inscription, *Rogerius Rex,* is in Greek characters.

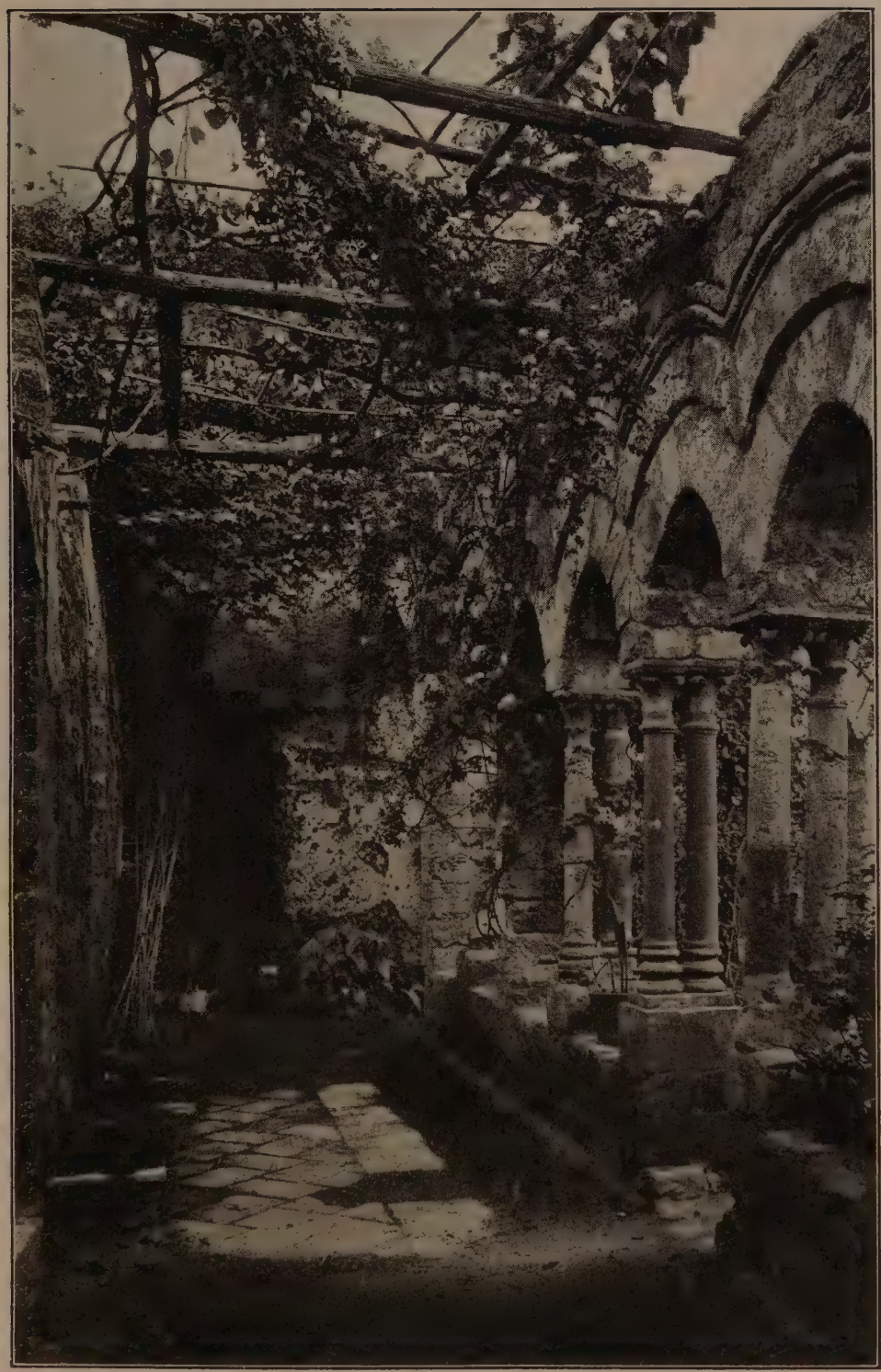
"If there is anything more interesting than this," exclaimed Filia, as we left La Martorana and crossed the few steps to San Cataldo, "I can hardly imagine it."

"But don't let us get confused and fancy that any of these churches were built or rebuilt by the first Roger, — the Great Count. He died, remember, in 1101. The Church of the Eremiti is the earliest we shall see, and that only dates from 1132."

"Yes, I know. It is King Roger's work which really remains in evidence, isn't it?"

"Yes, and that of the Williams, Bad and Good."

San Cataldo, with its group of small domes, is within very Greek, also it is very barren after La Martorana, but it has a beautiful mosaic pavement and a notable Greek Christian altar



CLOISTER OF SAN GIOVANNI DEGLI EREMITI, PALERMO.

with the signs of the evangelists. It dates from 1161.

"Both these Norman churches are as Greek as possible and even more Saracen than Greek. What a mixture!" commented Filia, as we returned to the carriage and bade the driver proceed to San Giovanni degli Eremiti.

We were discussing the mosque-like domes of San Cataldo when we came in sight of a muddle of rose-tinted cupolas which we soon found belonged to the Eremiti, far more mosque than church. We rang at a narrow door, which was opened by a porter, then climbed a narrow stair and found ourselves within that marvellous little cloister which everybody loves who goes to Palermo, and to which we straightway lost our hearts. Was it the architecture? or was it the violets? Certainly I have never, not in Taormina even, seen them in such prodigality of purple royal as there.

I fear we were not properly interested in the church itself, which we were able to prophesy would be an architectural mélange of Norman and Arab, but we loved sitting in the perfumed peace of that tangled, cloistered garden looking up at the pink domes, also at the mullioned windows and arches of a small loggia appearing aloft above the chaos of green for no obvi-

ous reason except to be a thing of grace and joy.

This, however, should be said before we leave this Church of the Hermits: In his diploma of 1148 King Roger grants the buildings to the Monastery of St. John "for the love of God, and the salvation of our mother: and our father the great Count Roger: of the most serene Duke Robert Guiscard, our uncle of most blessed memory: and also for the welfare of our consort the Queen Elvira, of most blessed remembrance."

Filia declares this is almost equal to a leaf from the Hauteville family Bible. Our guide further advanced the interesting statement that the Campanile bell of this church rang in the outbreak of the Sicilian vespers. Other bells seek the like distinction, but Filia and I have decided to stick to the bell of the Eremiti. This disposition was perhaps strengthened by the handfuls of violets pressed upon us by the guide as we came away, although why this distinction should be thought desirable Filia failed to see. I suggested that it might be as a magnet to tourists.

As we drove on to the Royal Palace we agreed that the churches seen thus far must be visited by all travellers to Palermo, and thus to advise

our friends. It would be needless to give advice concerning the Cappella Palatina, since no one is likely to leave it unvisited.

There is really nothing to see or to say of the palace itself save that here was first of all an Arabian palace which was appropriated and reconstructed by one after another of the Norman Kings who rivalled each other in making their private royal chapel the wonder of the world. A jewelled casket of incomparable richness was what we found. In endless variety, with consummate art, the precious porphyries and cipillini of the Mediterranean are brought into harmony; and every foot of the surface of this marvellous interior, floor and ceiling included, is encrusted with mosaic or marble, exquisitely wrought. The marble candelabrum, which stands by the pulpit, strikes the note.

This is noteworthy, written of the Cappella in the year 1146, during the reign of King Roger, by a Greek bishop: —

"This house of God has been erected by a truly great and kingly mind, as a durable monument — the cornerstone of his palace . . . gleaming with light, glittering with gold and resplendent with jewels. . . . The ceiling is a miracle, cunningly wrought and carved after

the fashion of a honeycomb, gleaming with gold throughout so that it seems like the sky at night when the host of stars twinkle down through the clear air. . . . The walls are sheeted with marble . . . the sacred pavement like a meadow in spring, adorned with marbles as with flowers, only flowers fade and this meadow is imperishable.''

Filia and I confessed our amazement that such as the old bishop described the *capella* in 1146 we in this second decade of the twentieth century found it still to be. But we confessed also that despite the magnificence and the glory of colour the place is as pagan as possible in effect. On the Sunday following we went again to the *capella* for High Mass, hoping to find there some aura of Christian grace and consecration but we found none.

We had dismissed our carriage, and as we walked by the pleasant paths of the Piazza Vittoria towards the Duomo Filia remarked thoughtfully,

"I have long ago made up my mind that Frederick was a heretic and a pagan, perhaps a trifler. But really when you see these churches and chapels, the expression of religion most familiar to him when he was a boy, I do not see how he could have been anything else. They

are not Christian, we both feel that they are not."

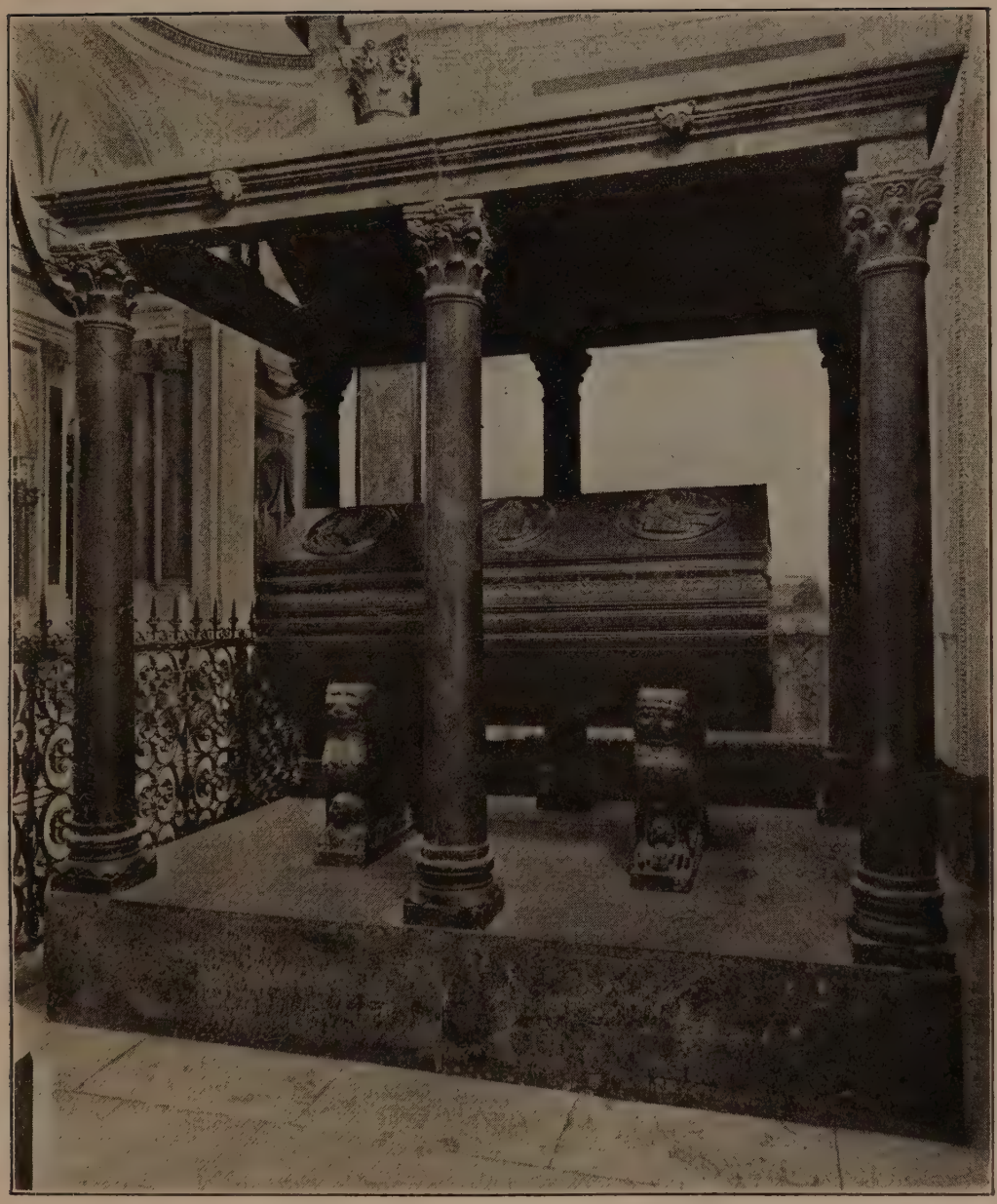
In a few moments we stood before the Duomo. The West front is imposing and interesting with the usual mingling of Saracen and Norman features, and with its flock of sculptured saints, popes and prelates flitting down from the highest pinnacle almost to the curbstone in free, familiar fashion. The Spanish south portal of the fourteenth century is lovely, but when once you enter there you leave hope behind, hope that is of finding aught of beauty or significance, save only the one matchless shrine, the Tombs of the Kings.

CHAPTER XIV

"THE VIPER'S BROOD"

I THINK Filia kept her tryst, and that we both in that silent chapel, beside his porphyry sarcophagus, met the spirit of Frederick of Sicily as nowhere else.

Standing there, we did not see the great Emperor in those late, desperate days of his life, when he was pitted in mortal conflict with the Genoese Pope, Innocent IV, when sorrow and calamity smote him hard and fast as he neared his lonely end. That period of his life belonged to the grey and sober north. We saw him here in his beloved Palermo under the ardent Sicilian sky, amid this profusion of all nature, this prodigality of Oriental art and imagery. Here where the "suave abundance of springs" waters the unstinted luxuriance of the Conca d'Oro, — "for all time celebrated plain that offers every kind of delights" to the senses and the imagination, grew up the brilliant poetic prince. Oriental art, letters, life



THE TOMB OF FREDERICK II IN THE CATHEDRAL, PALERMO.

dino.

were his native milieu. Little wonder that he grew to manhood "a blithesome, elemental pagan," — "the great eclectic." The beauty of his person and the irresistible charm of his personality were derived from the Italian strain interfused into the Hohenstaufen blood of his mother, Constance of Sicily. His education was Oriental rather than Christian. Gay, versatile, brimful of genius, Frederick II became famous as a fearless warrior, an unfailing friend, a passionate lover, troubadour, poet and philosopher. His court at Palermo, and also in Lucera in Apulia, became the intellectual and artistic centre of Europe.

Culture, love of beauty, art and the joy of life outran in Frederick the superstitious reverence of his day for the dogmas and dictates of the Roman hierarchy. To it he became thrice anathema; to the succeeding generations "the hero of his century."

"I am almost glad there is nothing to see in the Duomo except these tombs," said Filia as we left the spot; "I am too tired and hungry to take in another impression, I don't care what."

"But I can't help wishing for two more tombs to see in those chapels," I answered as

we hurried on down the Corso; "Conradin's grave seems lonely and aloof there in Naples. It belongs here."

"And Manfred's!" Filia broke in. "Where was he buried?"

"On the banks of the river Verde, I suppose, although there is a tomb said to be his in the Convent of Monte Vergine in Avellino. To me, Manfred is endlessly fascinating, and his death at Benevento most untimely. And, you know, he really should not bear the bar sinister, for Frederick was married on his death bed to Bianca Lancia, Manfred's mother."

"Evidently you and I have an incurable taste, mother, for the 'Viper's Brood,' as old Sinibaldo called Frederick's family."

"How I wish that Lucera on the mainland was not so inaccessible. I suppose in its great day it was even more identified with Frederick and Manfred than Palermo."

"Was that the Saracen city that the Popes were so bitter about?"

"Yes, and don't you remember that Charles of Anjou, just before the Battle of Benevento, sent his defiance to Manfred as 'the Sultan of Lucera'? The thrust was not really unfair, for I am sure it was a strange course of action on Frederick's part, — taking forty thousand

Saracens from Sicily and planting them in Lucera. They say he expelled the Christian inhabitants and made it purely a Moslem city."

"Perhaps he did not do exactly that; you know the histories give such opposite views of everything about Frederick."

"I know, he ranges all the way between hero and devil; I fancy the real trouble was that he was born centuries ahead of his time."

"I choose to call him cosmopolitan, not heathen."

"You may. But think, Filia, how interesting Lucera would be; Manfred fled there for refuge when Innocent IV was following hard after him; that was at the time when Conrad's death had rendered Manfred powerful and dangerous. The castle there was built, you know, by Frederick himself, and was very grand, and there Manfred had first been proclaimed King of Sicily. After the Battle of Benevento Manfred's wife with their children fled to Lucera and defended themselves in the castle."

"Lucera would be interesting and so would Benevento, but I don't fancy going about alone in those out of the way places of Southern Italy. The railroads are too bad."

"Yes, I suppose Lucera would be difficult. We will read what Hare says about it after luncheon and try to be satisfied."

Hare said much, I found, of Lucera, and much of highest interest; I cannot resist transcribing here these few sentences:

"Looking over the billowy hills from the castle, we may see some fragments of ruin about seven miles distant. They belong to Castel' Fiorentino, where the great Frederick died. Astrologers had foretold that his death would take place near iron gates at a place deriving its name from Flora, and on that account he had always avoided Florence. When, added to the coincidence of the name, he found that, close to his room, was a blocked door secured by iron bars, he said calmly: 'This is the spot, long ago foretold to me as that of my death. The will of God must be done.'"

How one would like to know a dozen details! Why could not Frederick go to die in his own castle seven miles farther? Was Bianca Lancia really with him at the last, and really married to him just before he died? Did Manfred soothe his last moments? or was there truth in that sinister tradition that he hastened his father's going?

While we rested after luncheon I brought out

my small Dante and read from the third canto of the Purgatorio this:

And one of them began: "Whoe'er thou art,
Thus going turn thine eyes, consider well
If e'er thou saw me in the other world."
I turned me tow'rds him, and looked at him closely;
Blond was he, beautiful, and of noble aspect,
But one of his eyebrows had a blow divided.
When with humility I had disclaimed
E'er having seen him, "Now behold!" he said,
And showed me high upon his breast a wound.
Then said he with a smile: "I am Manfredi,
The grandson of the Emperess Costanza;
Therefore when thou returnest, I beseech thee
Go to my daughter beautiful, the mother
Of Sicily's honour and of Arragon's,
And the truth tell her, if aught else be told.
After I had my body lacerated
By these two mortal stabs, I gave myself
Weeping to Him who willingly doth pardon.
Horrible my iniquities had been;
But Infinite Goodness hath such ample arms,
That it receives whatever turns to it.
Had but Cosenza's pastor, who in chase
Of me was sent by Clement at that time,
In God read understandingly this page,
The bones of my dead body still would be
At the bridge-head, near unto Benevento,
Under the safeguard of the heavy cairn.
Now the rain batters and moveth them the wind,
Beyond the realm, almost beside the Verde,
Where he transported them with tapers quenched.
By malison of theirs is not so lost
Eternal Love that it cannot return
So long as hope has anything of green."

Dante was born in 1265, one year before Manfred was slain at Benevento. Plainly he did not accept that awful stain of parricide which his enemies have sought to fix upon the unhappy Prince.

"King Manfredi," — thus Villani, — "had for his mother a beautiful lady of the family of the Marquises of Lancia in Lombardy, with whom the Emperor had an intrigue, and was beautiful in person, and like his father and more than his father was given to dissipation of all kinds." This last is a true Guelph touch! Manfred was born in 1232, in 1248 married Beatrix, a princess of Savoy, and in 1258 was crowned King of Sicily in Palermo. By some historians he is judged a traitor to the cause of Conradin, but the facts scarcely bear this interpretation. Like his father in beauty of person, grace and charm of manner and natural dominance over men, Manfred reached a summit of earthly eminence in his gay and gifted court both in Palermo and in Apulia. But this eminence was short lived. Charles of Anjou and Clement IV took counsel together against Manfred, the rather that he had won his way even to a senatorship of the City of Rome, a unique honour for a foreign king. He was becoming far too powerful.

The Papal forces met those of Manfred in battle at Benevento, and the King, being hard bested and his army scattered, resolved to die "like a valiant gentleman" rather than to seek escape in flight. He called for his armour bearer to bring his helmet, but when he placed it upon his head the silver eagle, its crest, fell on the ground, whereupon he exclaimed:

"*Ecce Signum Domini,*" and knew that his hour was come. His naked corpse was found among the dead on the banks of the Liris and was buried at the foot of the bridge of Benevento. But the fury of Clement being unappeased he ordered the Bishop of Cosenza to have the body torn up and it was again buried in the Abruzzi, on the banks of the river Verde.

Thus perished, in the height of his splendid manhood, at the age of thirty-four, Manfred, flower of manhood and chivalry, great son of a greater father. What a theme for fiction or poetry! Both the character of Manfred and the circumstances and crises of his life are endless in subtlety and complexity of interpretation.

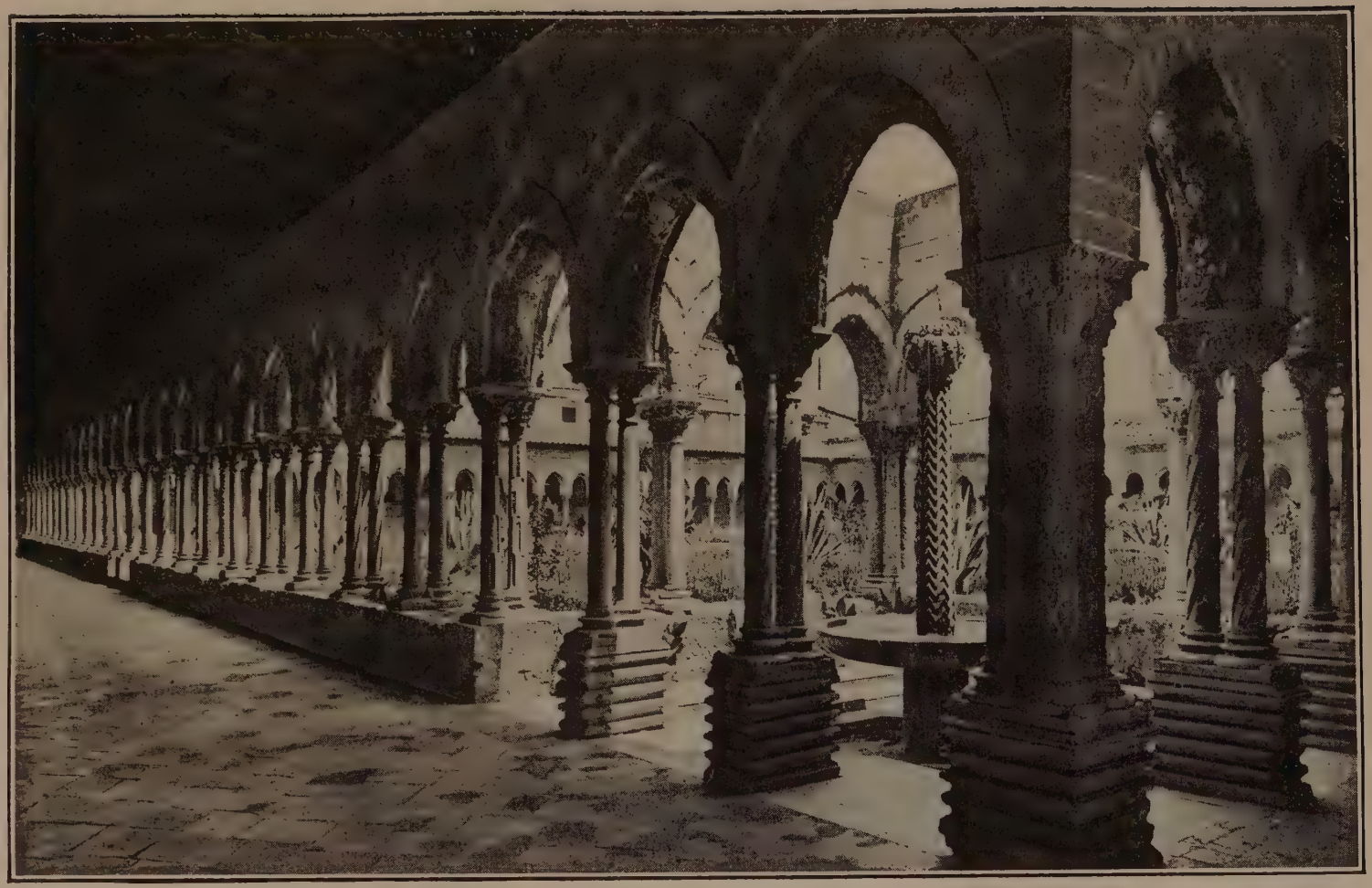
Monreale was a great experience. Under the charge of Marchese di Montaldo we found the excursion by train very simple and not at all

fatiguing. Before we left Palermo Filia and I ascended the "royal mountain" more than once, finding all our delightful first impressions deepened at each succeeding visit.

Unlike the Cappella Palatina, of which it seems at first an enormously enlarged replica, Monreale is nobly and solemnly impressive, probably by reason of the gracious, all-pervading Christ whose figure in mosaic fills the eastern apse. Sorrow, profound yearning, reproof, appeal, love, combine in the expression of the countenance, a marvel of achievement in a medium so little flexible as mosaic.

The cathedral of Monreale, latest of Norman masterpieces, and in my judgment, unequalled in the magnificence of its mosaics save by those in the churches of Ravenna, was built between 1174 and 1189 in fulfilment of a vow made by William the Good. The King, hunting in the forest, which then covered these heights, fell asleep under a tree; in his sleep the Virgin appeared to him and commanded him to build on the very spot where he lay a church in her honour.

We noted the Latin form of the Cathedral, the Roman colonnade, Byzantine mosaics, Greek sculpture and decorative details both Norman and Saracenic! The whole effect of the interior



CLOISTER OF THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY, MONREALE.

is yet magnificent and noble in highest degree. The tombs of the two Williams interested us but far more the mosaic panels of the choir, one showing William II presenting the church to Christ and the other receiving his crown. The most effective of the mosaics which line the nave was that of Christ driving out the money-changers, which is full of spirit and dramatic action. There was solemn music from a side chapel while we remained, the afternoon light was singularly lovely and the hour altogether full of religious awe and tenderness.

Later we spent a glorious half-hour in the adjoining monastery cloister, where the odour of orange blossoms filled the air blended with that of millions of deep-hued, long-stemmed violets, borders of which banded every bed in the cloister garth. This cloister is, I am convinced, the most beautiful thing in Palermo, "a monastic Alhambra" indeed. The famous fountain in its marvellous pillared portico we thought the crown jewel of the Saracenic sculptors' art. We lingered long within the enclosure, sunlit and radiant with the beauty of the flowers of spring and the flowers of the marble capitals. The walls of the old monastery and of the cathedral shut us in to the peace of the place, and the Campanile rose high above us, piercing a

sky incomparable in depth of colour. It was a memorable hour, one in which the small, the transient, the personal had little place.

The personal element returned however in force when, leaving the cloister, we were led by the Marchese to the small garden beyond, from whose wall there is a famous view over the Conca d'Oro and the city. Seated here, on a stone bench, Filia and Montaldo discussed with animation the latest tidings from the family.

Lent having come, the Marchesa and Adelina had returned to Villa Montaldo in Viterbo, leaving Giulia to continue her studies under the chaperonage of relatives. With a mischievous smile Filia read to Montaldo from a letter received by her in the morning from Adelina: "We are so honoured as to be having a visit of an entire week from the Manni. She arrived, by invitation, yesterday *en auto;* thus we have her chauffeur and maid also for poor old Beppi and Maria to serve. I shall tell Paolo, for whose sake we suffer, that I shall make no love to his prospective parti on his behalf, since I have none. But mamma is at every pains to please the lady."

The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

"Adelina need not trouble herself. That is

a move of my father's, but an excellent one for me I am sure, in the end. I can leave all that to my mother."

Which cryptic utterance Filia says she interprets as meaning that his mother will make sure that the inferiority and commonplaceness of the Signorina Manni shall not fail of their full effect upon the old Marchese who is very easily bored. No doubt, however, that he planned this visit as a move against Junia's entrenchments.

But now, with a sudden movement, as if he yielded to an impulse he hardly himself approved, Montaldo, in his turn, took from his pocket a letter which he hurriedly opened.

"You are so truly our friends, *cara* Signora, *cara* Signorina Filia, — I cannot resist making known to you more precisely the situation. As it now stands, the one barrier to my marriage is in Junia herself."

"How do you mean?" exclaimed Filia.

"I mean that about two weeks ago I took *mia madre* wholly into my confidence as concerns the understanding between Signorina Story and myself. Also I told her plainly that I would suffer no more of these unworthy approaches on my behalf toward an alliance with the Signorina Manni. In fact, I have so far

become imbued with your American spirit of independence that I now conceive absolute disgust at the thought of dangling for my support from the purse strings of any woman. That is not the Italian point of view. It has become mine, and that apart from this new tie.''

Filia clapped her hands vigorously.

'' That is as a man and a soldier should speak,'' I murmured with no less enthusiasm.

'' A thousand thanks.'' The Lieutenant smiled his grave smile and bowed with his peculiar stiff and formal courtesy. '' So then! That is not all. I said: Here is my ultimatum: I purpose writing to my father, saying that I shall marry no other woman than my English Junia and that he can count that beyond question or argument.''

'' Have you written your father this?'' asked Filia quickly.

'' No, I was so prudent as to wait to hear from my mother, but so imprudent as to send a letter to Signorina Story in Genoa proposing that we be married out of hand without further interference.''

'' And Junia —? '' Filia cried.

'' Junia returned but one sentence; which was: ' I cannot enter your family without your father's welcome.' That is *her* ultimatum.''

"I think she is right," I commented, while Filia as emphatically said,

"I think she is wrong."

"Ecco!" continued Montaldo, rising in growing excitement and pacing the path before us. "This letter in my hand is my mother's reply to mine. She astonishes me, for she declares that my love for my dear lady was long since divined by her. She has been silent because she would not challenge my confidence."

Filia showed her surprise.

"Yes," he continued, "she says it has been a sacred secret to her because it was surprised before the altar, when, she and Junia, knowing nothing of each other, knelt side by side and both prayed . . . for me, unworthy . . . "

Montaldo broke off and bent his head with a humility strange to see in a man of his character.

"She writes me, this adorable mother of mine," he went on presently, "that a mysterious telepathic sympathy sprang to life in that moment between them; that when, a little later, she learned that I was not a stranger to the Signorina she instantly comprehended all and accepted the situation. She understood, also, absolutely, how innocent of intention was Junia's coming to Rome."

"And Signora Montaldo does not, I am sure, feel so great objection as you anticipated in the disparity of race and religion?" I asked, my memory busy with that conversation of ours at Santa Margherita in November, my admiration for the Marchesa growing with every word.

"No," the Lieutenant said with suppressed feeling; "I could better have trusted the deeps of her insight, her sympathy, also the impression such a creature as Junia would create. This is what she writes." Turning to the letter he translated hastily these sentences: "Whether of our Italian people or not becomes a matter of small moment when one perceives a character truly great, truly beautiful, for such are alike in all peoples; and for the religion — since *la vostra diletta* and I joined our prayers for you at God's altar, — what matters under name of which church we pray? We are at one."

"*La Signora è adoràbile*" murmured Filia reverently.

"*Non è vero?*"

Presently the Lieutenant in a wholly different tone, putting the letter away, remarked,

"After this you will understand that I leave with confidence, my affair in the hands of my mother for the present. She counsels me to

have patience, and admonishes me that in war success is two-thirds patience and only one-third dash."

Suddenly realizing that the afternoon was passing rapidly, I had risen, and we now came out into the piazza of Monreale.

"It cannot be time to dash yet," protested Filia.

Montaldo smiled.

"It will be for me before very long, rest assured. But you know now the situation. I find, or think I find, a mysterious suggestion in my mother's letter of very much to be gained by waiting, and gained soon. Also, I judge that *il mio padre* himself finds the excellent and wealthy Signorina Manni a little fatiguing. *Pronti!* Here is our car!"

At the entrance to Villa Tasca, as we came down from Monreale, we parted finally from the Marchese, our interest in his affair risen to a high pitch. Can it be that we shall see him no more? The fleet leaves Palermo to-night; his movements are wholly uncertain and our time grows short.

Villa Tasca was a delight, lying among wide reaches of lemon and orange grove, rich in flowers and shaded dells, in its pools and fountains of living water. A flower-bordered

path, very tropical in its luxuriant vegetation, led to a small temple standing remote and isolated; it contained a bust of the late Baron Tasca. The house was closed, the family absent, but we saw every sign of a gracious and stately scheme of living, and we were interested to know that this Sicilian nobleman had here founded an experimental agricultural station in an effort to better the backward and impoverished conditions of the island.

To describe the Villas of Palermo, public and private, would be an immoderately difficult task; they are not only numerous but exuberant and exotic to a degree. Villa Malfitani, the residence of Mr. Joseph Whitaker, and Villa Sperlinga, that of Mr. Joshua Whitaker, together with Villa Sofia, are, to our way of thinking, by far the most to be desired. These private estates of merchant princes of a family, resident, Mr. Joshua Whitaker told us, in Sicily for a hundred years, are generously opened to visitors to Palermo until sunset on certain days of the week, on presentation of the visiting card.

The circumstances of our visit to Villa Sperlinga the day before we left Palermo were somewhat unusual. We had been for a drive to Santa Maria di Gesù, as regards which a



A SICILIAN VILLA.

word later, and planned to visit Sperlinga after our return. We were late, however, and the sun was so low before we reached the gates of the Villa that we feared the attempt was in vain. The old porter was plainly of this mind and hesitated very pointedly until Filia coaxed away his scruples by pathetic allusions to this being our only chance before returning to America. He relented, a little reluctantly, we passed through and walked hurriedly and timidly down a wide avenue. We saw at once that the gardens were on so vast a scale that it was useless to attempt to see them in this hasty fashion and thus on sufferance; I was about proposing that we turn back when we met in the path an erect, soldierly looking gentleman who spoke to us graciously and invited us to walk on. He, in fact, proceeded now to act as our guide through the glorious stretches of English park and Italian garden which compose Sperlinga. It was not long before we discovered the fact that our friendly conductor was the owner of the estate, Mr. Joshua Whitaker, head of the famous family of which Mr. Douglass Sladen has written much and well. For an hour we were made to feel ourselves his guests; when we left we felt ourselves his friends in perpetuity.

Villa Sperlinga exhibits the intimate and devoted personal care of Mr. Whitaker and his wife during a period of twenty-five years in which they have brought to perfection the best features of landscape gardening, English taste being combined with Italian luxuriance and skill in producing effects. Magnificent hedges of aloe and agave, abound; endless charm is in the rose-hedges, the vine-embowered pergolas, the tennis courts, garden houses, the alleys enclosed by massive clipped laurels, the bamboo thickets, the charming intimacies of secluded bowers, the stately sweep of palm avenues.

The public gardens of Palermo possess in varying degree of excellence these same features and redeem the city from the dusty glare of its streets, which might otherwise be well-nigh intolerable.

The drive to Santa Maria di Gesù, an ancient monastery, was typical of most of the drives in and around Palermo. We passed by miles of indescribably ugly outlying regions, where the very air seemed loaded with uncleanness, to a dismal village. Beyond lay a steep hill up which we climbed between tombs of Palermitan aristocrats to the terrace whence the view was obtained. The view was beyond criticism, embracing the Conca d'Oro, the city, the bay,

Monte Catalfano on the east and Monte Pellegrino on the west. It was magnificent, far more comprehensive even than the view from Monreale, but it was obtained with too great difficulty. The same may be said of the drive to Hotel Igeia. It is a delectable place once you are there, but the drive thither is so disagreeable that one can never wish to take it a second time.

No one can be long in Palermo, or elsewhere in Sicily, without some sense of depression from the appalling aspect of poverty and neglect. The centuries of Spanish and Bourbon oppression have left an indelible mark upon the island in such degree that perhaps only by joining in vigorous measures of uplift and reform can wealthy foreigners, coming there to live, feel their residence justified, with all the luxuries and delights which Sicily so liberally offers.

We had, in coming to Sicily, cherished the hope of visiting Selinus —(Selinunte) the westernmost of primitive Greek settlements. The excursion is usually made from Palermo, but before Palermo was reached my valour had surrendered to my discretion. Having some small knowledge now of conditions of travel in Sicily we decided to forego an expedition which de-

mands many changes, long drives and stiff climbing at best. After a morning of rare enjoyment spent in the National Museum of Palermo I was, in a measure, content to have received some impression at least of those colossal ruins of Selinus without the rigours of the journey. And still I shall never lose the desire which in the end may draw me back at a more favourable season to Sicily and to Selinus.

For all its treasures I still count the Palermo museum second in significance, to that of Syracuse, but there is little chance to compare them as far as concerns their *mise-en-scene*. Syracuse gives its treasures as bare and bleak a setting as possible, albeit the arrangement from the archeological point of view is admirable; on the other hand the moment one enters the first *cortile* of the Palermo museum one is met by the same sense of extraordinary pleasure in the surroundings which belongs to the museum of Toulouse. No doubt the fact that both these splendid collections are contained in the cloistered courts of ancient monasteries explains much of this charm, the note of the mediaeval and picturesque being struck on the threshold.

We lingered in the lovely cortili with their

papyrus-wreathed fountains, their palms, and vines, but presently from the second Filia strayed into a vaulted vestibule where lay extended a mate to our colossal Telamone of the Temple of Zeus at Girgenti.

"Stand here!" she cried, "and you will hear larks sing, you will smell wild thyme and the salt sea, you will see in the distance, Concordia!"

Our eyes flashed each to each that sense of something precious and permanent in the common memory which is among our dearest human possessions.

"Do you wish you were going back to Girgenti?" I asked after a moment's silence, in which Filia's hand had crept into mine.

"I must go back sometime," she said softly, "but I have a long way to go first."

"Yes, a long way. Please God, a good and a happy way."

Then we turned to the Sicilian antiquities, and, by way of them, plunged well off from the personal and poignant. All that we saw was to us both but as introduction and framework for the Sala di Selinunte and the marvel of its archaic metopes.

Selinunte or Selinus was founded on the south coast by colonists from Megara-Hyblæa,

628 B. C. Freeman, Sicily's most learned English historian, who is never extravagant in enthusiasm, speaks of the ruined temples there still to be seen, as precious in the history of Greek art and overwhelming in their actual presence.

These metopes adorned the cornices of those temples and belong to the seventh and sixth centuries before Christ. The development from the rude archaism of those belonging to the earlier period, which are ranged along the side walls of this hall, to the four specimens on the rear wall which face us as we enter, is distinct and striking. These latter have much of the vitality and loveliness of the Attic period of Greek art, and are, at the same time, full of dramatic action. The reliefs are made in a tufaceous limestone of a warm yellow tone, but the nude portions of the female figures were overlaid with white marble which in many instances remains unimpaired and produces a singular and suggestive impression. Especially is this the case in the famous metope of Hercules slaying Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, where the strong coarse-textured tufa foot of the giant is imposed upon that of the Amazon, more delicate in form and of marble, white and smooth.

This relief, and that of Minerva struggling with a giant, usually called Enceladus, are instinct with action, boldness, and power, and by no means lacking in classic grace.

After the metopes the other treasures of the museum seemed trivial almost.

We decided to give this first visit wholly to the work of the Greeks of all Sicily and the Phoenicians of ancient Panormus. I think, if possible, it is wise to do this, as it is scarcely possible to do justice in a single visit to the collection, which ranges from 2000 B. C. to 1860 A. D.!

When we went for the second time to the museum we saved the Sala di Selinunte for a special indulgence at the end, and gave our first fresh attention to the Arab Room and to the splendid collection of Greek vases, majolicas, archaic statuettes and coins. The picture gallery did not interest us; we hurried through its wearisome mediocrities to that room where are preserved mementoes of the *Risorgimento,* and of Garibaldi's Thousand.

I think there are few sights more moving than these faded personal belongings of Garibaldi: his tattered flag; his poor worn trousers, made by his own hand in the days of his danger and flight; his red shirts; the characteristic biretti,

under which we could almost see that lion's mane of yellow locks; his capes and cloaks and pistols.

I remember when we came out from the museum that afternoon we found a hot scirocco blowing a blinding dust in our eyes along the glaring street and gave up on the instant the plans we had made. Filia called a *carozze* and we hastened to the shelter of the Leader Williams apartment. Here we found what we wanted: tea and muffins; rest, good cheer, and Trevelyan's "Garibaldi and the Thousand." Armed with this we returned to the pensione, provided for a whole day's siege by the forces of scirocco. It persisted, as we were sure it would, for thirty-six hours; I would far rather encounter the wet than the dry scirocco.

With the hot wind howling around our windows and assailing them with volleys of sand and dust, Filia and I shut ourselves in that next day to Garibaldi and *i Mille*. We had still fresh in memory a picture of that rocky beach at Quarto on the Ligurian shore from which on the night of May 6, 1860, Garibaldi and his little band set sail in those two small merchant vessels, the *Lombardy* and the *Piedmont* on that most audacious, most intrepid, most thrilling expedition of modern history, that expedition

which, in the end, gave the King of Italy his undivided kingdom.

Garibaldi's own words describing his emotions during the embarkation at Quarto prove him to have had the soul of poet as of hero:

"O night of the fifth of May," he writes, "lit up with the fire of a thousand lamps with which the Omnipotent has adorned the Infinite! Beautiful, tranquil, solemn with that solemnity which swells the hearts of generous men when they go forth to free the slave! Such were the Thousand . . . my young veterans of the war of Italian liberty, and I, proud of their trust in me, felt myself capable of attempting anything. . . . I have felt this same harmony of soul on all nights like those of Quarto, of Reggio, of Palermo."

Sicily was in revolt against the stupid and reactionary excesses of Francis II, known as Bomba, because of his trick of bombarding the ports of his own people. Francesco Crispi and Rosalino Pilo, two young Sicilian patriots, had worked incessantly to prepare their people for decisive action and to acquaint Garibaldi, away in Genoa, with their conviction that the time had come to strike. On the eleventh of May the vessels containing Garibaldi and his Thousand landed at Marsala under cover of English gun-

boats. From Marsala the General marched on to Salemi, a mountain town whose people were already in rebellion against Bourbon misrule.

From Salemi Garibaldi, with magnificent boldness, issued a proclamation in which he announced himself, in the name of the King of Italy, Dictator of Sicily. A battle at Catalfimi followed, in which the patriots won. Eighteen thousand Bourbon regulars were at the time stationed in Palermo; Pilo joined Garibaldi near Monreale; their forces now numbered in all five thousand men. With this handful of volunteers, ill-fed, ragged, undisciplined, Garibaldi attacked the Bourbon army in its stronghold of Palermo. And Pilo was killed at the very outset! "By a shrewd piece of generalship Garibaldi abandoned the approach from Monreale, and made his entry into the city from Piana dei Greci" leaving campfires blazing on the heights of Monreale. By this stratagem he entered Palermo triumphantly, amid the tumultuous rejoicings of the citizens. King Bomba, from the ships of war in the harbour, undertook one of his outrages of bombardment, but in the end was forced to make terms and abandon Palermo to Garibaldi.

All over Sicily the revolution spread. Milazzo and Syracuse were won a few weeks

later; Messina held out longer, but the essential conquest of the island was accomplished in an irresistible onward sweep of six weeks. On September sixth King Bomba fled from Naples. Garibaldi entered the city on the following day as Dictator by conquest, in the name of the King of Italy.

CHAPTER XV

SHORES RE-VISITED

YOU clamber up a steep, a narrow and a rocky path, — to your amazement later you learn that it is a street of importance — high walls are on each side; over these now and then you catch sight of the sea; you come to a dark green door in a white wall which you open; a bell tinkles; you step down three steps and enter a long garden path; you pass between borders of iris and narcissus to a flight of steps rising amid a luxuriance of vines and blossoms; you enter the villa. Everywhere grace, refinement, charm make you say, "Surely a lady is here!" You pass through a series of rooms, where good books and good pictures greatly abound; by a white tiled hall and a white marble stair you make your way to cool, lucid chambers above; you enter one; it has a strangely English air; there is snowy bed linen, towels large and satin smooth, such as you have at home; there are curtains at the windows, which you hail with

absurd access of pleasure, for they are not the inevitable Nottingham, but are of linen with borders of delicate drawn-work wrought by patient and skilful hands. You put the curtains of one open casement aside and step through to a wide whitewalled terrace. From it you look over white villas of Oriental aspect, olive orchards and vineyards, framed between two prodigious headlands; a bit of beach with rocks of bold and curious shape lies far, far below; over a stretch of sunlit all-encompassing sea white sails gleam, through the haze, against a violet shore.

That far shore is Punta di Campanella, extreme point of the peninsula of Sorrento; those rocks which rise from the beach at the foot of the great cliffs are the Faraglioni; the island is Capri; the villa is Villa Valentino, and the villa is an island itself, an island of English comfort and charm in a seething sea of tourists; for your hostess is Madame Neville, known aforetime as mistress of Villa Cercola. Yes, returning to the first person, we are at Capri, Filia and I, and from here we purpose to revisit other scenes of our first Italian journey, Sorrento, Amalfi, Ravello, yes, Ravello above all.

Filia has given up her early dream of a

honeymoon spent at Ravello, but since she knows now that cannot be, she is minded to take with her back to America and into the new chapter of her life all the intimate delights of Ravello and these other shores under whose enchantment we fell long since.

At first I must admit I felt the enchantment losing its hold, for the month stubbornly remains March, declines to change prematurely into anything milder or serener the better to serve our turn. Accordingly, two things were inevitable; a miserable, seasick crossing to Capri from Naples (which we reached with sufficient ease by sea from Palermo) and an arrival with swarms of Germans.

Capri was annexed by German artists in the sixties, since when it belongs for the early Spring to the German nation. By hundreds they pour forth from the steamer upon the Marina Grande; you can watch them from the Belvedere above. In half an hour scores of little carriages will deliver them in the Piazza Umberto Primo up on this level, each with Baedeker in hand and *Wunderbar!* on lips. After the carriage loads an interval will elapse when, if you wait, you shall see another procession, on foot. These pedestrians, both men and women, wear Tyrolean hats with cockades of

feathers at the side, and garments of one unvarying grey woollen fabric; heavy boots, heavy sticks, heavy knapsacks complete the costume. The men, as is their right in the Fatherland, stride a few paces ahead of the women folk. As they tread the stony soil of Capri I note the genial air with which they gaze about them as who should say, "My foot is on my native heath and my name is"—Meyer, perhaps. And why not?

Everywhere they see German signs; hotels of Drei Könige, Cafes Hidigeigei and German beer on sale. They seem indeed to have marked Capri for their own.

As I have suggested we felt for a few hours after our arrival at Capri a reflex of the crossing and a reaction from the prevailing Teutonism, both disenchanting. But we breathed for a time in seclusion the English air of Villa Valentino and thereafter walked alone, the excursion steamer having left for Naples, to Punta Tragara for a sunset. Long lateral clouds formed a rosy aerial bridge from Lo Capo to Monte Solaro; when the colour faded those lofty heights grew sombre and mysterious; then over their lower slopes lights sprang here and there; the Tramontane blew sweet and fresh across a hundred gardens. In

the stillness and the shadow we suddenly realized that Capri still possessed the spell which we had found once upon its shores.

And the spell was waiting for us next morning. We rang early for our coffee, finding the winds were hushed, then hastened down to the Marina Grande, made expeditious bargain with a brawny boatman to take us to the Blue Grotto, jumped into his skiff and were off on our "adventure strange and new." As every one who visits Capri visits the Grotta Azzura and most people visit the island only to accomplish this, description of it is not required. For myself, I was not disappointed but I was not enthralled by the effect of the cavern of liquid sapphire, probably because I had lingered too long by the waters of Sicily with their gorgeous gamut of colour. It is a magical, an unearthly place, however, and being alone in its embrace we could watch each changing light in the translucent depths and in the ambient air.

As we rowed back under the solemn shadow of the perpendicular cliffs which form the eastern shore and whose frown seems to turn the water black below, Filia and I exchanged strong opinions regarding the relation of the Grotto, one of many caves but the only one of which we



STREET SCENE, CAPRI.

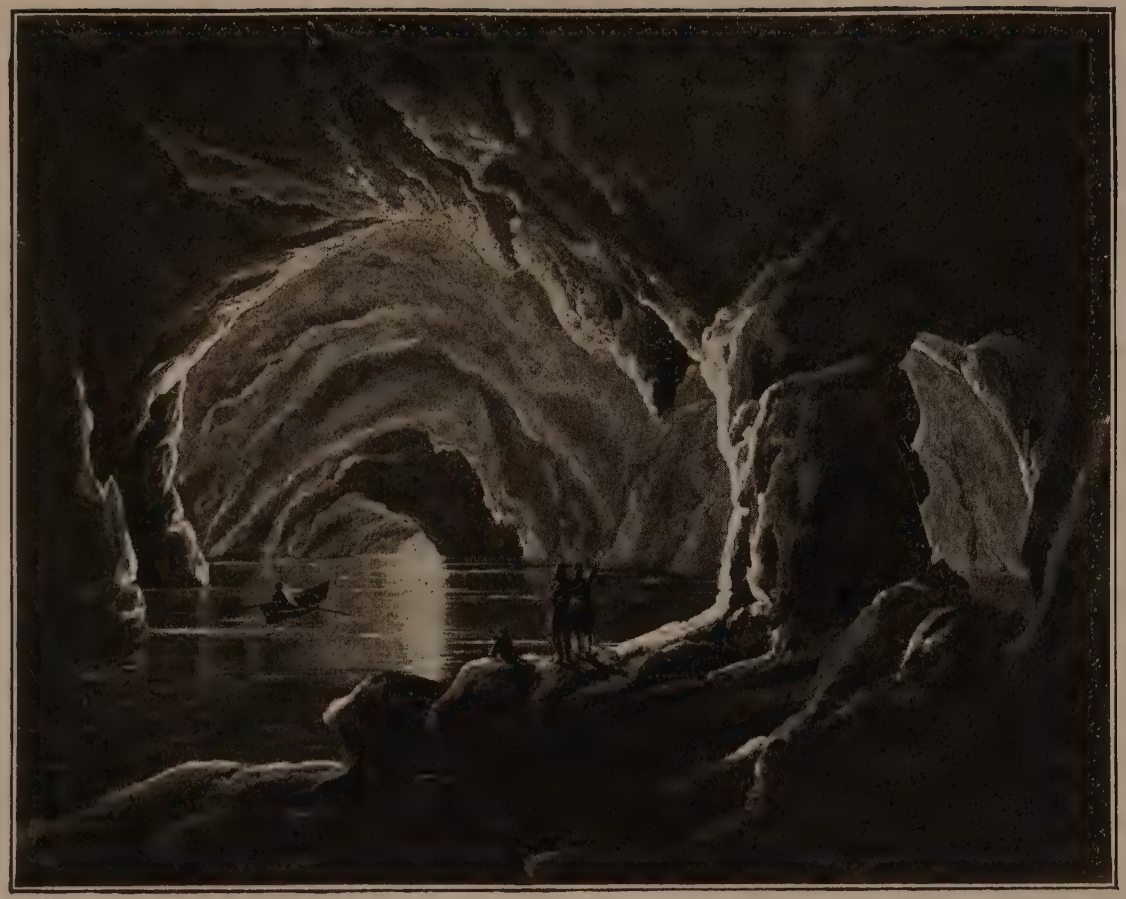
hear popularly, to the island. We were alike impressed with the greater claims of the island in general, in itself and in its incomparable situation, than of this single, incidental feature. We agreed that nothing could be more fatuous than the tourist-agency trick by which thousands of people, at extravagant expense, no matter how rough the Bay, are shipped over here in miserable little cockle-shells of steamers for four hours on the island. Two of these hours are spent in visiting the Grotto, a third in lunching, the fourth in getting driven at a breakneck speed from one point to another.

We then and there decided that the trip to Capri from Naples to see the Grotto, thick inlaid with clumsy bumping skiffs and noisy with naked boys clamouring for coins to dive for, is not worth so great effort. My advice is, Go to Capri by all means, if you can go for twenty-four hours or longer, visit the Grotto before the arrival of the steamer from Naples, thus ensuring perfect conditions, solitude being the chief requisite, then remain on the island as long as you can and enjoy the scenery which will make of any day and every, spent in Capri, a glory and a revelation. In short, go for a week if possible; or, if preferred, imitate the gentleman named Wreford, the illustrious boast

of all Capri, who came hither for a day and remained forty years!

A book which Filia found in Madame Neville's library, when we were back at Villa Valentino, called "Siren Land," by Norman Douglass, deliciously satirizes the disproportionate claims of the Grotto.

"The Blue Grotto," says Mr. Douglass, "appealed so slightly to the inhabitants of Capri that they never succeeded in discovering what there was to discover in it. More than three-quarters of them at the present moment have not entered it. None of us, no, not one, visits the Blue Grotto twice. And yet it has made Capri. It has slowly but surely routed the rivals of this island, Ischia, Sorrento and Amalfi, who are bursting with envy; it has created hotels, steamboats and driving roads; it has stuffed the pockets of the gentle islanders with gold; it has altered their characters and faces, given them comfortable homes and a wondrous fine opinion of themselves. *Viva la Grotta Azzura!* It has lately built the funicular railway; it has dappled the island with the villas of eccentric strangers; it has studded the lonely seashore with fancy-tinted caves, like Joseph's coat. For hardly was the Blue Grotto discovered, and the meaning of the word *blue*



THE BLUE GROTTO, CAPRI.

explained to these children of nature, before other gorgeous caverns, hitherto unnoticed, claimed attention. The foreigners liked colour in caves. The foreigners brought money. Colour in caves is cheap. Let them have it!"

A careful student of the marvellous colour of the Grotto, whose beauty no one would wish to deny, offers an ingenious and perhaps authoritative explanation in the existence of a submerged arch at the right of and below the entrance, communicating with the Grotto. Through this submerged window stream upward the rays of light, the white being refracted, the red and yellow absorbed by the water; the blue rays alone are transmitted through to the surface intensifying the hues to a phenomenal degree.

On another day we started about ten o'clock and walked to the Timberio, as the natives call the ruins of the Villa of Tiberius on the promontory of Lo Capo. It is a stiff walk but every step of it brings a fresh picture. Charming white stucco villas with Oriental roofs and loggias; long grassy alleys, pergola-shaded; always the wide sweep of blue sea; olive orchards and vineyards everywhere; everywhere the sharp emphasis of the pale green cactus; grass, flower-starred as in Botticelli's Spring,

— such were among the joys of the wayside that morning. Almond blossoms, we soon found, we had left behind with Greek temples, in Sicily, but the pinker, less bountiful bloom of many peach orchards made some amends; anemones were in profusion, but we saw only a small crimson variety, nowhere the great purple Sicilian flower; there were wild daffodils and crocus, cyclamen, daisies, violets and hyacinths, — a splendour of them all such as might have charmed Persephone herself.

A bit of hard climbing at the last brought us to the crowning height and the famous rock known as the Salto di Tiberio, from which, according to tradition, the Emperor Tiberius, popularly the evil genius of the island in his day, was accustomed in wanton cruelty to throw persons who displeased him. It was pleasant to be met, before we pushed on to the sightseer's climax, by a pretty, smiling Italian woman in rather conscious Caprese costume, whom we recognized. She invited us into a decent little inn, called the Salto di Tiberio, for refreshment.

Tired and heated, also enamoured of the wild wonder of the world of sea and precipice about us, we drew back from the close interior of the inn. Upon this, with the preternatural quick-

ness of perception of the Italian, Tiberiana (I call her this, not knowing her name) carried across the stretch of turf before her house to the cool shadow of the ancient Roman Faro, two chairs and a light table. In another moment cakes and Malversa were placed before us, and we sat and rested and realized more keenly, from moment to moment, that not in Capri, perhaps never again, should we know an hour more perfect. The sea lay a thousand feet sheer below us. A soft blue haze mantled the distant reaches of the Bay; through it, far to our left, could be seen the outlines of Ischia; facing us as we looked seaward beyond the dizzy verge were Sorrento and the rocky islets of the Galli; landward, across a little ravine beyond the inn, lay the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and just above us rose the broken tower of their lighthouse. Far beyond, yet dimly shining from its eastern crescent, lay classic Parthenope and, as I reminded Filia, every foot of sea and shore was known to Ulysses.

"Why, pray, is Naples called Parthenope?" she asked abruptly. "For some reason the name always annoys me."

"Probably because it suggests something you have not taken the trouble to know."

"Probably. Please do not moralize but proceed."

"I only know that Parthenope was a Greek siren who sailed with her father from Sicily to the shore over yonder in some year before dates were invented."

"The first time I ever heard of a siren with a father!"

"If I am dogmatic you are captious. I do not stand for her father; I do not even stand for Parthenope. I tell what I was told. The siren died, another surprise, of a distemper — another — and being considered at least ninety-nine per cent pure and perhaps more, a distinction which seems to have at that time been held miraculous, a temple was erected upon her grave; she was worshipped for a thousand years and her shrine became a city — the city over there which we call Naples. We have changed from the goddess Persephone to the siren Parthenope, you see."

"Parthenope is a prettier name than Naples, certainly."

"Yes, but both come from the Greek. The Greeks from Cumæ, who built up the city before the Romans claimed it, called it Neapolis, from which Naples."

"Really, mother," commented Filia inconse-

quently, "I have seldom known higher water-mark than this very minute. These cliffs are thrilling; that gorgeous peacock iridescence of the sea and the grace of these wild flowers enchant me, and then there is that haunting sense of antiquity, of mystery, that vague feeling which I had sometimes in Sicily — never in Palermo though."

"I have the same sensation; I call it my mythological mood, for lack of a better word. I suppose it is a dim semi-conscious reflex of being heirs to the ages. There is something akin to Sicily here, only I don't fancy changing those charming Greek goddesses for the Roman Emperors who seem to have been the familiar spirits of Capri."

"They always bring out Tiberius. He seems to be their one hero of evil memory. He discovered the island, I suppose."

"Oh, no, my dear. You forget that Naples has an authentic history going back many centuries before Christ. Capri could hardly have lain here across the threshold of Parthenope without being discovered, although it is never mentioned in classic writing until Augustus brought it into notice."

"Oh, I remember that Augustus used to make Naples one of his favourite places of resi-

dence. How can any one be expected to keep all these things in mind? Well, what did he do about Capri that was interesting? ''

'' He came here in the year 29 B. C. on a visit from Naples, and an old oak-tree, which had been called dead, suddenly burst forth into new shoots and leaves when he landed.''

'' He must have been flattered! ''

'' He was, immensely, nature as well as man yielding to him, you see. He marked Capri for his own on the spot. Villas on islands were quite the thing with Roman gentlemen in that time I believe, and those ruins of Villa Jovis over there belong to one of twelve villas which Augustus is said to have built here for himself and his suite.''

'' I have always heard that called the Palace of Tiberius; I thought he built the baths and palaces here.''

'' Students now say Augustus rather, he being such a great builder and Tiberius not at all. Many other traditions of Capri seem to be discounted by scholars, for instance those which represent Tiberius as a monster of cruelty and sensuality who ran away from his imperial responsibilities in Rome, found Capri to his taste, because these awful cliffs made it so difficult to reach and so easy for purposes of

victim precipitation, — therefore just the place he wanted for his orgies. Some one, I have read, calls all this a sinister tradition, which broods over Capri like a poisonous exhalation."

"It certainly is not a pretty story. What is true then? Tiberius lived here for ten years, did he not? He left Rome to govern itself, and was not considered precisely irreproachable, was he?"

"But, you see, Tiberius hated the 'job' of being emperor from the outset, — tried to beg off, if you remember, when the senate would have him Augustus. He was a student by taste, a pedant, and also he became bitterly unhappy and disappointed in all his family relations as time went on. Further still, the man suffered from a disfiguring and incurable skin disease. All these things made him wish seclusion, and there seems to be no doubt that while here in Capri he watched over the government in Rome. He was nearly seventy when he retired, and these wild carouses and outbreaks of fiendish cruelty do not seem very probable."

"I see. I can part with them from my mental impedimenta without a pang. Let us go then and view in a judicious and a tolerant temper, the crag from which Tiberius did *not* cast his victims into the sea."

We found the Salto almost too awful to endure, the stout parapet making it possible to stand on the out-jutting rock and snatch fearful glances down a thousand feet past the concave rock to the water.

We decided not to explore the ruins of Villa Jovis; those of the Faro tempted me more, but we forebore further climbing. A ruined Roman lighthouse of a date probably before the Christian era, impressed me as a thing new in ancient remains. The ruins certainly indicate a structure of imposing height and proportions. I was interested in hearing later that Augustus, supposedly the builder of this mighty Faro, designed it to light his favourite villa as well as to serve as a beacon for grain and treasure-ships sailing from Alexandria to the ports of Baiæ and Pozzuoli.

As we came down the rough mule track, past the little church of San Michele, a group of girls passed us, tripping much more lightly than we, laughing and gesticulating freely, each carrying poised on her head a tall, slender wine bottle of glass, unprotected by straw casing; a bottle which held at least ten quarts of wine. It seemed certain to us at first that these would be presently shivered by fall upon the stony path, but, as we followed on, we saw that noth-



DANCING THE TARANTELLA — BY BARON VON GLOEDEN.

ing of the kind would happen, so perfect was the firmness, the balance of foot and head. No wonder these Caprese peasant girls have a character and a quality of their own!

I mentioned the fact that we recognized aloft at the Salto the smiling donna of the inn, Tiberiana. The evening before we had gone with a little company from Villa Valentino to take coffee after dinner at Caffè Hidigeigei and witness the dancing of the tarantella. The dancers were this woman and a man, who she told us was her cousin, and who also appeared as attendant up at the Salto. Although neither of the pair was strikingly possessed of grace or beauty as seen in their ordinary avocations, they infused into their dancing a singularly seductive charm. The man wore dark trousers, a yellow blouse and a white sash; Tiberiana her costume of yellow petticoat, embroidered and laced red bodice, large earrings and Roman silk apron.

As they danced they manipulated a long Roman scarf of brilliant hues; the man carried castanets and the woman a tambourine. An ancient and wrinkled dame sat aside and beat out a monotonous music on an unfamiliar primitive instrument. As always with the tarantella the dance begins with a certain languor,

gravity and indifference in the slow, slight, detached action, but increases in a rapid crescendo of fire and ardour until a dramatic climax is reached in which I find a quite incredible element of excitement.

Day by day the charm of Capri wove itself around us. We soon let go all desire to tie to Tiberius either the justified or the unjustifiable. His tradition is not required, and, at best, bestows nothing benign upon the scene. It is the marvellous scenic grandeur of Capri itself, and the yet more marvellous nature of all which surrounds the island, which make it unique. "Not a yard of all this panorama," it has been well said, "but has its memories, from the promontory named after Circe (Monte Circello off Terracina) to the temples of Pæstum. Here are the Elysian Fields, Tartarus and Cimmerian darkness; yonder lie Baiæ, Pompeii and Herculaneum; Puteoli (Pozzuoli), where Paul was wafted ashore by the south wind; Nisida, a refuge of Lucullus. The Falernian and Samnite Apennines rim the horizon; while Vesuvius, a dreaming sentinel, looms up at hand."

Artists occupy the centre of the stage in the town of Capri itself and overflow to Ana-Capri and to many another point of vantage. The



"WISTFULARIA" — BY BARON VON GLOEDEN.

great features, — the cliffs, the sea, the sky, the light and shade effects, the distant shores, — are assured them; for the near and intimate they have a very riot of the picturesque. For the narrow streets, in which two persons can just walk abreast, shut in by heavily ivied walls, have a trick of suddenly changing to flights of stairs over which gorgeous geraniums hang from great terra cotta jars; and then they plunge into the dusk of a vaulted passage, or under some quite unexpected archway of signal grace where a vista opens down a long, vine-wreathed pergola; beyond this it may happen is some rocky haunt of Sirens, but it is sure to end in the sea.

We are forced to conclude that artists must prosper in Capri, or that they come hither because they have prospered. We were given hospitable reception to many studios and we found rich measure of artistic entourage and equipment in all. Villa Discopoli, the residence of Mr. Morgan Heiskell, is nothing less than enchanting, a standard, alike in house and garden, of discriminating and developed taste. This with a touch of genius added made the canvases of his studio a succession of rare delights. I do not think the Americans resident in Capri sufficiently numerous to form a colony,

but I was proud to perceive that they were able to stamp an undeniable distinction upon the foreign colony existing here. Such names as Elihu Vedder, Mr. Coleman and Mr. Heiskell prove my point.

Capri is delicious to sojourn in; it is a terrible place to get away from, in March.

The day on which we planned to go to Sorrento was stormy, but no one told us what such a storm might signify before it had run its course. And so, being packed and ready and a certain order of procedure fixed upon, we persisted in trying conclusions with what turned out to be a small cyclone in the Bay of Naples. As no cab is possible in Capri beyond the Piazza we were already drenched when we had walked there from Villa Valentino, and the fury of wind and rain made the drive down to the Marina Grande a series of tumultuous cascades. Once there we were hurled with our valises into a boat literally half full of water. Through boiling breakers we were then rowed toward the small steamer, which rose and fell across the welter of foam, at what seemed a wholly impossible distance. Yet more impossible that distance seemed when, half way across, our boatman stopped rowing and began the inevitable harangue with which landing in small

boats on southern shores has made us familiar, in which the word *macaroni* figures largely. Filia says that she has no doubt now that when old Charon ferries us over the Styx, he will hold us up in midstream and clamor for *macaroni.*

I never have comprehended how Filia and I embarked in that steamer; some way or other we did, and I found myself seated in a cabin wedged between an American woman (who was, I believe, related to very intimate friends at home, but what did that matter?) and a very stout old gentleman with a white beard. Both held their ground, thanks to which I succeeded in holding mine, as we plunged through the raging sea; the gale blew us straight past Sorrento, where it was plainly impossible to land and on to Naples. I had faced fully and without flinching the prospect of going to the bottom, being, in fact, too wretched to care, as well as too scared to be seasick, when the old gentleman at my left remarked in broken English quite casually, consulting his watch,

"We shall be in Naples in yet fifteen minutes."

I almost fell upon his neck in my suddenly reversed emotion, but decided instead to lean forward far enough to pick up my wrist bag,

which containing all my available funds, I had dropped on the cabin floor and which until that moment I had by no means dared to attempt to recover.

Chilled to the bone, wet to the skin, Filia and I made a dash on reaching the dock in Naples for the nearest hotel we knew, the Londres, and there were made thoroughly comfortable and restored to our faith that "all which we behold is full of blessing." In the morning we made the familiar little journey by Castellamare to Sorrento. It was a week, we learned, before the Capri steamers again made their trips, for the storm was in reality a serious one.

But Sorrento was *gentile,* calm, serene, as we had always found it. Here in the Hotel Royal we rested for twenty-four hours looking back at Capri with a sense of satisfaction in the fact that we were through with islands. Then, refreshed, and the weather glorious again after the heavy rain, we set out on that drive to Ravello by way of Amalfi, which remains with the Grande Corniche the grandest I have known, as that from Genoa to Chiavari is the loveliest.

We had a roomy and easy carriage, a pair of good horses, and an obliging coachman; the sun was behind us, and each turn of the road



PANORAMIC VIEW OF SORRENTO.

brought to us a new revelation of that sublimity which one thinks never to forget, and which, none the less, never fails to surprise and overawe.

We stopped in Amalfi only long enough for tea and to change horses, and at sunset drove up the mountain to Ravello. The sky was suffused with softest rose-coloured clouds, the valley was a deeper green than we had remembered; the air more richly laden with the perfume of the orange and lemon orchards.

It was twilight when we drove into the familiar Piazza; a porter from Pension Palumbo, whose face we remembered well, was in waiting to take our light luggage from the carriage. Slowly we walked up the old lane, but the long, low house-front with its pinkish walls, its luxuriant rose vines wreathing the windows, was reached all too soon. For we dreaded to enter. And yet, as we entered, all seemed unchanged; in the cool, paved court stood as of old the great jars of laurel and of marguerites and everywhere was the shining cleanliness and gracious order we had known.

We were received, oh how kindly! and were led to the old familiar terrace chamber with its incomparable prospect over Minori and Maiori to Monte Fenestra and the Salernian

Gulf. Lilies and roses made the room radiant. At dinner we were served with all his old unfailing skill by Luigi, so long in Madame Palumbo's employ; even the cook sent up the especial dishes in which in other days we had taken pleasure, for word had been left by Madame before her departure that with all loving welcome her friends should be received on their coming.

Yes, the place is the same, not only outwardly, physically, in the system of its conduct, but in spirit, also, for Madame's wishes are still in every particular dominant throughout both houses and gardens. The beauty, the glory, the power we knew aforetime in Ravello, still rest on land and sea; within the walls is the same ordered peace and rest and quiet breathing. The newcomer can miss nothing. But with us who feel her thought for us expressed at every turn and yet nowhere see Madame's serene face; who know that the places which once knew her shall know her no more for ever, with us there can but be some hidden longing for that benediction anciently her smile.

The houses both are full and running over. People who have lately come, as have we, from Sicily, say frankly that Ravello has more charm than Taormina, with which Sicilian haunt it can

best be compared. For us, we cannot render judgment free from the partiality of love. We only know that on this far height we care most to dwell.

CHAPTER XVI

WEST SEA TO EAST SEA

IT was high noon of a Spring day when we sailed out of the Bay of Naples on an ocean liner bound for Trieste. Storms and winds had died away; Vesuvius, Posilipo, Ischia, Capri, Sorrento all lay bathed in sunshine, vivid in blue and gold. Swiftly we left them behind, with a sad little sigh under breath, for when could we hope again to see those incomparable shores? Threading the Bocca Piccola we passed so close under Capri that we could clearly distinguish the Faraglioni and could dream that we recognized Villa Valentino. But Capri fell far in our wake; we entered the Salernian Gulf and our eyes clung to each familiar feature of the high road to Amalfi, until these shores also grew dim and vanished. When we awoke next morning the Straits of Messina were passed, Etna as well as Vesuvius was left far behind, for we had exchanged the Tyrrhenian for the Ionian Sea and were steering due east.

It was late afternoon when we sailed between the Ionian islands of Zante and Cephalonia and entered the harbour of Patras. For hours we had sat in our deck chairs watching the Greek shores. Beyond the purple hills rose snow-capped mountains; to these an indescribably etherial effect was given by the fine, hazy atmosphere. At first sight the shores of Zante and Cephalonia gave impression of a land in senile decay, haggard, wrinkled and grey with age; but as the afternoon waned the bare hills were transfigured by exquisite violet shadows to shapes of beauty and softness.

Two hours were quite enough for Patras since we could not penetrate further into Greece; a curious, improbable species of town it seemed to me. The only thing we found attractive was a grove of oleanders where we could sit and have our tea while we gazed afar over the shores and water which were transfigured to a rhapsody of colour by the sunset, from tints of opal to deepest violet, and to the glow in the heart of a damask rose.

The Dalmatian coast we passed in the night, as we had the coast of Sicily; and Trieste was reached soon after eight on the second morning. We spent possibly twenty minutes in that uninteresting city, for we knew it of old to be

uninteresting, except for the interest which attaches to all *Italia irredenta.* Nine o'clock found us, joy and exultation rising in our hearts, steaming on by the Rete Adriatica towards Venice. The Chateau of Miramar, belonging to Austrian royalty, stood out in its magnificent situation directly above the sea, a conspicuous feature, as we left Trieste behind.

Venice, when we reached it, seemed to have grown grey, and the air chilled us after the summer warmth to which we were now wonted. The porter of our pensione however was awaiting us cheerfully and we tried to realize as of yore the splendours of the Grand Canal. But the palaces looked stained and mouldering under the bleak sky and there was no sparkle on the waters of that famous waterway, the whole course of which our gondola traversed before we reached the small house opposite the Barbarigo Palace.

I know not what mysterious prescience of melancholy fell upon us when we stepped from the gondola into the house. The excellent Signora Lombardini, still vast and kind, welcomed us as well-remembered clients and told us that we could have the chamber we always had and always wanted, " full south," " overlooking the Grand Canal." To be sure the

small *réclame* put in our hands at the station had vexed us by showing that the good old native, unpronounceable title of Chiodo-Toffoli was changed now for that of *The Boston,* designed to propitiate the American public, but it showed the pensione to be still "On the very beautiful, quiet and central position — Electric Light — Bath Room — Dining Room — Excellent Cooking — Service irreprehensible." Luncheon had been kept waiting for us. We ate it at once and alone. When we reached our room we found it quite as shabby as ever, there was no disappointment there and it continued to be full south and to overlook the Grand Canal. All was unchanged, and yet — "What is the matter?" Filia exclaimed, as soon as the door had closed on the *cameriera* with the *acqua calda.*

"Signora Lombardini seemed to me so sad, so repressed," I replied slowly. "I felt as if she really did not want to give us this room."

"Certainly there was something strange in her manner. But there is something strange in Venice altogether, mother. Don't you feel it?" Filia urged.

"I think we imagine it, dear. The day is gloomy; the sky and the lagunes are grey and

the air seems raw after the south. That must be all."

But it was not all. We settled into the well-known surroundings with as good cheer as we might, bringing out our books and the photographs and trifles which even when we travel "light" go with us to give their touch of home. Filia went alone, for I was tired, to the office of Signor Guetta in the Piazza.

She brought back letters, love letters which brought no ill tidings, and still there weighed upon the atmosphere about us that mysterious sense of ill.

At dinner agreeable English people were seated near us. We noticed frequent allusion in their conversation to some public calamity which would make it impossible to visit this church, or that gallery as expected. Then, at last, a question on my part brought us knowledge of the facts: Two days before in the lagune an excursion steamer returning crowded from the Lido had collided with a coal barge and had sunk with the loss of sixty lives, perhaps more. It was still too soon to know all.

We knew then what the mysterious cloud which had seemed to rest upon Venice signified.

"Were there Americans or English among the dead?" we asked, and were told very

gravely that there were not known to be Americans, but an English lady and her daughter, who had only reached Venice the morning of the disaster, were among the lost.

We left the table silently. In the anteroom we met the good Signora. She wore her ample mantle and plumed hat, but she was in tears; she had just returned it seemed from some errand sad and strange. Our fellow-pensionnaires gathered about her with a certain solemn eagerness of compassion on their faces.

"*Si, si, si,*" was all the Signora could say at first; the tears rolling down her massive cheeks. I came away.

It was half an hour before Filia followed, and her face was white and shocked.

"It is piteous, the whole story, mother," she said gently: "this English lady, Mrs. Drake, with her daughter, came directly here to this pensione when they reached Venice Thursday morning; they took their room, lunched, unpacked a little and then left the house. They have never returned."

"They had this room, Filia, did they not?" I asked. She nodded, and we both were silent, deeply stirred.

"Poor Signora Lombardini," Filia said presently; "I am so sorry for her. She has

a tender heart, and it is really terrible, her part. She had been summoned by the authorities to go and view the bodies in order to see if she could identify those of the Inglesi, she being actually the only person in Venice who knew their names."

"I almost wonder that she knew them herself."

"She has been obliged to give over all their belongings to the municipality. Officers from the English consulate have been here, and they were forced to read a letter which Miss Drake had begun to her fiancé that afternoon before she went out. Somewhere in the unfinished letter an English address was found. To this address the authorities have telegraphed; I believe the fiancé of the one and the husband of the other are on their way now to Venice."

"I never knew tragedy so unrelieved," I murmured; "No wonder that our poor Signora hesitated to give us this chamber."

I took Filia's hand in mine and pressed it to my cheek; so we sat and were silent.

Two days passed. It was morning and Venice lay in unbroken sunshine but everywhere was a strange hush. We drifted up through streets draped in black into the Piazza

di San Marco following groups of people, silent, intent, all hastening in one direction. Every shop was closed; each door showed a black-bordered sign: *Chiuso per lutto cittadino,* or *Chiuso durante i Funerali delle Povere Vittime.*

At the Piazzetta we tried to get a gondola. Rows of them lay idle, but no man would take us. Suddenly Filia bethought herself to explain.

"*Volio andare alle funerali,*" she said.

Instantly every gondolier was at our service. They were forbidden to go out until after the noon hour for any purpose unconnected with the funeral ceremonies for eight victims of the disaster, to be held at ten o'clock in the great Dominican Church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo.

Soon we found ourselves in a stream of gondolas, all moving northward towards the Rio Dei Mendicanti. In many we saw women wearing deepest mourning, many were laden with flowers. Suddenly, at a small distance from our goal, — the Campo Santi Giovanni e Paolo, — the Venetians call it San Zanipolo, — our gondola was halted. No one not personally concerned with the ensuing solemnities could advance farther by water. Landing we hastened by a narrow *calle* to the Campo; we found it already filled with a dense throng of people

subdued, reverent, but determined to stand their ground for any length of time.

"You cannot stand in this crowd," Filia declared. With her wonted initiative she began to look around her for some protected point from which to overlook the scene. All around the Campo, and across the canal every house in sight was overflowing with people; not only balconies and windows were crowded, but men and even women were clinging to the steep, tiled roofs of many houses, in positions fearfully precarious.

"I see where we can go," Filia cried in a moment. "Hurry, and keep close to me."

Just behind the Colleoni statue stands a small coffee house called Il Cavallo. On a level with the visor of Colleoni's helmet is a small roof garden pertaining to Il Cavallo. Filia's keen eye had perceived that there was space unoccupied in that coign of vantage. In five minutes, — the padrone of Il Cavallo met and conciliated, his palm crossed, himself and his house at our feet, — we were seated upon the bit of railed-in roof above the eaves and were overlooking almost as if from a third gallery the strange sad stage of the Campo of the Saints.

It was a brilliant as well as an affecting sight. Barges and gondolas coming up through the

Rio dei Mendicanti discharged their burdens at the water steps, then glided on beneath the bridge at the corner of the Scuola di San Marco. The Prefect and the Syndic of Venice, the Italian and German Admirals, the Patriarch, — each with his suite, — consuls and ambassadors, naval and military detachments, confraternities and officials numberless, landed and crossed to the church door. Brilliant uniforms, banners, flowers in bewildering profusion, added their colour, and always the crowd grew denser as over the vaulted bridge crossing the Rio poured the ever moving throng of fresh forces.

When the bells tolled for the service of death to be begun within the church all sound and movement ceased in the Campo. We were able to relax the strain of attention then and to make acquaintance with the superb bronze *Condottiere* whose stern profile above his mail-clad, lifted shoulder confronted our eyrie but a few yards away. For a while then all the strange and striking scene below me was lost, for my consciousness suddenly changed all this pageant of sorrow to the picturesque old Piazza of Bergamo, and the June morning years ago when I had stood before the sculptured front of the small Cappella Colleoni there. Around

me, serene in their forgotten beauty, rose the Broletto and those other civic and religious monuments which still lend grace to the small city.

Within the Cappella the tinted marbles, the tablets, the Tiepolos of the ceiling, the gorgeous sarcophagus of Colleoni made the place sumptuous, not sepulchral. Was the old warrior in his gilded armour there after all less Bergamesque than Venetian?

A sudden stir in the Campo brought me back to Venice and to the sorrowful present. A military band with cocks' feathered hats, belonging to the Bersaglieri regiment, appeared below and took up a position at the right of the church door. The padrone of our coffee-house came out on the roof; he explained something which I could not understand, but I could understand perfectly the baby in his arms and the pride with which he exhibited it, clear-eyed and rosy from sleep.

"*Molto bello, questo bambino,*" I essayed; with cordial appreciation I repeated the words, instinctively seeking to atone by repetition for their insufficiency.

The young father's eyes shone with pride. He corrected my stumbling Italian by the unexpected declaration, given in carefully chosen,

uninflected English words, "This is the first fruits of our marriage!"

Not being quite sure what reply would be suited I smiled a period to the conversation and turned back from the bambino to Colleoni. Here in Venice he dominated the scene, even the scene of to-day but it was in Bergamo that the old warrior lived his last score years of life when he had thrown away the sword. Six hundred companions, his old men-at-arms, Colleoni led back to his native town; among them he held an illustrious and a learned court, and pleased himself with planning mausoleums and monuments which should immortalize his name. There in Bergamo, home of his clan, of his birth, of his peace, he would be buried; but Venice for which he had so long and so gloriously drawn his sword, should place his statue, horse and rider, in San Marco's square, that all men might remember Colleoni, the great Cavalier and Soldier of Fortune. If this were done, to Venice he bequeathed his silver, his furniture, his horses, and 216,000 florins in gold. Never, in all Italy, had a great equestrian statue been cast in bronze since the antique molds were broken, until twenty years before, when Messer Donatello of Florence wrought the mighty marvel of Gattamelata,

which stands in Padua before the Santo. However, the golden florins were many, and such a statue would be to the glory of Venice, but to place it in San Marco — that was impracticable, was contrary indeed to law. The Signoria were not to be baffled; they accepted the trust, and the fortune of their old Captain; they cast his statue by hand of Verrocchio, master of Leonardo, and of Leopardi who did the brave flagstaffs in the Piazza, but in the Piazza they placed it not, but here aloof in the Campo of San Zanipolo and of the Scuola di San Marco.

Four hundred years and more horse and rider have stood their ground on their slender pedestal, and to-day we, lifted by chance to their level, can consort still with their stern temper. In the sunken eyes, the lean austere face, with its proud disdain of danger, in the careless confidence, the unconscious, soldierly grace of the pose, we were able to read not old Bartolommeo so much as the militant ideal of all the generations.

"Ecco!" cried a voice behind me, but there was no need, for the strains of Chopin's Funeral March already rose pensively on the air, only to be drowned in the heavy tolling of all the bells of Venice. Slowly from the church



STATUE OF BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI, VENICE.

portal came the procession of clergy headed by youths in white, bearing the crucifix aloft. Then followed the piteous line of coffins, each covered with its pall and its flowers, and followed by its proper group of mourners; after these were borne colossal wreaths of roses and violets, lilies and camellias, the tributes of the King and Queen of Italy and of the Commune of Venice. For half an hour, or so it seemed, following these, there poured out from the grey portal of San Zanipolo a stream of flowers, surpassingly vivid in colour, shaped in wreaths and lyres, crosses, crowns, or sheaves, which surged forward towards the outer margin.

Against the noble façade of the Scuola, with its lion of San Marco opposite us and the old church itself for background, there was now arranged a spectacle more brilliant than any I have ever seen, for there united with the stream of flowers a stream of banners, civic and military, gorgeous and rich in colour and device beyond description. The ancient splendour of Venetian Pageants seemed revived. Guilds and confraternities, officers of the Commune and of the country added the lustre of their uniforms to the slowly moving mass, which presently became to my eyes like some vast tapestry woven with jewelled threads.

Slowly, and without sound, there had glided now into sight at the margin of the Rio the first of a long line of waiting funeral gondolas, draped in black and gold, gilded angels with lifted trumpets standing at their beaks. The gondoliers were resplendent in coloured livery; blue and gold predominated. Strange, that despite the theatrical gorgeousness the scene retained its pathos, its solemnity. Upon the first gondola was now placed the coffin first to emerge from the church; it was received by a personage with cocked hat and gold mace who stood then at its head, while the flowers were heaped high over the pall and the mourners followed, ranging themselves about their dead. As silently then as it had appeared, the gondola glided away under the bridge and vanished from our sight. Others followed, while the great tapestry seemed ravelled before our eyes and at last only the military guard and the common herd were left. The bells ceased their mournful music; the notes of the funeral march died away; the crowd in the Campo dispersed.

With a friendly farewell to our host of Il Cavallo, in which we did not fail to speak comfortably of the inevitable brother in America, Filia and I left the little *albergo* and crossed

to the church. Its brick façade is imposing only by its size, and much the same is true of the interior, but the tombs of numerous Doges of Venice, decided us to come again when we could command adequate time and freer thought than now for historical details. Now we felt ourselves too near the poignant tragedy of the day. It was fitting that this great civic funeral, in which all Venice had part, should have been held in San Zanipolo where from the thirteenth century the Doges of Venice lay in state and where their funeral services were held.

As we made our way back to the Chiodo-Toffoli the contrast in the streets and canals from the morning hour was amazing, even dramatic. For King and Kaiser were at the door, and to-morrow all must be in order for high festival. It was palpably, *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!* Already before all the flowers in the Campo had been placed upon the funeral gondolas we noted merchants stripping the black draperies from their shop fronts, tearing off the cards with their mourning-of-all-citizens announcements, rolling up their shutters. It was time for Venice to awaken from its three-days stupor of grief and prepare a royal welcome for to-morrow's guests. Before we

reached our own door the scene shifting had been accomplished. Shops and cafés were open and gay with cheerful customers; Piazza and Riva were thronged; those who mourned had gone to be alone with their grief.

CHAPTER XVII

FROM A VENETIAN BALCONY

Venice, Tuesday, March 24, 1914.

THE Gazzettino this morning, after its many columns concerning the funerals of the *povere Vittime* of the lagune disaster, had these more inspiring paragraphs: —

"*William* (*Guglielmo*) *at Vienna. The Embraces of the two Emperors.* Vienna 23rd. The Emperor William arrived at the station of Ponzug at 11 o'clock, and was received by the Emperor Francis Joseph (Francesco Giuseppe) the Archdukes, the Duke of Cumberland, &c. The two monarchs saluted each other in the most cordial manner, shook hands warmly and embraced several times. . . . After arriving at the palace William had a long colloquy with Francis Joseph." (I am not responsible for this, to American ears, somewhat offhand fashion of naming royalty.)

"*The Arrival of William and the Meeting with King Vittorio.* 24. This morning at 9.40

the Emperor William will arrive in Venice, coming from Vienna. The Emperor will meet the King who is to arrive, as announced, to-morrow morning at 8.35. William, on his arrival, will immediately proceed to go on board the *Hohenzollern*. The King will go to-morrow morning from the station directly to the royal palace. The meeting between the two Sovereigns will follow on the same Wednesday morning on board the *Hohenzollern*. At noon will take place a luncheon at the royal palace and in the evening a dinner on board the *Hohenzollern*.

"On Friday the *Hohenzollern* will leave for Miramar where *il Kaiser* will be entertained at luncheon by the hereditary Archduke of Austria."

And now it is the auspicious morning, and we are watching the Grand Canal from our balcony. All the windows and balconies in sight are full of people; all the house fronts are gay with banners, tapestries, bunting; and upon all the sun shines gloriously, making summer of the "winter of our discontent."

All to the right about! Make way! A motor boat, in which stand three high-and-mightinesses in gilded helmets, dashes through the middle of the canal. High-and-mightinesses



ARRIVAL IN VENICE OF THE GERMAN KAISER.

wave peremptory sign that craft of all ordinary citizens shall extinguish themselves. Place for His Imperial Majesty of Germany who passes on his right royal, imperial, somewhat imperative way to his Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern!*

We hold our breath. A long, pointed shell beaked like a gondola, comes darting down the gleaming channel. Twelve gondoliers, white-capped, in crimson jerseys and sashes with white trousers, stand to their oars. Swiftly a second boat follows flying the German eagle; it is manned by eighteen oarsmen, sailors from the *Hohenzollern* in blue and white, who are seated; they row in fine form a long and sweeping stroke. In the stern are three German officers in grey uniform. The small man with the shining helmet is the Kaiser. He salutes. A shout goes up; banners wave; a salvo of cannon booms from the German cruisers in the Canale di San Marco. Like an arrow shot from a bow the *Hohenzollern* gig has flashed past us. It is already indistinguishable in the bevy of gaily decorated motor boats which follow, carrying the Kaiser's suite.

But another cry goes up and all faces are lifted skyward. We look up to see a mighty bird, shaped like a mighty fish, sweep majestic-

ally through the air above the Grand Canal. It follows the Kaiser's course far down towards the anchorage of the German ships; wheels; returns, then silently floats away over the roofs of the palaces. A curious touch of awe, of anxiety even, constrains the plaudits of the people. They recognize the German Zeppelin, ship of the air, measuring five hundred feet from stem to stern with a death dealing capacity immeasurable. It has followed the Kaiser all the way from Berlin. It has become his shadow.

But the drama is over now. The sun however still shines in almost imperial splendour; the flags and tapestries still give their colour along the shining way. To-day they welcomed the German Kaiser; to-morrow they will welcome their Italian King. For the present the ordinary prose of life asserts itself. A small bit of scarlet in a gondola bearing down from the station, just now glorified by the Imperial Presence of Germany, shows that the morning's imperialism is at an end. That bit of scarlet welcomes no royalty; it is a Baedeker in the hand of an American tourist. We are back in every day Venice. The common concourse of common gondolas returns; some are loaded with luggage arriving; some with luggage departing. The *forestieri* who have hired

them lean back luxuriously; some of them betray the wish to appear not unaccustomed to the situation; others are frankly eager; a few plainly have come to regard a Venetian gondola simply as the cab of the country. So much the worse for them! Filia says. How terrible it would be, she further discourses, ever to take Venice as a matter of course!

Below our balcony the *traghetto,* sternly suppressed just now by the high-and-mightinesses, begins again cheerily to ply to the other shore. Bare-headed Venetian market women, their baskets on their arms, stand as they cross; they laugh as they call back from midway the canal to those they have left on this side.

Just then on the further side, below the white, arched bridge of San Vio, there is a stir and movement; the morning sun flashes on the silver wings of a tall angel on the prow of a gondola. The angel lifts a silver trumpet to his lips but there is no sound. The gondola is overlaid by a pall, a pall which covers, it would seem, two silent passengers, and the pall itself is weighed down with violets. The death gondola turns northward now; slowly it is followed by two others, closely draped with black. I watch the small procession, of which few are taking note, in its slow and quiet course to the

cemetery where strangers who die in Venice can find burial. The morning sun gleams from those silvered wings of the symbolic resurrection angel, until it too passes out of sight. Our eyes are dim. Venice was a fleeting vision to those two, the mother and daughter whose best-beloved are following them now from the Anglican Church in the Campo San Vio to the strangers' rest in San Michele. But what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

My thoughts turn in a strange antiphony from the one small procession bound in lowly state for the place of burial, to the other, noisily and haughtily bound for counsels of earthly conquest, earthly glory. Shouts of triumph greeted this; that other is followed only by those who weep. Who shall say which, in the divine sight, are the fortunate ones?

We spent what was left us of the morning in the Piazza where from Leopardi's pedestals the great flags of Venice and Italy flew cross, crown and lion straight with the wind or billowed around their staffs. Behind them the spirited Quadriga of San Marco lifted heads above the portal's crimson of porphyry and mosaic; the vital thrill felt through those wind-

blown flags seemed to breathe through these also.

"Let us go up and ask them whether they really drew a Greek chariot or only a Roman," Filia proposed. Never having been in San Marco's gallery the suggestion pleased me. We entered the vestibule, climbed the stair at the left of the inner door and emerged at once upon the outer gallery, under the horses' very heels. For a time we forgot our object in coming, standing enthralled by the view; around us, at our level, the Clock Tower, the upper ranges of the Procuratie, the Old Library and the Doges' Palace, then the grand lift of the restored Campanile. Looking across the Piazzetta, between the Winged Lion and San Teodoro, we saw, blue as the Sicilian Sea, the waters of San Marco; and these waters were resplendent with graceful yachts, which gleamed in the sun, white and gold, and added a hundred pennants to the scheme of colour. Then stepped forward one of the absurd personages on the Clock Tower above the arch of the Merceria and smote with his mallet upon the rim of the bell; eleven times he smote, stiffly withal and cautiously, but the strokes sounded loud and clear. The big bell of the Campanile took up the note and soon the high

air around us vibrated with musical resonance. Then silence.

"Oh, Venice!" cried Filia; "What can approach it for the *joie de vivre?* To be sad here is impossible. If we must be sad let us depart."

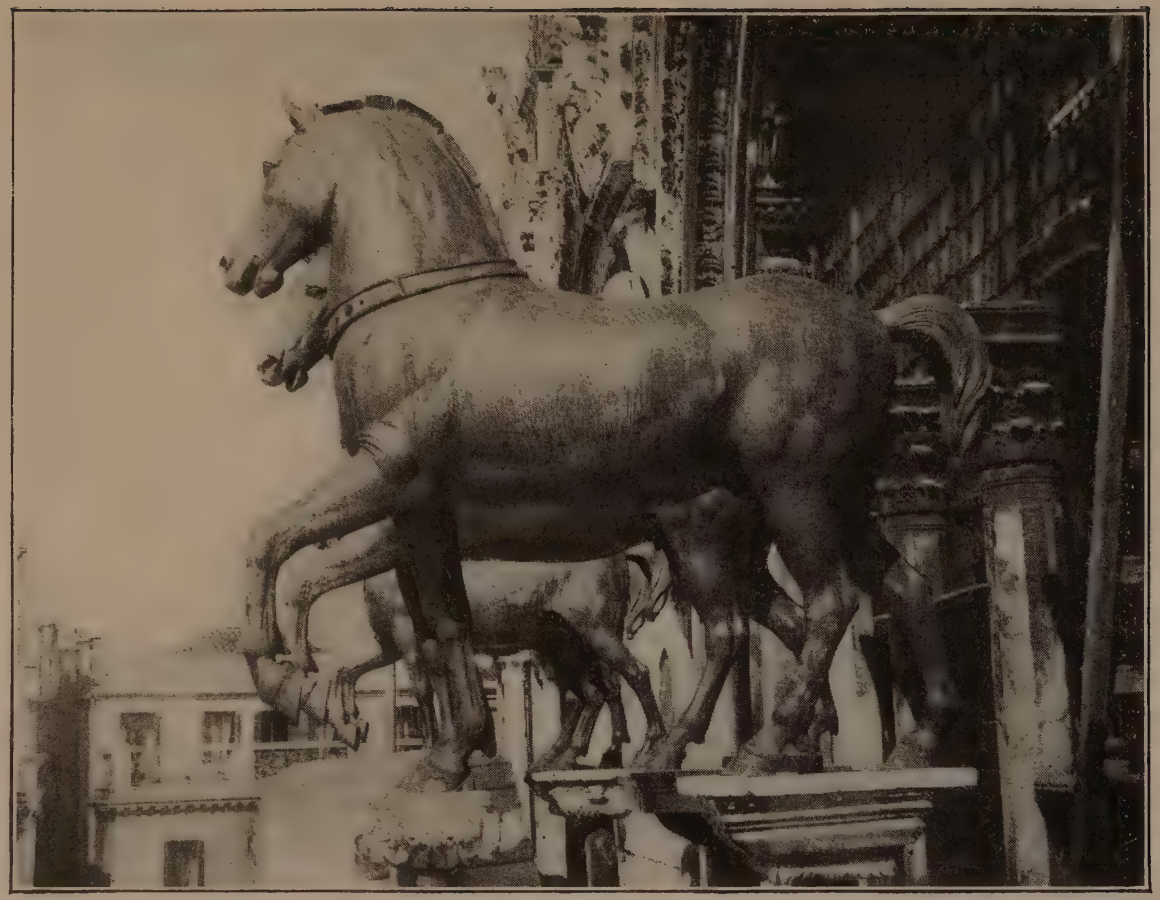
"You do love Venice," I said smiling.

"Love it? I adore it. Where else on earth can be found a situation so marvellous, so entrancing, — architecture and art so magnificent, — and added to these the richness of colour in mosaics, in glass, in the cosmopolitan crowd, — colour, colour everywhere, — colour and delight."

"Yes, but the charm of Venice is always of the senses; it is of the earth. It has no spell unborrowed from the eye, — no spiritual power."

"I don't know, perhaps not. When I am in Venice I don't know my body from my soul. I am not perfectly sure that I have either, or that I am I."

"You yield yourself to the perfect whole and I do not think you could do better. But now is the time to stop yielding and remember the fierce old Doria Admiral's threat that Venice should have no peace till he had put a rein on these same horses."



THE HORSES OF SAN MARCO, VENICE.

"And here they prance still without bridle or rein, in all their glory! Really they are superb with Venice free behind them. But how they have travelled!"

"What do you know about them?"

"First and foremost, they form the only complete classic quadriga known to be now in existence. Quite a distinction that! They were perhaps Greek work but were known to have crowned one of the triumphal arches in Rome, perhaps several at different times. Constantine took them to Constantinople for his Hippodrome. The Doge Enrico Dandolo brought them to Venice when he conquered Constantinople, and set them up here, where they are now. That was in 1204, you may see if it wasn't."

I was turning leaves in my Grant Allen.

"Correct. Their next journey was to Paris in 1797. Napoleon coveted them for his arch in the Place du Carrousel. In 1815 Francis I of Austria, to whose portion in the final European settlement Venice fell, restored them to San Marco."

We studied the superb modelling of the horses and then returned to the inner gallery; thence we looked down into that radiant dusk of San Marco which always suggests to me

brown-red wine in a jewelled cup. A day should be given, and not less, to the study of the mosaics as seen from the gallery alone, with Ruskin and Grant Allen for interpreters. At this time we stopped only for the general impression and for the inevitable mental placing of this mosaic-lined cathedral beside that of Monreale. As a place in which to worship I prefer the latter; San Marco is a place in which to dream. Both are Byzantine, Oriental rather. The mosaics of Monreale have suffered less than these of San Marco, which are in the main Renaissance substitution for the originals which did not outlive the sixteenth century.

Ruskin's "St. Mark's Rest," although heavy with detail and characteristic insistence, is important to read while one is in Venice. In his "Stones of Venice" he sums up in the following sentences my own impressions of San Marco's church:

"Darkness and mystery; confused recesses of building; artificial light employed in small quantity, but maintained with a constancy which seems to give it a kind of sacredness; preciousness of material easily comprehended by the vulgar eye; close air loaded with a sweet and peculiar odour associated only with religious services, solemn music, and tangible

idols or images having popular legends attached to them, — these, the stage properties of superstition, which have been from the beginning of the world, and must be to the end of it, employed by all nations, whether openly savage or nominally civilized, to produce a false awe in minds incapable of apprehending the true nature of the Deity, are assembled in St. Mark's to a degree, as far as I know, unexampled in any other European church."

We came out and crossed the Piazzetta to the Molo.

"What about San Teodoro?" Filia asked, glancing aside at the pillared, nondescript figure. "I do not find him impressive, and why the crocodile?"

"He was the original patron saint of Venice, a favourite Syrian martyr. What you call a crocodile is supposed to be the Dragon of heathen Egypt which he trampled under foot. After the Venetians captured the body of San Marco in Alexandria and brought it home poor Theodore was supplanted. Since then Venice is wholly Saint-Marked."

Filia already had her eye on our favourite gondolier; he seems to follow our movements with a species of clairvoyance. We leaned back in our black leather luxury, nibbled chocolates,

for we were tired and hungry, and bade Giovanni gondole us to the Arsenal, not because we were interested in the least in the Arsenal but because there was much water and clean in that direction and much shipping of a gay and festive nature.

To our surprise the first ship lying gorgeous in the noon sun, white, with mountings of polished brass, the German colours flying fast and furious, was the Imperial yacht, *Hohenzollern.* Giovanni watched our eager faces with satisfaction. *"Va bene?"* he asked, then indulgently poled us close under the yacht's larboard side, and slowly described a circle around it. It is quite the most beautiful ship I have ever seen, and as large as many ocean going steamers. We could see the armchairs on the deck, could almost pierce with our eyes the luxurious recesses of the cabins, but the Kaiser we could not see.

Off on our right, at a slight distance, lay two great German cruisers, the *Breslau* and the *Goeben;* leaden and ugly as are their kind ever, and as we moved forward toward the Arsenal we passed several Italian men-of-war, but the *Diomede,* as we knew already, was not of the number. We had stopped for letters on our way to San Marco and Filia had received

one from Genoa, from Junia Story. We turned in at a canal between red walls topped with white stone crenellations, looked languidly I fear at the magnificent lion-guarded portal of the Arsenal, declined to leave the gondola, and turned back. On our homeward way, in which we repassed all the royal and imperial craft in the harbour, Filia read me Junia's letter. It is full of the wonder and joy of the fact that her lover's ship is again in Ligurian waters, in Santa Margherita's lovely little bay. I do not know why, but as Filia read the quiet, yet impassioned words of our friend I felt some subtle thrill as of approaching climax.

Venice, March 25.

Filia has met two Vassar acquaintances who are staying at the Danieli and is off for the day with them. I am the more glad because I see that she can hardly resist the sense of oppression which haunts us in this room. I feel it less than she, being longer familiar with life and death.

I had purposed then to spend the morning going about the Doges' Palace alone, but when Filia looked over the Gazzettino she told me that on account of the Kaiser's visit the Palace would not be open to the public. The weather

was gloomy and soon after Filia left rain began. This gave me full leave to do what I secretly preferred, which was to have a fire in my room, write letters and read Horatio Brown, the one and ultimate authority on Venice.

Why, indeed, should we bestir ourselves and run to and fro in Venice? "We come to wive it wealthily in Padua. If wealthily then happily in Padua," — by which I indicate to my own mind, — certainly to no other! that we came to live in largesse of leisure in Venice, not to work hard and see sights strenuously. We have done that in times past. In times past also we worked out a slight but sufficient outline of the story of Venice, which I still find useful as we go about our present unhurried ways. It is here appended: —

1. "God, whose ways are past finding out, . . . moved the chief men of the cities of the Venetian province both in memory of past, and in dread of future distress, to establish states upon the nearer islands of the inner gulfs of the Adriatic, to which, in the last necessity, they might retreat for refuge. . . . Consuls of Padua by the command of their king laid the foundations of the new commonwealth, under good auspices, on the island of the Rialto, the highest and nearest to the mouth of the deep

river called the Brenta, in the year of Our Lord 421, on the 25th day of March."

2. In the year 697 the first Doge or Duke of Venice was elected, Paul Luke Anafeste. The power of the Doges tended to become hereditary in certain families, and was monarchical, although Venice was known as a Republic and various Councillors and Procurators, elected by the people, exercised advisory functions.

3. In 828 a Venetian fleet brought the body of St. Mark to Venice from Alexandria. St. Mark became then the tutelary saint and his symbol, the lion, the cognizance of the Republic.

4. About 1000 Venice extended her territory until it included the whole littoral from Trieste to Albania. The ceremony of the espousals of the Doge with the Adriatic was instituted to celebrate in symbol this dominion.

5. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries constitute the great constructive period in Venetian history. The part played by the Republic in the crusades led to her conquest of Constantinople under Enrico Dandolo. The naval victories of the Genoese during this period were reversed finally and for ever in 1380 by Andrea Dandolo, Doge of Venice. Towards the end of the thirteenth century the measure known as " The Shutting of the Great Coun-

cil " constituting it an hereditary legislature, and later the inscription in the Golden Book of Venice of the names of all branches of the noble houses, for ever shut against plebeians every avenue to power. In 1310 the chief power was vested in the Council of Ten, elected annually by the Maggior Consiglio, in itself an aristocratic body.

6. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries form the period of magnificent development of art, architecture and civic splendour for Venice.

7. With the sixteenth century and the aggressions of the Turks, the period of decadence sets in. Arts flourished with unprecedented luxuriance, this being the age of Titian, Tintoretto and Sansovino, but " religion, art and literature became things of custom and costume."

From 1600 " the remainder of the record of Venice is only the diary of expiring delirium."

8. At the close of the eighteenth century the last Doge abdicated, and by the terms of the Peace of Campo Formio Venice was given to Austria.

9. In 1848, led by Daniele Manin, their hero of the Revolution, the Venetians revolted against the tyranny of Austria. Although re-



CATHEDRAL OF SAN MARCO, VENICE.

conquered then Venice was united with all Venetia, to the kingdom of Italy in 1866.

After siesta, the rain lessening, I took a gondola from our door to San Marco and had a leisurely hour in the Baptistery and the Capella Zeno at the right of the vestibule. My chief interest here was in the monument to the learned and serene Doge Andrea Dandolo, who died in 1354. He was of a generation later than the Admiral of the same name who killed himself after his defeat at Curzola by Lamba Doria 1290. Especially in the chapel of Cardinal Zen, entered from the Baptistery, the mosaics are charming; those of the beautiful vaulted roof give in quaint, naive fashion the whole legend of St. Mark. Every one writes of Andrea Dandolo, fourth Doge of his family, as being the last Doge to be buried in San Marco, the later lords of Venice lying in their tombs in the Frari or in San Zanipolo, but I have been unable myself to discover more than three ducal monuments here.

In the vestibule I stopped to study a symbol of vivid historical interest; the three red slabs of the pavement which mark the spot where Frederick Barbarossa, grandfather of our Sicilian Frederick, was received in the year

1177, by Alexander III, the Pope whom he had persecuted in the day of his pride.

From the time of the double election of Cardinal Roland as Pope Alexander III and Cardinal Octavian as Victor IV, 1159, (neither of whom dared to enter Rome for consecration) the great German Redbeard Imperator et Rex had waged unceasing warfare against Alexander. Victor was Barbarossa's pope, whose stirrup he held, whose foot he sublimely kissed.

But the imperial kiss did not avail to make the anti-pope sublime, although from Lombardy he valiantly asserted his power by excommunicating his rival Alexander; he, in turn, from Anagni, issued excommunication of Barbarossa. All Europe was divided in allegiance between Pope and the three successive anti-popes whose seat was commonly Viterbo. Throughout the ignominious quarrel Alexander remained dignified, controlled, authoritative. Even so, in his three years of exile in Courcy on the Loire, he commanded the reverence of the King of England and the King of France; on the ninth of February, 1162, these two met him, and putting aside their own heated rivalries they walked on either side of the palfrey of the hunted and exiled Pontiff.

Something I have already recorded of the

strife which knew no ending between Emperor and Pope, prefiguring that still sterner strife of Frederick II with the Papacy. In later years the schism in the papacy died out and Alexander was recognized generally as Bishop of Rome. Only the overwhelming defeat of his army at the Battle of Legnano in Lombardy however won Barbarossa's recognition. In his humiliation the Emperor sought reconciliation with Alexander; Venice was named as the scene of their coming together.

And so, on the twenty-fourth of July, 1177, the Pope, already long a guest of the Commune of Venice, but not, according to the romantic old tale, in hiding as a humble friar in the Convent of La Carità, went in great state to San Marco. The Doge Ziani in the famous Bucentaur, escorted by many other splendid galleys, had gone to meet the Emperor at the Lido. With the Doge were six cardinals to absolve him from the curse of papal excommunication laid so long ago upon him; thus he need not enter Venice under the ban.

Many and elaborate are the legends of embassies, battles, in which young Otto has a share, cuts and counter cuts, before this renowned interview was accomplished on the spot where I stood to-day. There, for example, the

legends say, Barbarossa with the words, *Non tibi sed Petrum,* knelt before Alexander (forced by him for eighteen years into suffering exile) and Alexander placed his pontifical foot upon the imperial neck with the words, *et mihi et Petro.* All these are delineated, I know, on the walls of the Great Council Hall in the Doges' Palace, but legends they remain.

The events as they occurred while simple are sufficiently dramatic. Here, in his papal magnificence, sat the Pope, the Patriarch beside him, and around them ambassadors, cardinals and nobles. To these entered the great Emperor, great even in his submission. "His serious face is calm, his crowned helmet is on his head, and his red beard falls far down on his breast. His armour is not concealed by his flowing mantle, and his slashed surcoat of dark, rich velvet, bordered with gold embroidery, discloses a tunic of more delicate tint and stuff. On his breast is embroidered a large Crusader's cross. In his splendid jewelled baldric on the right is a large knife, while, on the left, his heavy long sword reaches almost to the ground." When he saw before him the venerable Vicar of Christ whom he so long had defied, Frederick, for all this brave array, and for all his stiff-necked pride, cast aside his

mantle and fell at Alexander's feet. With tears the gentle Pontiff raised him from the ground and gave him the kiss of peace. Together they entered the choir from which sounded out a thrilling Te Deum, the Emperor led by the hand of the Pope.

Great is the glory shed through all the centuries since upon the city of Venice and its Doge for this act of mediation by which Church and State alike found rest from war.

As I came out from San Marco I found that there was still a German Emperor to the fore. The crowds were streaming towards the south entrance of the Doges' Palace, for within its walls even then the King of Italy was holding converse with the Kaiser. As I joined the crowd, and stood between those marvellous sculptured columns of the palace loggia, I amused myself by following in imagination the line of march which William II might at the moment be taking past those magnificent representations of the Sala del Maggior Consiglio. Did the Barbarossa bee in his bonnet buzz loudly as he gazed at the ambassadors of Venice seeking peace with Frederick in the Pope's name? Did he linger long before the scene where the foot of the Pope is planted on the neck of the Emperor?

Hurrahs went up from the crowd as the doors at last swung open and two gentlemen of short stature, scarcely seen through the crowd, passed hurriedly across the Piazzetta to the gondola in waiting. Then, suddenly to my good comfort, for the day has seemed long, I came upon my Filia, of more value to me than many Kaisers. Her friends were with her; all clamoured for tea in the Quadri Caffe opposite Florian's, for all were emphatic that it gives you better tea.

This accomplished, we filled a gondola and started for the Frari. This meant a good stretch of the Grand Canal, still gorgeous with its banners and tapestries. When the Frari was reached, Titian's great Madonna di Casa Pesaro, and his tomb; magnificent tombs of certain Doges, but, best of all, in the sacristy, Bellini's ever lovely altar-piece. Pure and pensive is the Virgin; adorable and adoring those irresistible cherub musicians.

Venice, April 5.

Great excitement this evening! As we came out from dinner a telegram was delivered to Filia. She did not open it until we reached our room, then read aloud: "We were married in Genoa this morning. Shall see you to-morrow."



A CHERUB FROM THE ALTAR-PIECE BY BELLINI. CHURCH OF THE FRARI, VENICE.

Filia's colour came and went. We stared at each other without a word for a space and then I asked:

"What is the signature?"

"Montaldi! Do you take that in? It is from them both. My dear beautiful Junia is now a Montaldo."

"Where was it sent from?"

"From Milan, this afternoon about five. Of course it is, it must be, an elopement to all intents and purposes."

"But Filia, not precisely that, — I should say probably a secret, and, evidently, a hasty, impulsive marriage."

"After all," mused Filia, thinking hard, "they cannot have done anything really headlong with dear Madame Fiasella there in Genoa with Junia."

"But it will be such a pity to have, after all, antagonized the old Marchese. I wish they could have waited."

"Do you suppose Junia has decided to become Catholic?" queried Filia. "I can't quite believe that because it is unlike her."

"I think the question of religion was settled, in a way, when we were in Rome. Junia and the Marchesa came very close together then, we knew; their spiritual sympathy is far above

the outward divisions of Catholic and Protestant."

"But how about her husband?"

"Religion is with him purely a matter of family tradition, don't you think so?"

"Yes, perfectly true, but what is stronger with an old Italian noble of his stamp than family tradition? Either these children have flown in the face of everything and made a terrible mess of it for poor Junia's future, or, some bombshell has exploded under old Marchese di Montaldo's armchair."

Whether we can sleep to-night for all the questions which cannot be answered! practically important is, when will they reach Venice? At what hour shall we see them?

Venice, April 6.

We have come in only just now, ten o'clock, from dining at Hotel Europe. Junia and the Marchese accompanied us in a gondola. They will no doubt float on in gilded rapture another hour, and it is right they should.

We stayed in after luncheon, watching every approach by land or water or staircase after the hour when the express arrives from Milan. At last, Filia, leaning over our balcony rail, cried

"There they are this minute. See, in that gondola! They have shining new suit-cases. Yes, that is Junia in the same old brown hat. Poor lamb! Why doesn't she look up, the stupid child? Junia!"

With that Filia dashed from the balcony, out of the door and down to the water steps below, leaving me to gaze down at the gondola which was now drawing towards our door. Yes, there was the Marchese, looking extremely well and the dear Junia, a little pale, a little serious, but with her great eyes as they were lifted up to our balcony lambent with light. They had not known just where to look for us.

Like many another Italian pensione the Chiodo-Toffoli provides no regulation reception room for its guests, and so in five minutes more we were all four making ourselves and each other extravagantly at ease in this room, the bridal luggage sent on to the hotel. In less than five minutes more these romantic young people were challenged to explain themselves.

"Now out with it, my children," commanded Filia. "Let us know just how mad you are! Is this a straight elopement in good and regular standing, or is it a case of abduction?"

"Elopement! Abduction!" Marchese di Montaldo sprang to his feet with a gesture of

mock indignation. "How can you credit us with such crimes?"

"No airs if you please, Signor Marchese! Did you not confess to me in Monreale that you meditated some such blow?"

"Perfectly true, Filia," interposed Junia, patting Montaldo's sleeve with a deliciously wifely air of soothing; "if I had not been very steady, very English perhaps, that might have happened." A sudden change made her face graver, and she went on,

"And now it has all come out so wonderfully. Think, you dear creatures," and she clasped a hand of each of us, "not only Paolo's mother and both the girls, but the Marchese himself, was at our wedding. While you recover from that surprise I will simply tell you that we were married in our English church in Genoa yesterday morning at nine o'clock. I had with me for wedding guests, besides my sister, Mr. Kempthorn, who remembers you both fondly still, and the Signore and Signora from the Castelletto."

"I remember them also fondly," I interjected. "And il Marchese really had his whole family, — four in all?"

"Perdoni, Signora. There were five, — the Signor Ambrosius of Rome was of the party."

Filia and I could not conceal a shade of perplexity at this.

"They are too civil, Paolo mio, to ask a question. Pray tell them the whole story."

The whole story told by the Marchese was briefly this:

Ever since the death of the Signora Ambrosius, who had lain unconscious for several months it now seems, before her end, the Jewish banker, so long and so devoted a friend of the Montaldo family, had begun to manifest, with all due decorum, the fact that Adelina was as the light of his eyes. As his eyes had for years known only domestic darkness, and as his preference was delicately shown and his ultimate intentions revealed gradually and with great circumspection, no criticism could be brought forward. There was still no formal or acknowledged relation, and no hint of any had gone outside the family, nor would for months to come.

There was a great disparity in age, to be sure, but Adelina felt that no obstacle; her heart was the elderly banker's from the first; the affection of her childhood, the sympathy and gratitude of her girlhood, seem to have only awaited a touch to be transformed to the love of her womanhood. But then there was

the disparity of religion! Over this Montaldo could not suppress some gentle sarcasm. That might indeed appear insuperable were the excellent Ambrosius penniless; this, however, not being the case, it could be overlooked. For the rest the banker would not turn Catholic, but he would interfere in no way with Adelina's religion.

Before the story had gone farther I grasped in some degree the intricacies and reflexes of a situation possible perhaps only in a Latin family, in their effect upon the future of the young Marchese. The necessity of providing a dot for Giulia was postponed indefinitely by her choice of the profession of an army nurse; an alliance between Adelina and Signor Ambrosius would perhaps diminish the dot required by the older sister. The facts however went well beyond my prevision.

Adelina's suitor had declared that he would decline absolutely in her name any dowry, but would settle an independent income upon her when she became his wife. Thus the old Marchese's necessity of providing dowries for his daughters out of his meagre resources, was removed. Further, Signor Ambrosius already had made known to the family that he should insist upon securing to them the occupancy of

the second *piano* of Palazzo Montaldo, that hitherto rented out to us *forestieri.* This he set forth was a favour not so much to them as to himself, as he and Adelina could not content themselves apart from the father and mother Montaldo. Thus the whole palazzo in effect was to return to the hands of the Montaldi!

Filia and I, quite wild with delight, gave several American cheers for Signor Ambrosius.

"I perfectly understand Adelina's falling in love with him," Filia declared; "I should have fallen in love with him myself if I had had a chance. He is a perfect dear. I always wanted to marry a widower — " she added, pouting whimsically, upon which Junia caught her around the neck and several volumes of a thoroughly exciting nature were whispered anent Filia's personal concerns.

The Marchese, who could hardly take his eyes a moment from his bride, turning to me remarked,

"You, Signora, are of a gravity and an intelligence which makes of you a reasonable listener, as you have shown yourself in months past a wise counsellor. Let these giddy girls go on with their nonsense. I will simply tell you in conclusion, that less than a week ago I

learned from my mother latest developments *in re* Ambrosius and Adelina. Our fleet lay then off Leghorn. I got shore leave for twenty-four hours and went to Viterbo. The time to strike a blow had come. Financially, there was now no obstacle to my marriage, for I must tell you also that I am to receive my promotion in rank, — and also to a better ship — in June. But this involves an absence from Italy certainly of many months. Hence, you perceive, haste! Also the *Diomede* would remain but three days longer on the west coast.

" As concerns the difficulties which my father had always made concerning differences in race and religion, he is no longer in a position to urge them since he shows himself wholly favourable to the marriage of my sister with a Hebrew. I was only able to stay at Villa Montaldo two hours, but it was enough. My father is a gentleman; he fights according to the rules of war and he knows when he is beaten. Sometime since he withdrew from the Manni *entente,* a little peevishly perhaps! Also he had seen my Junia! " with this the Marchese lifted Junia's hand to his lips with adoration and reverence in his eyes.

" There was no definite withdrawal of my father's opposition in that hurried interview,"

the Marchese added, "but the following day this little Marchesina received in Genoa a telegram from him — "

"Let me tell that, Paolo!" Junia broke in. "Of course it was in Italian and most courteous. It ran like this: 'The Marchese di Montaldo and his wife request for their son Paolo the honour of the hand of — poor me! described as illustrious and distinguished if you please; — they hope for an invitation to the *sposalizio* at an early date.'"

"How simply magnificent!" exclaimed Filia. "The date appears to have been quite early."

"It was only the tremendous hurry, you know, Filia, that kept me from sending for you to come to the *sposalizio*."

We now made ready and went off gaily, the four of us together, to the Piazza for tea, after which we left our friends at their hotel until dinner time when we met them there at their invitation. They have a week for their honeymoon, two days of which are given to Venice. Filia is quite off her head in her enthusiasm over these lovers and their hard won happiness. They are certainly a beautiful pair of people, and their joy in each other is a joy to see.

Venice, April 7.

Filia has been away all day with the Montaldi on an excursion by motor-boat to Chioggia. They urged me to make the excursion with them but I had a distinct desire to stay behind. Filia has just returned, perfectly safe, perfectly sound, making all forebodings seem fantastic. She has enjoyed the sail, and Chioggia itself with all her usual ardour. To this, I quite appreciate, has been added a light that never was on sea or shore, the lovers' dream and consecration. She brought me back as souvenir a charming etching of one of the water shrines to the Madonna; they passed several of these in the lagunes, fastened to piles, decked with wreaths; charmingly picturesque they must be.

To-night the Montaldi dine with us here. To-morrow they leave us, going on to Rome and Viterbo. Filia says they have talked of all their plans with her most freely and it has been "such fun" for her to be able to describe the villa at Viterbo to its future mistress. For it is according to the family counsels that next autumn the villa shall be turned over to the son of the house for his family residence when he chooses to occupy it. Junia will remain in Genoa until then, except as her husband may

be able to send for her to meet him at some port for a few days.

To my surprise this prospect and other affairs of the Montaldo family were made known to me during Filia's absence this morning. A letter came to me from the Marchesa herself, long, confiding, full of her own benignant spirit of tenderness. The prospect for them all of residing in worthy and fitting fashion in the ancient Roman home of their family seems wholly right and almost would justify the union of Adelina with the fatherly Ambrosius, apart from what seems to be a genuine affection. Filia believes the affection would have gone elsewhere, for Adelina has a flock of suitors, were Ambrosius a poor man. What then? — We are all creatures of circumstance, conditioned by inherited standards. For my part I believe this will be a happy marriage. Of Junia the Marchesa says, "I believe, and rejoice to believe, this angelic girl will make of my Paolo a good Christian, even though Protestant. He has never been a good Catholic. Between her and ourselves is already a true union of hearts; her people shall be our people, our God, her God."

CHAPTER XVIII

VALE ITALIA!

Venice, April 24.

I THINK the glory of Venice departed for the time being with the Montaldi for Filia. I saw plainly that a change was in order.

We flew away ourselves from Venice accordingly on a memorable excursion of two weeks to Lake Garda and the Adriatic shore. From this little journey we are just returned.

The route from Padua to Desenzano, at the foot of Garda, by way of Verona, lay through a lovely landscape, with snowy mountain ranges, to the right Monti Berici, to the left, later, Monte Baldo, adding a touch of grandeur. The day was warm and sunny; everywhere farmers were at work in their orchards and vineyards. Terraces showed green and velvety beneath the olives; castles looked down from picturesque heights upon the pleasant land, and always against the cloudless sky stood out the snow-capped mountains.

In order to take the express steamer on the lake, which leaves Desenzano about nine in the morning, we found it advisable to spend the night at Verona. This was to our joy, for to Verona attaches always in our memory a wealth of interest and fascination. However, arriving after dark and leaving at half-past seven in the morning, we saw little of the city save for a call upon the old Scaliger lords in their Gothic tombs; rather ghostly this, too, in the dark, but irresistible, our hotel being but a few steps removed.

A quick little journey through the battle grounds of the *Risorgimento* brought us to the steamer landing at the broad, lowland-rimmed foot of Garda; and while yet the April morning was young we approached "sweet Sirmio," the "all-but-island" of Sirmione, dear to the heart of Catullus in the Augustan age.

Who can approach this shore without a thrill of recollection bringing back Tennyson's use of the deathless phrase of Catullus: *"Frater, ave atque vale"?*

"Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed — 'O venusta Sirmio!'
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,

Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
'Frater Ave atque Vale,' — as we wander'd to and fro,
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below,
Sweet Catullus' all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!"

As our steamer lay for a little time at Sirmione we were vouchsafed sight of Garda's "Lydian laughter" in the highest, for a familiar but rare phenomenon appeared: the play of iridescent colour through the crystal-clear water of the shallows, a range and change of jewelled tints which would make the azure of Capri's grotto sink into monotony. We have seen it never since, and are congratulated on having seen it once.

It was high noon before the transit of the lake's length was accomplished and our impressions of it registered. We had visited it before in summer and found now new glory in the snows still lying on the range of Monte Baldo and other far heights. The rich luxuriance of sub-tropical vegetation is akin to that of Maggiore and Como; the scenery is more thrilling than that of these others, if less charming. Rugged, majestic, formidable in its surroundings Garda exhibits less of the coquetry of conscious beauty than Como, more of dramatic power than Maggiore. For my-



ON LAKE GARDA.

self, it interests me more profoundly than do the softer charms of the other Italian lakes.

We divided our time on Lake Garda between Bogliaco, about midway the length of the west shore, where we were in Italy, and Riva, at the head of the lake, where we were in Austria. A writer in the London *Daily Mail* is responsible for the statement that, out of an area of one hundred-forty-three square miles, only seven square miles belong to Austria, the rest being Italian territory. The Sarca river, which flows into the lake near Riva, is an Austrian stream, but when it issues forth at Peschiera it has become a naturalized Italian citizen of a river, the Mincio.

We realized that we were in a debatable land, in *Italia irredenta,* when we went up for a day's excursion by motor into il Trentino from Riva. Val Sarca was most picturesque and the castled crag of Arco almost theatrical in its abrupt rise from the level of the stream. At Mori we entered the valley of the Adige, that impetuous rushing river on which sits Verona, *La Degna,* in its pride. But although Mori was Italian to all appearance, our beloved Adige had now become the Etsch, a name offensively suggestive of hay-fever, and even Castello

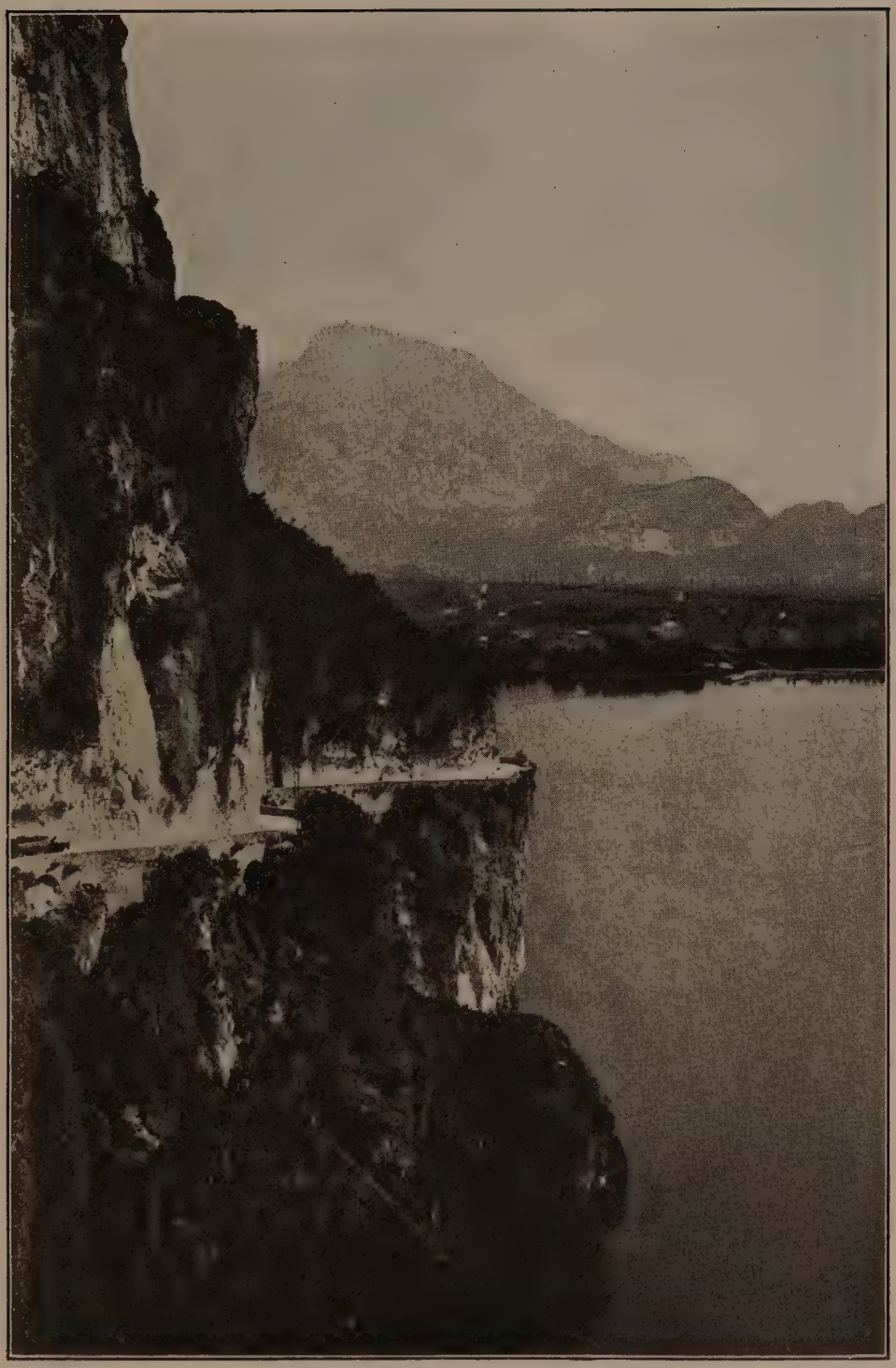
Dante, near Lizzano, is in Austria! We wondered if it were when here in 1302 in his exile that the mighty Florentine wrote those famous lines:

> "Aloft in Italy's delightful land
> A lake there lies, at foot of that proud Alp
> That o'er the Tyrol locks Germania in,
> Its name Benacus[1]. . ."

We observed that "Germania" was no longer "locked in" or even out to any marked extent. A German brochure on "Der Gardasee," published in 1912, comments thus:

"The Scaligeri, Visconti and Malatesta played with the ball until it was absorbed into the Venetian Republic in 1426. . . . In the French period the lake fell to the Cisalpine Republic, to the Kingdom of Italy; then to Austria; in 1859 a large part of the west shore, in 1866 almost the entire east shore, became Italian. . . . Riva, however, became an Austrian holding in 1815 and even in 1866 remained a part of Southern Tyrol—the Trentino, as the Italians call this land so ardently coveted by them. . . . The Austrians have fortified Monte Brione, the mountain between Riva and Torbole, from foot to crest and yet these war

[1] The Romans gave the name Benacus to the lake.



THE APPROACH TO RIVA.

measures have no power to change the peaceful character of the blue lake. . . . Since the year 1883, when certain German path-finders began the exploitation of Gardone as a winter resort, the Riviera of Lake Garda has been visited by countless Germans, and the German tongue is heard everywhere to the discomfort of Italian Chauvinists, who speak and write of the ' Teutonic Peril on Garda '! For the German colonizing of the Trentino and of these adjoining shores is anything but welcome to them and they would gladly substitute for their German winter visitors English, French and Russians." This is undoubtedly true.

Trent, with its stately, antique aspect, its cathedral, its associations with the Great Council of 1545-63, impressed us curiously. Mighty it was in its day, when, for eight centuries, its prince-bishops were among the most powerful and wealthy potentates of Europe; closely they were linked with the great Scaligeri of Verona who took them under their strong, secular protection. And with the Scaligeri is not less closely linked the fortunes of Italy's greatest son. And here in the Piazza bearing his name rises the monument to Dante Alighieri; its inscription begins with the words: " To Dante . . . to the Father . . .

the Trentino . . . with the Applause . . . and the Aid . . . of the Nation."

Surely we were in Italy! We heard only Italian spoken, saw only Italian architecture in the palaces, loggias, towers. A glance towards the government buildings disenchanted us, for there we caught sight of officials wearing the tall Austrian cap. Italian authority here belongs but to the past; nevertheless Trent and the Trentino are Italian still in tradition, in blood, in spirit, in language.

On the return from Trent to Riva we went somewhat out of our way in order to see the Slavini di Marco, that wild and desolate chaos of rocks, which served Dante so well for model for the ramparts of hell; —

> "Such as that ruin is which in the flank
> Smote, on this side of Trent, the Adige."

Richard Bagot states with perfect accuracy the paradox that at Torbole, the village two miles from Riva, we are "within the limits of what is called the Italian Tyrol" and "we are on Austrian territory, this little town being the only Austrian possession on the eastern shore of the lake." His book on the "Lakes of Northern Italy" gives a picturesque quotation from Romanin, the Venetian historian,

of a most extraordinary performance, of the climax of which Torbole was the scene in 1438.

The Venetian state was at war with the Visconti of Milan; the latter had seized much of the accessible country lying on the shores of Lake Garda and the Venetians found it necessary to convey troops to the relief of the beleaguered towns and regain their dominion over the lake.

Romanin writes as follows:—

"A project was submitted to the Republic by one Blasio and a Greek sailor named Sorbolo to take a fleet of galleys across the mountains from the Adige and launch it on the waters of the Lake of Garda. This fleet (the Republic after due deliberation having consented to the scheme) was composed of twenty-five boats and six galleys, and these were taken up the Adige to its farthest navigable point; whence they were transported by land over fifteen miles of mountainous tracks and Alpine passes to Torbole. In the midst of these mountains, and among the spurs of the chain of Monte Baldo, lies the Lago di San Andrea, now the Lago di Loppio, and it was proposed to launch the fleet on this lake. For this purpose two thousand oxen were employed, quite a hundred and twenty couple being wanted to draw each gal-

ley; a great number of pioneers, navvies and engineers cleared the ravines, built bridges, levelled the roads — and thus, after indescribable efforts and labour, the armada was able to reach the Lago di San Andrea. The Monte Baldo, however, yet remained to be crossed, and human industry coupled with iron determination surmounted even this obstacle, and the strange spectacle could be witnessed of ships resting on the summit of a mountain. From this point it was necessary to get them down to the waters of Garda; and this operation was not less difficult than had been the ascent, owing to the dangers of the incline. On their passage down this abrupt descent the vessels were bound to trees and blocks of stone, and by means of capstans the ropes holding them were gradually slackened until the galleys were safely lowered down these terrible precipices. In this manner, after fifteen days' journey overland, the fleet reached Torbole without a single mishap, and was launched and duly equipped. This marvellous undertaking cost the Venetian Republic more than fifteen thousand ducats."

Mr. Bagot, writing seven years ago concerning this astonishing achievement, comments on the singularly important situation of Lake

Garda for strategic purposes and asks, "who can tell that modern warfare will not again blight and disfigure this beautiful and fertile region with its horrors?"

The suggestion seems incredible, in the peace and security of to-day, but there remains ever that sinister paradox of the Austrian rule on the historic Italian soil of the Trentino.

Riva is marvellously situated, and we were well cared for in a dull, dreamy old house with endless reaches of neglected garden, but it was at Bogliaco rather than at Riva that we knew Garda best and loved it most.

The mountains rise high, stern and sheer towards the head of the lake, which narrows there to a species of fjord, and, as a consequence, from Riva one gains little impression of Garda as a whole. Bogliaco, placed where the process of widening towards the south is well under way, and facing the snowy ridge of Monte Baldo may be said to command the lake. Bogliaco and the adjoining Gargnano were engaged in the conflict with Austria in 1866; Gargnano, being occupied by Garibaldi's forces, was subjected to a severe bombardment by a squadron of Austrian vessels, despite its wholly defenceless condition. One of the Garibaldian batteries was stationed at Bogliaco.

There is nothing in Bogliaco itself which need be mentioned aside from the Grand Hotel, frequented by English people of light and leading, and the splendid Palazzo Bettoni. To this belongs not only a highly important collection of paintings but grounds of great beauty, laid out on the mountain side and commanding a superb prospect over villages, lake and mountains. These gardens are graciously thrown open to guests of the hotel, and on their lofty terraces Filia and I spent some of the most exquisite hours which we have known in Italy.

We found Bogliaco primarily notable as a centre for walks and drives and for short, easy steamer excursions. Never, I think, was spring so lovely as in the green lanes which climb the mountain behind the town to the church of San Pietro, to Fornico and other hamlets. Between hedges white with may and walls mossy and ivied run these lanes, always to the tune of laughing water from tiny rivulets trickling down from the snows above; and the grassy banks below wall and hedge we found thickly starred with primroses, white and purple violets, periwinkle, globularia, bee-orchids and pink-tipped daisies.

We followed these lanes one morning, climbing farther and higher than we knew, until of a

sudden, the heat being great, Filia showed signs of exhaustion. I left her, reclining on a bank of softest green, embroidered with wild flowers, and pushed on to a rude, nameless village beyond. Here, at my asking, I was kindly led to the *Albergo* of the place, distinguished from other houses only by the " bush " which in all simplicity adorned the lintel of the door. For eight cents of our money I was provided with a flask of red wine *del paese* and two sweet, crusty rolls for Filia's refreshment. Reclining under the shade of olive branches with the pure snows of Monte Baldo and the pure marvel of the lake's ultramarine shining through, from the distance, we felt ourselves on Olympus, and the barefooted peasant girl who carried the simple fare became a Hebe bearing nectar and ambrosia.

How acutely different were our surroundings when, a few hours later, we found ourselves in Gardone, the Teutonic Paradise of Lake Garda. We had, to be sure, heard little Italian and less English spoken in public places since we reached Desenzano, German crowding out all milder tongues, save in Bogliaco. But in Gardone we found the Fatherland itself in epitome. Those who have called it " a vortex of vulgarity " have spoken amiss, but neither

can it be regarded as possessed of charm. I think the spirit of the place announces itself to all who view it from the water in the great, pretentious Ruhland Thurm, rising from the lake, built apparently for no other object than to call attention to a vast villa behind it, ornate and tasteless. Gardone requires no description; it bears every distinctive mark of a German watering-place.

Our most notable steamer excursions from Bogliaco were to Punta San Vigilio and to Salò. The former was visited for the sake of Villa Brenzoni, the latter for the sake of Palazzo Martinengo. Both villa and palace belong to the sixteenth century; both are celebrated in literature, the latter in history. The villa is fantastic, riotously Renaissance in its garden effects, but withal charming; the palace is noble and impressive; both possess cypresses in alleys and in groups unexcelled, I believe, in Italy.

Palazzo Martinengo was described by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in glowing terms, and as it was in the eighteenth century it remains essentially to-day, with the addition of modern luxuries and improvements, all, however, conformed to its original character. It has been connected with much of Italian romance in by-

gone centuries, notably with the story of Vittoria Accoramboni.

The palace itself is not unlike other Italian *cinquecento* palaces; the two gardens, connected by a bridge spanning the highroad from Salò, are full of the solemn, majestic beauty of their cypresses, and of the lighter charm of flowery beds and borders, lying just above the laughing light of the lake.

To those who know the high intellectual attainment of Count and Countess Martinengo [1] and the even nobler moral purpose and motive of their united lives, there will seem to rest upon the place of their abode a sense, — imposing and penetrating, — of human exaltedness, which, apart from patrician rank and illustrious family tradition, makes of it a sacred shrine.

On leaving the shores of Garda Ravenna was our objective, Ravenna, which had become our Carcassonne by reason of repeated disappointment and postponement. It had acquired to our imagination a quality of inaccessibility which had grown, I hardly know why, to formidable proportions, probably because we had always considered the journey thither from Perugia or from Florence, involving an awk-

[1] See Author's "The Spell of Italy," p. 287 *et seq.*

ward connection. To reach Padua from Bogliaco was, as we already knew, a simple and easy matter, and from Padua to Ravenna the line is direct. However the day was given to the journey, with several long breaks.

Another bugbear which has in the past kept us from Ravenna has been Fever. I think I fancied it stalking visibly through the streets, I supposed the hotels to be like receiving-tombs and the churches green with mould; drinking water would, of course, be poison. Why should not travellers look thus upon Ravenna when Hutton gives them this kind of thing to read? —

"One wanders through the silent, grass-grown streets, where the melancholy campanili seem to tremble in the wind, in and out of her half deserted churches, chill and oozing with damp, where the beautiful columns of precious marble are sinking into the marsh; and the imperishable mosaics shine through a veil of mist."

Astonishing was it then to arrive in *Ravenna felix* and find it quite the liveliest town we have visited, nothing dead about it. Still more astonishing was it when we found our hotel, the Royal Hotel San Marco, (not to say Spada d'Oro and Europe) one of the sunniest, mer-

riest and most animated houses ever known in Italy. Everywhere was action, life, energy. Palermo hotels only have equalled it in cosmopolitan character. Architects, artists, authors, officers, students of every tribe and tongue, English lords and Hungarian counts, French and American automobile parties made an altogether fascinating medley.

Our chamber was as dry as Sismondi's Italian Republics, all our drinking water was bottled and warranted *acqua potabile,* bed and table linen were perfect, in short nothing was mouldy or oozing and Fever failed to " stalk."

But Ravenna is hard work. Filia says she feels in such danger of turning out objectionably learned since being there that she is going to spend the rest of the time before we sail in shopping, to restore the harmony of her being! The shops of Venice delight our souls, and although we are usually cheated and know it, the fact that the things we buy are bought in Venice gives them a value in our eyes for which it is quite proper we should pay extra.

Ravenna alone requires a book. It is too great and too wonderful to be embalmed in a chapter. I found the place so absorbing itself as to permit of no description on the spot; therefore no notes were written there and no

journal kept. And alas! now that I am in Venice, Venice rules again supreme.

I will briefly record here that Ravenna seems to me absolutely indispensable in its revelation of the Gothic rule and of the Byzantine supremacy in Italy, when the Roman empire had crumbled and Italy was ruled from Constantine's "new Rome," Constantinople. Here, also, the Christianity of the fifth century, before the Roman Bishops gained sway, is set forth in unfading glory of primitive Christian art. Christ is here much more in evidence and the Madonna less than in the mediaeval churches of Italy. The mosaics of San Vitale and the Tomb of Galla Placidia, of the Cathedral Baptistery and of Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, belonging to the fifth and sixth centuries, altogether surpass in interest the mosaics of Venice or even of Palermo which hardly antedate the twelfth century. Those in Ravenna together with their antiquity, their beauty, possess an altogether mystical and touching symbolic significance.

I subjoin a few of the more important points in the early history of Ravenna with their dates.

B. C.

49 Ravenna occupied by Julius Cæsar with his troops; from here he crossed the river Rubicon.

Augustus chooses Ravenna for one of his two naval stations; in course of time Classis and Cæsarea spring up by the seashore also. Ravenna's importance was largely due to the fact that she commanded both Via Emilia and Via Flaminia.

A. D.

About 404. The Emperor Honorius removes his residence from Rome to Ravenna.

416 Galla Placidia, sister of Honorius, having been given in marriage to Ataulfus, the Gothic chief, Alaric's successor, returns a widow to Ravenna and marries Constantius, colleague of her brother, the Emperor of the West.

425 Honorius dies and Galla Placidia in the following year returns from Constantinople where she had been protected by Emperor Theodosius and is constituted Regent of the Empire of the West, for her son Valentinian, under the title, Augusta.

425–450 Reign of Galla Placidia. Ancient Buildings of Ravenna belonging to the Period of Honorius and Galla Placidia are: Cathedral; Sant' Agata; San Giovanni Evangelista; Mausoleum of Galla Placidia (built by her 440 as the Chapel of S. Nazario e Celso); the Archiepiscopal Chapel; Baptistery of the Orthodox; San Francesco.

476–493 Odoacer, the Gothic King of Italy, rules from Ravenna.

493 Theodoric the Great, King of the Ostrogoths, conquers Odoacer. He dies 526.

493–539 Ravenna remains capital of the Gothic empire. To this Gothic Period belong Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, Spirito Santo, Baptistery of the Arians, Mausoleum of Theodoric.

539–751 Ravenna comes under the rule of the Byzantine Emperors of the East, and is made seat of their Exarchs. San Vitale and Sant' Apollinare in Classe belong to the Byzantine Period.

751 Ravenna falls before the Lombard invaders.

773 Charlemagne confirms the Donation of Pepin to the

Papacy which includes Ravenna. The city becomes subject to Rome.

The tomb of Dante in Ravenna is of all mediaeval monuments, with its "prim cupola," the dreariest and most meaningless; but just outside its ignominious portico stands the Braccioforte loggia, which I chose to accept as my memorial of Dante here. In the dreamy cloistered twilight of this enclosure, with its noble Christian sarcophagi of the fourth century, the mighty Spirit of the poet might fitly linger, as did his worn-out body for a time before it found final resting-place.

Of course we walked with thoughts of Dante in the Pineta, most solemn, most haunted of all enchanted forests. Between the tall, gaunt trunks and below the clustering green of the branches we could here and there catch sight of the Adriatic. For many miles the Pineta follows the coast line unbroken, but Ravenna itself is no longer by the sea.

To no figure of Italian story did the Pineta lead our thoughts so compellingly as to that of Garibaldi: — his retreat after the fall of Rome in 1849; his superhuman struggles in the little harbour of Cesenatico; the death of Anita, his heroic wife; his refuge in the days succeeding in the shadow of these pines; his wan-



MONUMENT TO ANITA GARIBALDI, RAVENNA.

derings through the rice-fields of Porto Fuori, an outlaw hunted for his life; his final escape from Ravenna to Forli.

Even as I can never, without tears, read the story of Anita's death in the marshes of Mandriole, a mile below the Pineta, even so I found a pathos quite overpowering in her monument when I first came upon it in the Piazza Anita Garibaldi.

On a massive pedestal is lifted Anita as a heroic, symbolic figure, with shield and helmet, laying a laurel wreath upon the breast of an Italian soldier, dead at her feet. On bronze panels are reliefs, the one showing Anita as the Amazon of her stirring period, the other, Garibaldi standing beside her death-bed. At the base of the monument four lions, with the dates 1831, 1848, 1859, 1870, mark the great epochs in Italy's struggle for liberty.

If we saw little of the Adriatic, sea or shore, at Ravenna, Rimini gave us both in wide expanse, the flattest land and the flattest sea ever seen we thought. It was not for these however that we went to Rimini, but for the Church of San Francesco. In reality this was long the Temple of the Malatesta, — the Maldetesta Filia calls them. This most astonishing of so-called Christian sanctuaries was converted

about 1450 into a monument to the carnal wickedness of one of the wickedest of men, Sigismondo di Malatesta, and of his mistress, Isotta degli Atti. Little wonder that the Duomo of Rimini is through and through wrong-headed after the name of the man who appropriated and enriched it. Cynically pagan and insolent in spirit, it is yet marvellously beautiful in detail. Of ivory white marble against a soft blue background, endless cameos of exquisite artistry are carved on pillar and arch, — an unstinted wealth, in relief, of angels, cherubs, dancing children, arabesques, musical instruments, garlands, grotesques, heraldic devices. The elephant of Sigismondo, the rose of Isotta, (who became in the end his wife, the mistress having survived two earlier wives) the initials I. S., are carved on every yard of the wall. But the charm of the place lies in the joyous riot of *putti;* simply ravishing is the frank insousciance, the wild gaiety of childhood shown by the Renaissance sculptors, Simone Fiorentini, Duccio and the rest. The chapel of San Girolamo, most famous of the eight, is a veritable Olympus; Jove and Mars, Mercury, Venus, Diana and lesser deities here go through their proper symbolic paces in a series of marvellous medallions.

In the Malatesta burial chapel, first on the left as we entered, we noted a portrait relief of Sigismondo, one among many, — a proud, irregular, sensitive, passionate profile. Symonds speaks of the "long, venomous, flat eyelids." In spite of the man's scornful sacrilege, the heathen temple, which the great Alberti re-constructed to his wish, remains today consecrated to Christian uses; nowhere have we been present at a more solemn mass than we witnessed here, nor seen a congregation of more devout worshippers.

One can not come to Rimini without some lingering memory at least of Francesca di Polenta of Rimini, immortalized in Canto V of the Inferno. Giovanni di Malatesta, the cripple whom she married, Paolo, *il bello* whom she loved, were brothers, born in the middle of the thirteenth century, two hundred years before the age of Sigismondo. Guido di Polenta, the great lord of Ravenna, Dante's protector and patron at the time of his death in that city in 1321, was nephew of the lovely and ill-starred Francesca. In the lonely Church of Santa Maria Porto Fuori outside Ravenna we had studied the faded frescoes in which portraits of Francesca, Dante and Guido di Polenta appear. Whether the authenticity of these can

be proved, at least we know that Dante was familiar with this mediaeval church during his life in Ravenna, and that in these shadowy frescoes appear the faces of his contemporaries.

I do not think Rimini charming; its fashionable seaside resort character is too much in evidence perhaps for that, and its historical memorials are too meagre. The Malatesta Castle is not particularly convincing; the Roman remains are negligible. There clings to the place however a strong and compelling magnetism, and its Malatesta temple remains unique in the world.

Padua is charming as a mediaeval town, and not at all bad as a modern one; difficult we found it, however, to realize that in the great day of imperial Rome it was the second city in Italy. One visits Padua to-day for Giotto's sake, for Donatello's, for Dante's, and there is verily great reward. The Capella d'Arena is in itself singularly appealing set in the centre of the dismantled Roman arena, shrine of the new faith superseding the old paganism. The enclosure has been converted into a pleasant garden, and surrounds Giotto's small chapel with an atmosphere of peace. And here we spent two hours at the very fountain and spring of the Italian Renaissance of art and



MALATESTA CASTLE, RIMINI.

saw the sincerity, the sacredness of that art in its naive infancy. Crude and stiff the figures, the colouring often thin, the perspective awkward, the anatomy imaginary, but the stamp of Giotto's creative genius, ennobles every conception. Humour, insight, shrewd character reading were often indicated, most of all perhaps in the subordinate figures of the Virtues and their opposite Vices, painted in monochrome about the great frescoes. The Charity and Envy, familiar to us enough in photographs, but seen now for the first time in reality, are the keenly penetrating conceptions of an artist who knew what was in man. I am not aware of the judgment of art critics on these masterpieces, but of all the major frescoes I count first that one showing the Kiss of Judas. Here Giotto's noblest faculty, Reverence, is displayed at its strongest by its very violation.

Padua remains a pilgrim shrine not so much for Il Santo as for the great men whose presence once made it great, for here in 1306 Dante and Giotto sojourned together, and throughout the Middle Age Padua had great part to play in art and learning. And here infamy too had part, in the shape of Ezzelino di Romano, Padua's tyrant of a generation earlier than

Francesca di Rimini and her Malatesta husband, but a soul mate for cruelty and crime with Sigismondo Malatesta, born two centuries later.

"Death and Sin
Played with dice for Ezzelin."

The old couplet haunted me as I stopped on the Ponte Molino to read the inscription to its tyrant on the Paduan Stone of Infamy.

The Church of Il Santo (so every one in Padua calls St. Anthony and his church) is guarded, as we already knew, by Donatello's splendid equestrian statue of Gattamelata, General of the Venetian army in 1438. Imposing and splendid as it is, I think our interest in it came largely by way of old Colleoni who saw it in his day, new-cast, and coveted a like immortality for himself — in Venice! Of the church I have little to say: it seemed a crowded and bewildering museum, "so full of a number of things," and so many of the things negligible. But the choir is glorious; for Donatello's bronze altar there, its symbols of the evangelists; its singing children, its reliefs of the Saint's deeds of healing, are wholly beautiful and memorable.

It was at sunset last evening that we travelled back by the Euganean Hills, through



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The old couplet haunted me as I stopped on the Piazza Antenore to read the [illegible] tyrant on the Paduan Stone of Infamy.

The Church of Il Santo (so every one in Padua and the [illegible] guards, as we already know, by Donatello's [illegible] army in 1438. Impo- [illegible] as it is, I think our interest [illegible] it came largely by way of old Colleoni who saw it in his day, new-cast, and covered a little immortality for himself — in Verrocchio! Of the church I have little to say: it seemed a crowded and bewildering museum, "so full of a number of things," and so many of the things negligible. But the choir is glorious; for Donatello's bronze altar there, its symbols of the evangelists; its singing children, its reliefs of the Saint's deeds of healing, are wholly beautiful and memorable.

It was at sunset last evening that we travelled back by the Euganean hills, through


PADOVA
B. Mc Manus
1908

sweet fields green with spring, hedges, vineyards and orchards all budding and blooming, to Venice, best of all. And yet, sitting here this morning, in my sunny chamber over the Grand Canal, and reviewing the shifting scenes which in these last days have come before me, I think I must admit that greater than Venice, nobler, albeit infinitely less delightsome, is Ravenna.

But if Ravenna is august in its challenge to soul and intellect, Venice is for ever supreme in its challenge to the senses. Well may Symonds say, "Venice inspires at first an almost Corybantic rapture." To come back to Venice from Romagna and the Marches, the sober-hued, featureless western shore of the Adriatic, is to surrender anew to its spell.

Venice, April 26.

A day of Doges; the morning in San Zanipolo among their tombs; the afternoon in their Palace, among their portraits. Strange that so few of their tombs are in evidence, for between the years 697 and 1789 a hundred and twenty of them wore the beretta. However, I am glad of no more ducal monuments to visit, for in the main we find them dull enough; baroque, sumptuous and endless they seemed in old San Zanipolo this morning; we were

glad to come out into the light of day and hob-nob for a little with our old neighbour Colleoni.

It seems to me that the Doges' Palace, where we have spent much of the time since luncheon, is the very climax of earthly magnificence and splendour. I came away bewildered as I always am, by its limitless display of pride and pomp, its perpetual apotheosis of Venice. I think I must have forgotten all that I had seen there before for it quite overwhelmed me to-day, like a thing unknown and undreamed of. The Porta della Carta is to me always a Gothic poem; Cortile and Scala, by which you enter, are grandiose in highest degree. But even with all this distinction one is hardly prepared for the plunge which follows instantly into the glories of Titian and Tintoretto and Veronese.

It is hopeless to describe any, even to differentiate many of the features of these matchless chambers. The Sala del Senato shows Tintoretto at his best perhaps, in the great panel over the throne, where the Doges Trevisano and Lando kneel at the feet of the dead Christ, and yet more notably in the magnificent ceiling. It is hardly necessary to say that the central panel shows Venice in apotheosis; in this instance she is Queen of the Sea.

But the Sala del Collegio is the most utterly

delectable spot of all; incomparable is its Venice enthroned (she is enthroned in every room by some artist, I am sure), as for the darling goddess of a girl with the cobweb, known, I cannot imagine why, as Industry, — she is Veronese inspired. But copies of it are too futile to preserve. To see this picture it is necessary to see Venice.

I think Ruskin quite right to say that nowhere else can one enter so deeply into the heart of Venice as in this small room, and the Anticollegio is in like manner with its Rape of Europa and Tintoretto's marvellous mythological scenes. Of the Rape of Europa a French critic says:

"What beautiful white shoulders, what round and charming arms! What a smile of eternal youth is in this marvellous canvas where Paul Veronese seems to have said his last word! The heavens, clouds, trees, flowers, the earth, the sea, the carnations, draperies, all seem to be steeped in the light of an unknown Elysium." All equally true of these other allegories of Veronese!

The Hall of the Great Council I found today really more than could be borne, coming to it when I was tired. I never liked Tintoretto less, which is saying much, than in that enor-

mity of his Paradiso above the Doge's Throne. On the walls are twelve vast paintings, thronged with figures from the heavenly host down to fishmongers, representing the Venetian version of the story of Pope Alexander III and Barbarossa. As art they do not greatly impress me; as history they are in large part worthless, but as a detailed exhibition of the apochryphal tradition popular in the sixteenth century, they are immensely worth while.

The series showing the Doge Enrico Dandolo in the part he played in the Fourth Crusade has more foundation in fact, and therefore to me more interest. I cannot even attempt to retain in mind many details of the six score Doges of Venice, but it seems absolutely necessary to hold hard to old Enrico because he really made Venice great. Eighty-six years old when elected, he gave twelve years of immortal struggle to the exaltation of the Republic, and then, having conquered Constantinople in 1204, there died and there was buried, "far from his beloved San Marco and the city for which he gave his life." But the magnificence of the New Rome was transferred to Venice; which was during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the most splendid of Christian cities.

Like Genoa a Republic, Venice far surpassed in the end her western rival in extent of territory and of power.

From the sixteenth century on decline and decay entered in, until in the eighteenth she had lost all her extra Italian possessions, her prestige, and soon was to lose her independence. The last Doge, Lodovico Manin, abdicated in 1797 at the bidding of Napoleon. After Napoleon, as ever in Italy's sad history, the Austrian. Byron, who saw Venice first in 1812, thrills me with his verse:

"The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns —
An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt,
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt —

. . . . . .

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe."

Childe Harold must be read in Italy, above all in Venice. This I wish to make compulsory, not elective! I think of late years it has been greatly neglected.

Venice, April 27.

A letter from the young Marchesa di Montaldo this morning adds new lustre to the day. Our Junia is overflowing with joy and gratitude at the kindness of her husband's family.

Her Paolo has, by singular good fortune, been granted an extension of his leave. She loves Viterbo, finds Villa Montaldo fascinating, and, most of all, worships her *suócera.* The young Marchese wrote across her letter.

" My father is at Junia's feet, — cannot bear to have her out of his sight. Neither can I. But I go to-morrow. Who knows when next we may be together! "

Venice, May 1.

We have been again and again to the Accademia; the Titian's, the Bellini's, the Carpaccio's have become our intimate friends. Not until to-day, almost our last in Venice, have we visited the Museo Civico. I prevailed upon Filia to go with me by the inducement that she would thus see once again the full glory of the palaces, as we must go by gondola the whole length of the Grand Canal to reach the eleventh century Fondaco de' Turchi. Filia was inclined to the frivolities of the Merceria and the arcades of the Piazza but yielded with charming amiability.

Grant Allen is particularly peevish and hasty in his comments on this Museum, but we found it delightful beyond expectation, and wish we had found it earlier. But the better we know

it the more Venice appears to us inexhaustible. What delighted my eyes in the Morosini Collection and the rest were the paintings of Venetian masked balls, full of atmosphere and quality; the magnificent old furniture and Gobelins, the laces and velvets, making very real the ancient luxuries of Venice patrician houses, their lavish and stately splendour. There were the weapons, coins and medals, Oriental and Venetian, the magnificent Majolica and faience; then, too, the illuminated missals, were lovely beyond all words to describe. Perhaps, best of all to me, were certain old original parchments, signed by the Doges, and one bearing the signature of Caterina Cornaro, that girl-queen of Cyprus shown us by Titian who once dwelt in this very Palazzo, the Fondaco de' Turchi. I think she was happier when she found a home in the castle of Asolo. She used to sign her name "Queen of Cyprus, Jerusalem and Armenia, and Lady of Asolo." Mrs. Clement tells her story, as she does many another story of Venice, gracefully and well in her "Queen of the Adriatic."

The pictures in the Museo Civico are few, and of these not many of the first order, but I would most unwillingly lose from memory Carpaccio's Venetian Ladies, fair and frail,

and the Portrait of Cæsar Borgia by Leonardo. It is true that this portrait is only supposed to be of the son of Alexander VI and only supposed to have been painted by Leonardo; but it remains a splendid Renaissance type, rarely subtle, exquisitely painted. Filia considers the nose excessively patrician, and too delicately modelled for a son of Pinturicchio's Borgia Pope.

It was a beautiful hour for our last leisurely transit of the Grand Canal, for the sun was low and its setting lovely as we glided silently homeward. We asked Giovanni to go as slowly as he could, and once again we looked eye to eye at the palaces which, with the fluid street, make this the most beautiful avenue on earth.

"Oh, what luxury," sighed Filia, dropping her head back upon the cushions, "to pass this way with no one to guide me! not even a mother, for you are too tired I see to instruct. I hate to be told, as I always am by Grant Allen or Ruskin, that what I find charming is 'meretricious,' or 'debased.'"

"You can think just what you want to now, my dear, — you are going home. You can love the Cà Doro, even if it is popular and pretty, and you can consider the Contarini-Fasan Desdemona's Palace if you choose, even if you



PORTRAIT OF CAESAR BORGIA — BY LEONARDO.

cannot get Shakespeare wholly out of your head as the critics bid you.''

'' Giovanni, *aspetto!* '' cried Filia at that instant, leaning forward. '' Here let me look hard, who knows when I shall pass again this way of wonder.''

Slowly on our right came into sight at the turn of the Canal that illustrious group of palaces, — first the Foscari, with its charming arches and sculpture, then the two Palazzi Giustiniani, all three fifteenth century.

'' Grant Allen may call the angels ugly and late and the balconies late and feeble, but to me they are utterly beautiful,'' she added reflectively.

'' To me also. In this first one Wagner wrote a portion of Tristan and Isolde, you remember,'' I commented.

'' Yes, but I am not going to think of that now, nor of the fact that Howells wrote ' Venetian Life ' in the next one. How could he have written in such a place a book so prosaic! ''

'' Yes. I always want to leave Venice when I turn the leaves, I can hardly tell why.''

'' You had better read it then at once,'' said Filia pensively. '' I wish I wanted to leave Venice.''

'' You do in reality,'' I replied.

We passed the Rèzzonico, Browning's house without comment. It has a singularly self-important, ponderous stateliness. Despite the tablet it will not speak to me of my best of poets.

The domes of Santa Maria della Salute were rosy in the rays of the sunset, beyond, the Campanile of San Giorgio rose straight as a lily against the sky. From the Piazza sounded then the deep music of the great San Marco bell and an instant later all the bells of Venice joined in their lovely carillon. Giovanni bent his head, his lips moved. I heard the Ave Maria.

The gondola's beak was turned towards the small house at the corner of the *Calle* opposite Palazzo Barbarigo. From it we should leave Venice and Italy on the morrow. Under my breath I took up the word and repeated,

> Ave Maria! Blessed be the hour!
> The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
> Have felt that moment in its fullest power
> Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft
> While swung the deep bell in the distant tower."

* * * * * * *

It was May, first week of it, when, sailing from Trieste, we left behind us those southern

shores which have power so great to lay their spell upon our spirit. It was June, last week of it, when the hereditary Arch Duke Franz Ferdinand of Austria was struck down by reckless hands. And now the nations of the earth make all Europe a scene for their titanic struggle.

THE END.

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